★ Mar. 10, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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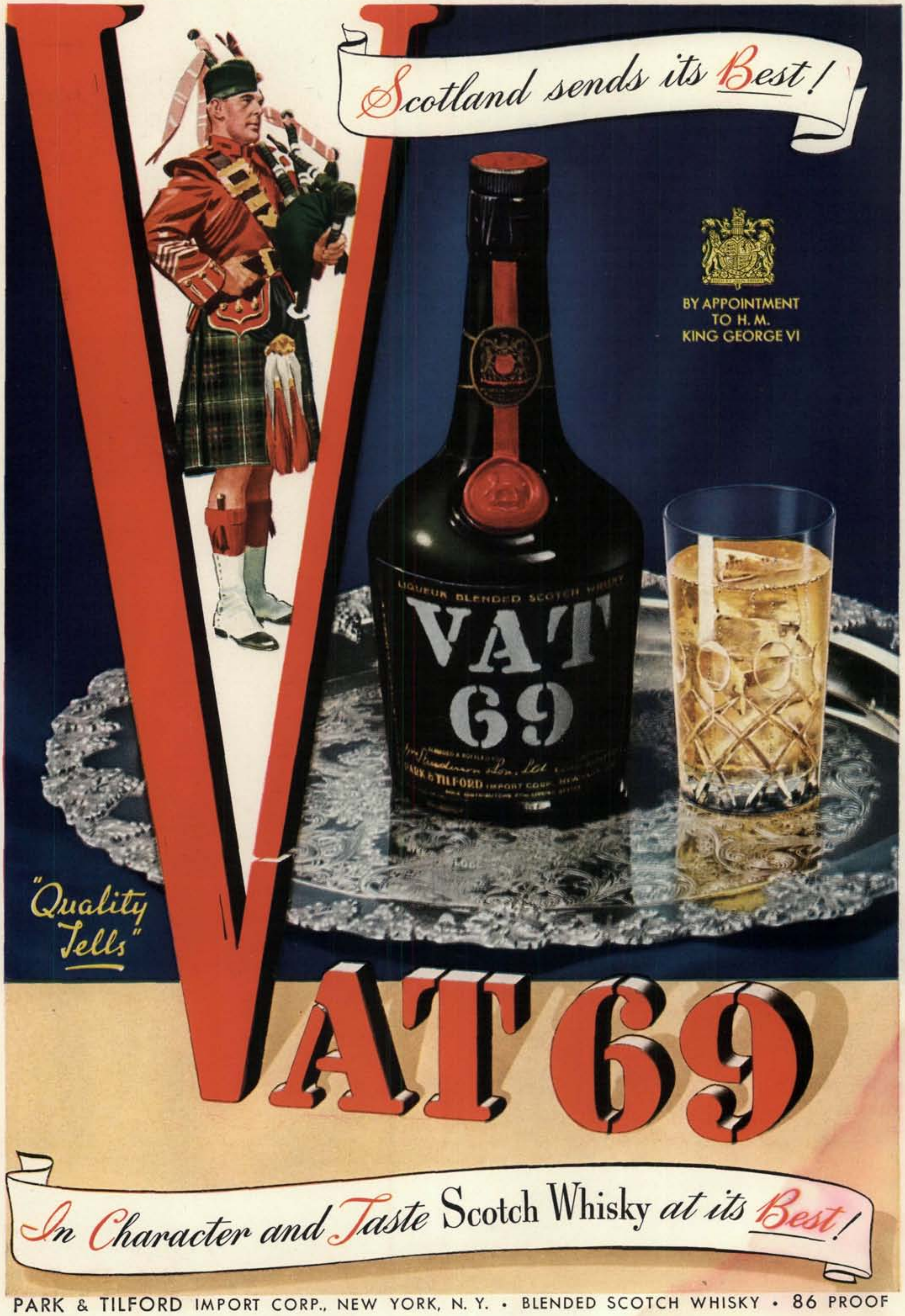
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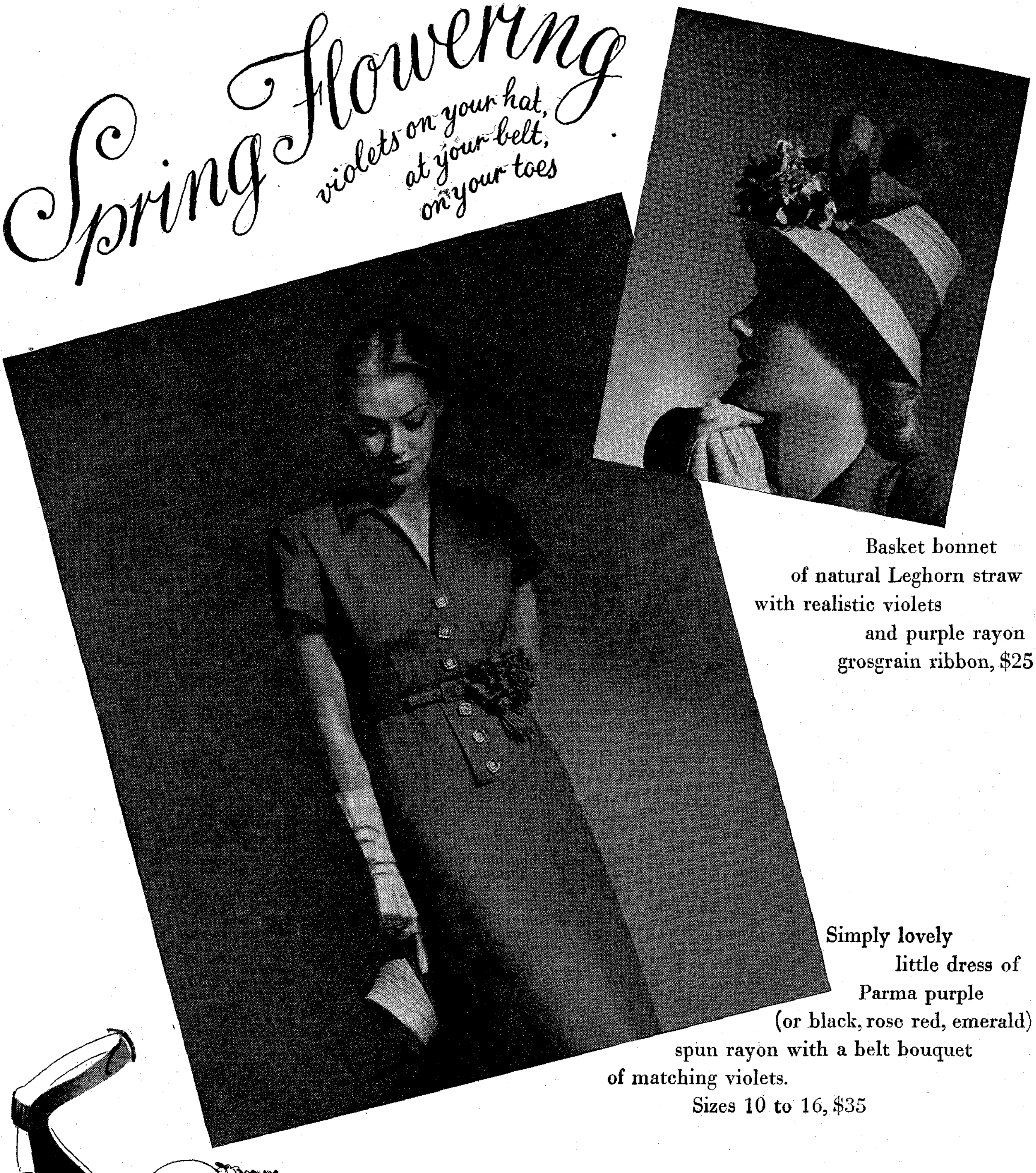

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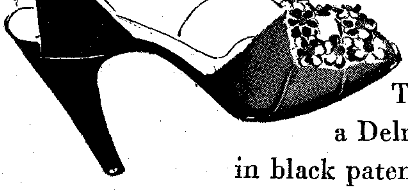

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BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms is in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy made into a play that might be a little better without its somewhat patronizing air. Fredric March makes up for a lot, however, with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—One of those overpowering little girls writes letters to a soldier and gets her elder sister in quite a fix. Routine, but rather nice. Virginia Gilmore heads the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay's performance in the leading rôle is a masterpiece of restrained humor. With Josephine Hull. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., March 11, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

The Hasty Heart—A beautiful nurse (Anne Burr) and some sympathetic comrades humanize a crusty Scot practically on his deathbed. As written by John Patrick (and played by Richard Basehart), he doesn't seem quite worth the bother. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—A good deal of first-class comedy bogged down in a rather heavy-handed piece about a columnist's struggle with his artistic conscience. Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt head the cast. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's slightly disappointing play (as rewritten by S. N. Behrman) about two refugees from France. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., March 10.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Late George Apley—An adaptation of the Marquand novel that may have been broadened and simplified a little too much but is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its sixth year. With Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

One-man Show—An attempt to deal with an abnormal relationship between a man and his daughter that starts off nicely enough, but seems to get lost along the way. Frank Conroy and Constance Cummings head the cast and Jed Harris is the producer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—Very familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Sun., March 11, to the Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., March 10.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders do their best, but on the whole it isn't quite enough. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Tempest—Vera Zorina (Ariel) and Canada Lee (Caliban) are featured in Margaret Webster's rather elaborate version of Mr. Shakespeare's last play. Arnold Moss is very effective as Prospero, but the whole piece may be a little wearing. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small cast consisting of Betty Field, Harvey Stephens, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Calico Wedding—A play written and directed by Sheridan Gibney with a cast including Grete Mosheim, Louis Jean Heydt, and William Post. Produced by Lester Meyer and Richard Myers. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—This is the third Olsen and Johnson exhibit, and the boys seem to be running out of ideas, not to mention taste. With Frank Libuse and Betty Garrett. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of nice, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie's triumphant return in Billy Rose's stupendous and, on the whole, entertaining spectacle. Among a great many other things, it contains sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, and songs by Cole Porter. With Bert Lahr, Doc Rockwell, and Alicia Markova. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sing Out, Sweet Land!—Alfred Drake, as a timeless minstrel, conducts you through this fascinating musical history of America. He is assisted by Burl Ives, Bibi Osterwald, and Alma Kaye. A Theatre Guild production. (International, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, some cheerful dances arranged by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Happily Ever After—A play by Donald Kirkley and Howard Burman, with Gene Lockhart. Crane Wilbur directed and the producers are Bernard Klawans and Victor Payne-Jennings. Opens Mon., March 12. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

It's a Gift—A comedy by Curt Goetz and Dorian Otvos with a cast including Mr. Goetz, Valerie Van Martens, and Whitford Kane. Directed by Robert Henderson. Opens Mon., March 12. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Foolish Notion—Tallulah Bankhead, with Henry Hull and Donald Cook, in a play by Philip Barry. Directed by John C. Wilson and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., March 13. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—A play by Howard Richardson and William Berney, with incidental music by Walter Hendl and a cast headed by Carol Stone. Directed by Robert E. Perry and produced by the

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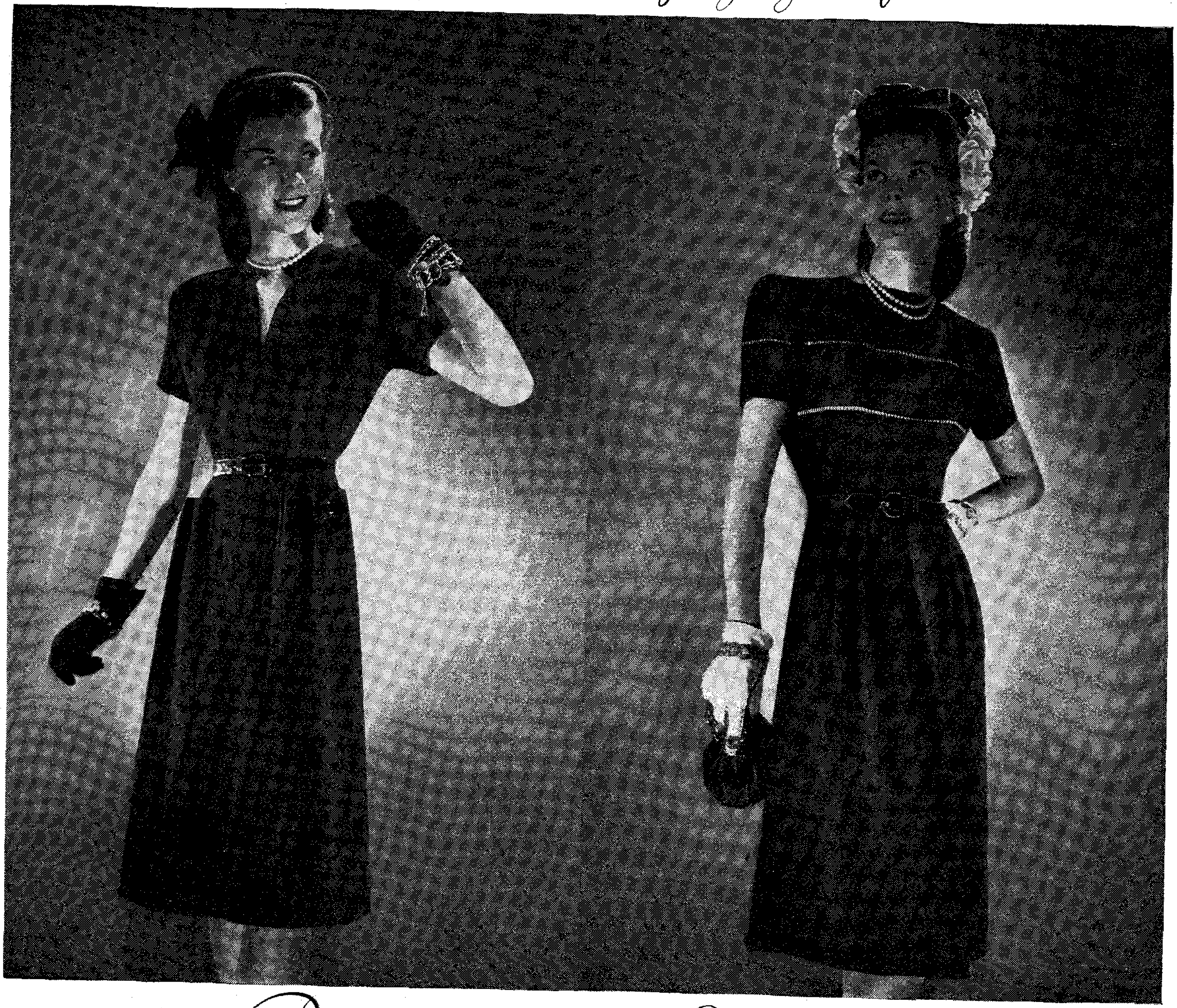
Bonwit Teller *young eighth floor*



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

Shuberts. Opens Wed., March 14. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. the first week and Wed. and Sat. thereafter, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Variety Program—Richard Dyer-Bennet, folksinger; Ray Lev, piano; Jane Dudley, William Bales, and Freda Flier, dance trio; and others, in the second of a series of programs: Sat., March 10, at 8:40 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. For tickets, call GR 3-3323.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Little Black Sambo": Sat., March 10 and 17, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Tentative programs—"The Snow Maiden," "Coppelia," and "Prince Igor," Thurs. Eve., March 8. . . . "Mozartiana," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "Le Beau Danube," Fri. Eve., March 9. . . . "Coppelia," "Blue Bird," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., March 10. . . . "The Snow Maiden," "Mozartiana," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., March 10. . . . "Serenade," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Blue Bird," and "Prince Igor," Sun. Aft., March 11. . . . "Ballet Imperial," "Frankie and Johnny," "Blue Bird," and "The Red Poppy," Sun. and Tues. Eves., March 11 and 13. . . . "Mozartiana," "Rodeo," "Pas de Deux," and "Prince Igor," Wed. Eve., March 14. . . . "Mozartiana," "Danses Concertantes," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "Frankie and Johnny," Thurs. Eve., March 15. . . . "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Danses Concertantes," and "Ballet Imperial," Fri. Eve., March 16. . . . "The Nutcracker," "Pas de Deux," and "Gaité Parisienne," Sat. Aft., March 17. . . . "Serenade," "Danses Concertantes," "Igrouchki," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Eve., March 17. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, other entertainment, or maybe just deathly silence. Because of the new curfew, most of the establishments listed are still experimenting—reconstructing *or trimming down their shows, running off weekend* matinées, and whatnot—and some of them may change their minds rather abruptly and several times. It is, in a word, too early in the new era to be certain about anything except that opening hours will be advanced to between 4 and 7 P.M., that there will be dancing once more nearly everywhere at the dinner hour and a great deal more tea dancing, and that night life, though it may be shorter, will be *just about as merry.*)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—In the sedate old Trianon Room, William Scotti's and *Louis Betancourt's orchestras provide polite* music for a polite dinner and supper audience.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room has a large and pleasant enough ice show constructed around the highly decorative Joan Hyldoft; Eddy Rogers' orchestra.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard, merry monologues by Eddie Mayehoff, and merry music *by Evelyn Knight, Pearl Bailey, and the Herman* Chittison Trio; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Imogene Coca, Hazel Scott, Avon Long, and Ed Hall's orchestra; that is to say, little room for improvement. Little room for dancing, either, by the way.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Capable piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson; Phil Moore's orchestra for dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras to dance to.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, very bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, is in the stately Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra dispenses reasonably bouncy dance music. . . . Another Melba orchestra is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Morton Downey, that determined Irish thrush, is in the Persian Room along with Ray Benson's orchestra. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Helter-skelter songs by Day, Dawn, and Dusk, more sombre singing by Thelma Carpenter, and a solid background by Cedric Wallace's trio; no dancing.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has a small show (to be augmented by the dance team of Gomez and Beatrice on Thurs., March 15) and Fred Miller's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is rather casual dance music and the entertaining songs of Dorothy Shay.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, elaborate and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus a rumba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra *and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's or*chestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge, who can be quite funny, is in the Wedgwood Room. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays broodingly throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant, with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): the littlest of them all; Jacques Thaler's orchestra for dancing. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet in this darksome glade, broken only by rambling piano solos, performed once more by Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson being winsome, and a collection of beautiful but not very animated girls. On Thurs., March 15, Perry Como, sweet singer of sweet nothings, will take over for M. Brisson. Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a show full of dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco making a commendable contribution to life on old Broadway, with the sporadic aid of Bill Robinson and Louis Armstrong's band. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **400 CLUB,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, which has Jess Stacey at the piano, exploring an unexpected new pasture. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the Copa Bar, all that remains of this once mighty bus terminal, offers the Milt Herth trio and a dance band. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

•

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—**NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): specialités de la maison by Pee Wee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and other selected Old Masters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Art Hodes' cheerful new trio, which has Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing too. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum and Benny Morton's orchestra, a combination good enough for most anyone; dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala, Adele Girard, and their band still at their old stand. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart and his lively quartet, and a new band headed by Don Byas. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): James P. Johnson's band and Willie the Lion Smith's neat trio; dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster and his saxophone heading a new band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his new band; dancing.

ART

Maurice Becker—The summer pleasures of the middle class, in paintings and water colors: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily *9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through* Sat., March 10.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 29.

Children—Paintings by about seventy-five artists, from the seventeenth century to the present; a benefit for the Public Education Association: *Wildenstein, 19 E. 64.* Weekdays *10 A.M. to 5:30* P.M.; through March 28.

Dante—A first one-man show of paintings: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 9.

Perle Fine—Abstract paintings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

French—At the **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: Utrillo, Vlaminck, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., March 15. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: oils, drawings, and prints by modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Alberto Giacometti and Laurence Vail—Sculpture and bottles: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Arshile Gorky—Paintings by a man who mingles Expressionism with Surrealism: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Groups—At the **67 GALLERY,** 67 E. 57: space and perspective, as approached by various artists. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: the annual midseason retrospective. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., March 12. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: the annual group show. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10. . . . **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: women, as painted by Tamayo, Derain, Pascin, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

Dan Harris—Abstract paintings: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

Rosella Hartman—Paintings, water colors, and drawings, featuring some of Rousseau's favorite animals: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

Jean Hélion—Recent paintings by a former French Abstractionist: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Eric Isenburger—Landscapes, interiors, and views of New York: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 24.

Ernest Lawson—Sixteen paintings by the early American Impressionist: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Julian Levi—Fourteen paintings done since 1942: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

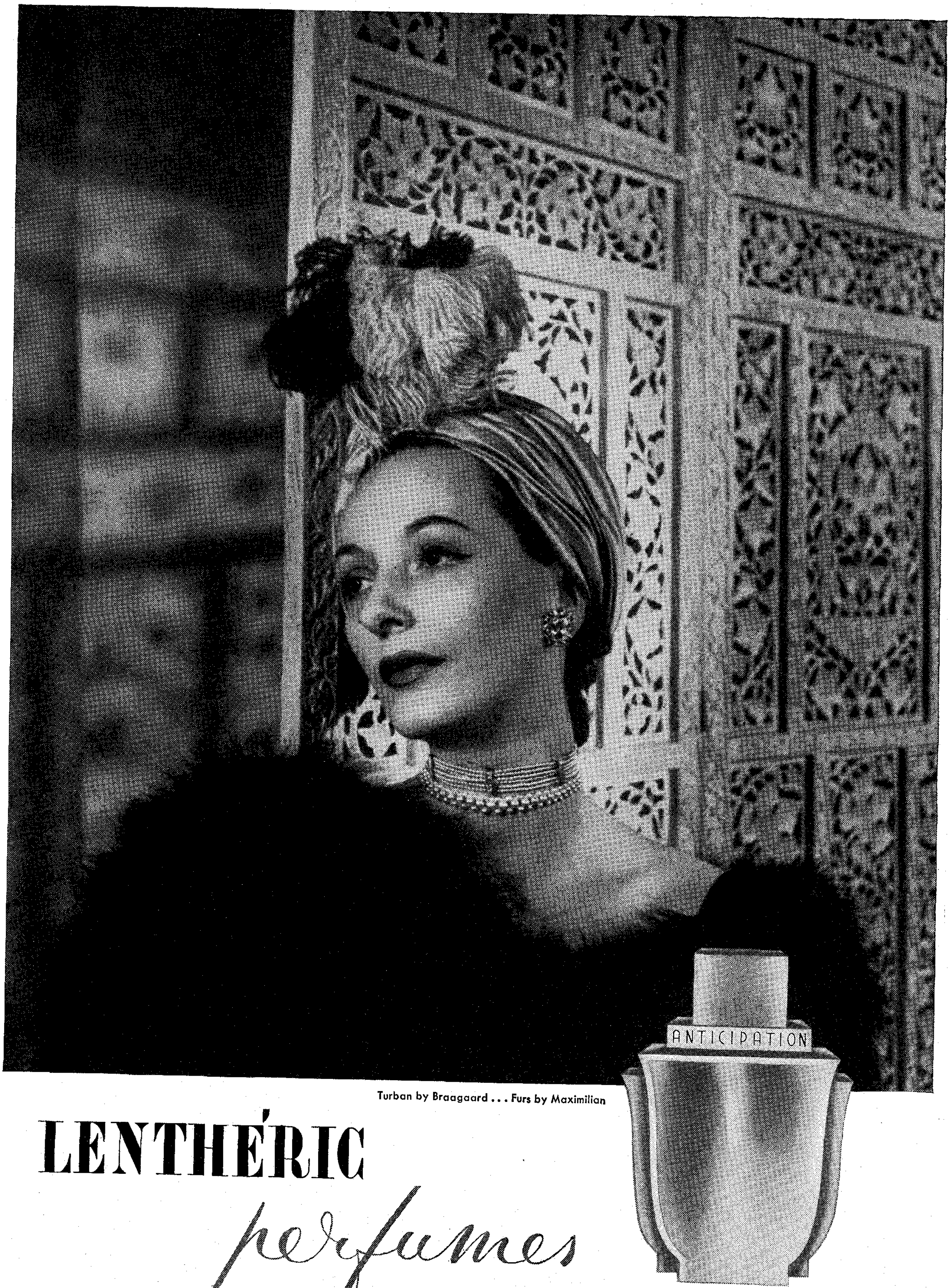
Henry Mark—Paintings and serigraphs: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 24.

F. Matoušek—Paintings, gouaches, and drawings by the Czechoslovakian painter: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., March 9.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Paintings by William Sidney Mount and other nineteenth-century genre painters (through April 1); also, ten Gobelin tapestries which have been presented to the Museum by John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and the Museum's collection of medieval sculpture and tapestries, which has been in storage since the beginning of the war. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and prints, by Europeans and Americans, recently acquired by the Museum; also, thirty-five prints by Paul Klee. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry


ANTICIPATION

Turban by Braagaard . . . Furs by Maximilian

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Bertoia, Emil Bisttram, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; *through* Thurs., March 15.

Nova—Still lifes and Provincetown water colors: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Thurs., 2 to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

Eliot O'Hara—Water colors: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 22.

Amedée Ozenfant—Recent paintings, done in America: Passedoit, 121 E. 57: Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Pablo Picasso—A private collection of his work: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 17.

Saint Jerome—Paintings and sculptures of the Saint, done by artists of the fifteenth through the seventeenth centuries: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Tschacbasov—About twenty-five oils by the Expressionist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 31.

Vienna—Some of Salomon Kleiner's rococo prints, together with less inspired views of the city: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

Sol Wilson—Rather familiar docks and quarries: Babcock, 38 E. 57. *Daily 9:30* A.M. *to* 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—George Szell conducting: Thurs., March 8, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., March 9, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., March 11, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., March 15, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., March 16, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Claudio Arrau, piano, March 8, 9, and 11; and Joseph Szigeti, violin, March 15-16.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., March 10, at 11 A.M.

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Mon., March 12, at 8:30 P.M.; Tues., March 13, at 6 P.M.; and Thurs., **March** 15, at 2:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall: Wed., March 14, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sat., March 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700): Fri., March 16, at 8:30 P.M.

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting; soloists, Lillian and Joseph Fuchs, viola and *violin. Mon., March 12, at 8:45* P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Rochester Philharmonic-Symphony—Sir Thomas Beecham *conducting.* Sat., March 17, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Museum Concerts—The annual symphonic series, David Mannes conducting. Sat., March 10 and 17, at 3:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Museum. No tickets necessary.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Norma," Thurs., March 8, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Fri., March 9, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "The Golden Cockerel," Sat., March 10, at 2 P.M. . . . "Das Rheingold," Sat., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Aïda," Sun., March 11, at 8 P.M. (A benefit for the Free Milk Fund; for tickets, call BR 9-9000.) . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Mon., March 12, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Wed., March 14, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Lohengrin," Thurs., March 15, at 8 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Fri., March 16, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Fidelio," Sat., March 17, at 2 P.M. . . . "Die Walküre," Sat., March 17, at 8 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

Nine O'Clock Opera Company—Presenting an English version, in modern dress, of "The Marriage of Figaro." Sat., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

Ivan Ivantzoff—Tenor. Thurs., March 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Vera Franceschi—Piano. Sat., March 10, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. Sun., March 11, at 6 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. Sun., March 11, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Carol Brice—Contralto. Tues., March 13, at 3:15 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Daniel Ericourt—Piano. Tues., March 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Andrés Segovia—Guitar. Tues., March 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Louis Kaufman—Violin. Wed., March 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 8,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 17.

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. Fri., March 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

Paulina Ruvinska—Piano. Sat., March 17, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Helvetia Maennerchor—Swiss choral group. Sat., March 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a forceful exhibition of Navy photographs, assembled by Steichen, of sea and air battles in the Pacific. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 18. . . . CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a *large collection of naval aviation training* equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the condi*tions and problems of air combat are simulated.* Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 30. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at *76:* military *miscellany—firearms,* swords, *flags,* even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Antiques Exhibition—A big show, with everything from buttons to highboys: Madison Square Garden, Mon. through Sat., March 12-17, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; and Sun., March 18, from 2 to 11 P.M.

Flower Show—Orchids and cut flowers in the spring showing for the benefit of the Red Cross: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Thurs., March 15, from 2 to 10 P.M., Fri., March 16, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Sat., March 17, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Theatre—Prompt books, manuscripts, costumes, and other memorabilia relating to the careers of Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern, presented to the Museum by Miss Marlowe: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 8.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the *fifteenth* century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 14.

Dress—Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82: "Cos*tumes from the Forbidden City,"* a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; *through May 31. . . . Costume Institute,* 18 E. 50: Hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

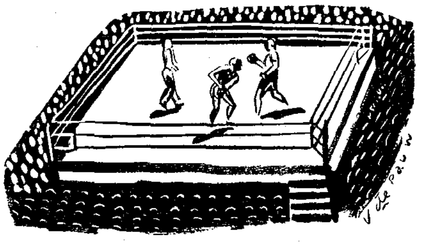
Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Early American glass from the collection of the late Alfred B. Maclay: Thurs., March 8, at 2 P.M. . . . English furniture and decorations from the collection of the late Alfred B. Maclay and others: Fri. and Sat., March 9 and 10, at 2 P.M. . . . Rare English and French books from the library of the late Bronson Winthrop: Mon., March 12, at 2 and 8:15 P.M., and Tues., March 13, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings by Corot, Pinturicchio, and others, collected by Edwin H. Fricke: Thurs., March 15, at 8:15 P.M.

Note—The annual St. Patrick's Day parade will start at 5 Ave. and 44th St. at 2 P.M. on Sat., March 17, and proceed north to 110th St.

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament, quarter-finals, Sat., March 17, at 8:15 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Billy Arnold vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, eight rounds, Fri., March 9; Jimmy Bivins vs. Melio Bettina, heavyweights, ten rounds, Fri., March 16. (Preliminaries at 8 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.) . . . Golden Gloves East Coast championships, Wed., March 14, at 8 P.M.



Fencing—Metropolitan Open Championship, foil, individual, Sun., March 11, at 2:30 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sun., March 11, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur Series games: Sun., March 11, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

Track—Madison Square Garden—New York K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 10, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, William L. Clayton, and Dean Acheson in the third of a series of discussions of our international policy, Sat., March 10, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, George Szell conducting, Sun., March 11, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 10 and 17, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 10 and 17, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Malcolm Sargent conducting, Sun., March 11, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., March 11, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Baltimore Symphony, Reginald Stewart con*ducting, Sat., March 10, at 3* P.M., WEAF. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., March 10 and 17, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "The Golden Cockerel," Sat., March 10; "Fidelio," Sat., March 17; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., March 11, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Robert Casadesus, piano, Sun., March 11, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

Sports—Boxing: Billy Arnold vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., March 9; Jimmy Bivins vs. Melio Bettina, Fri., March 16; at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Dark Waters—Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell in a story which is aimed to chill your blood but doesn't do so consistently. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Mon., March 12. . . . Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., March 13. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., March 14.)

Double Indemnity—James Cain's melodrama of murder for insurance, not too much softened in the filming. With Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., March 9.)

The Fighting Lady—A very fine documentary, dealing with an aircraft carrier and the bombing of Japan's ships and her fortified islands. In Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46.)

Irish Eyes Are Smiling—Very routine musical, except for admirers of high corn as presented in the songs of the late Ernest R. Ball. With Dick *Haymes, June Haver, and Monty Woolley.* (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., March 8.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Mainly about the four Smith sisters and their emotional problems. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames are in this extremely attractive version of Sally Benson's stories. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., March 14.)

Mrs. Parkington—The financial morality is a little complicated here, but the nineteenth-century American mounting is rich and Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon are steady on their feet. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., March 12-14.)

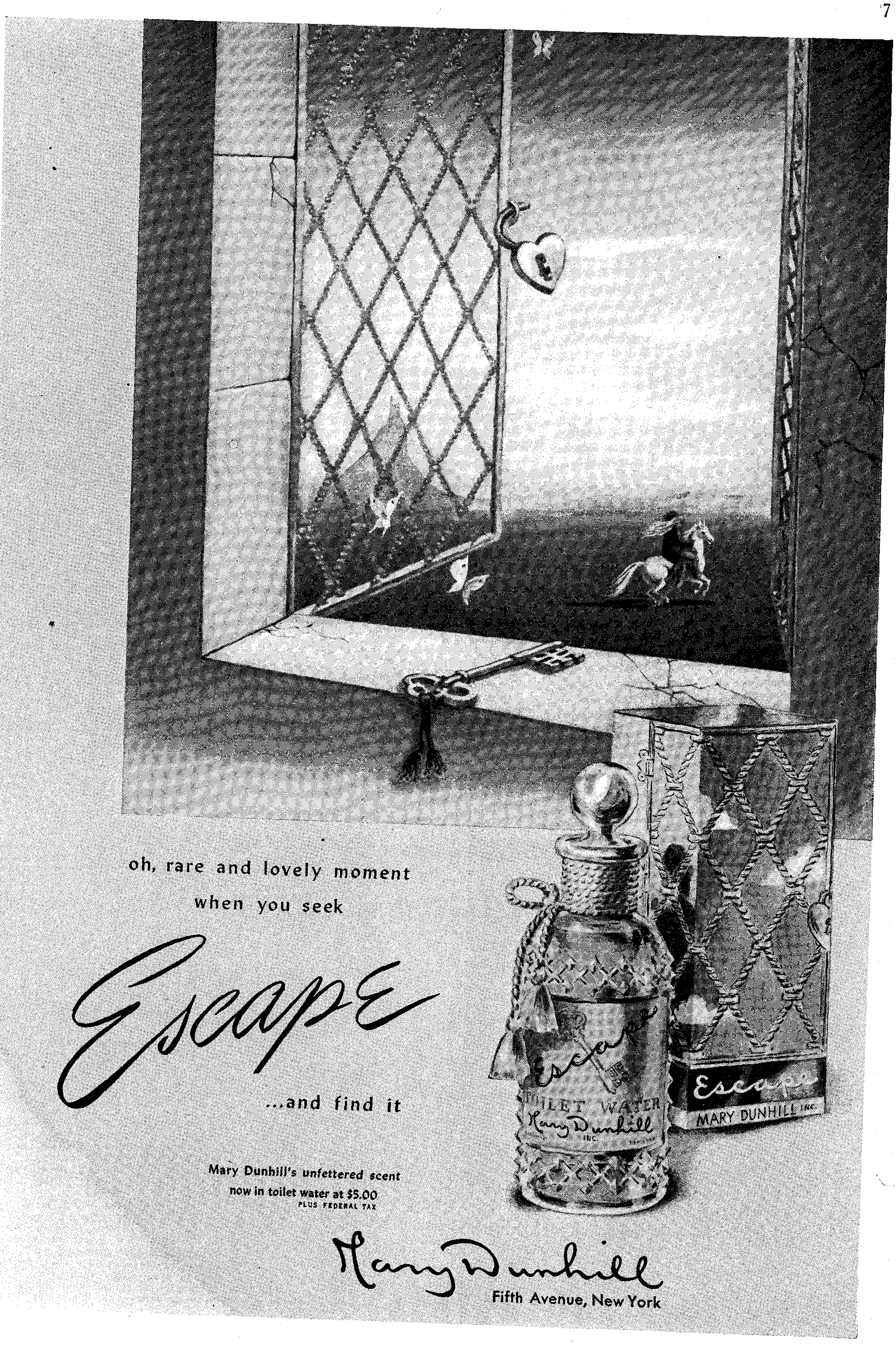
National Velvet—An adaptation of Enid Bagnold's novel about a little girl who wins a horse in a lottery and then rides him in the Grand National. Nonsense, of course, but very appealing. With Elizabeth Taylor and Mickey Rooney. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 10. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Mon., March 12. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., March 11-13. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., March 11-14.)

None But the Lonely Heart—*Not always sure of what* it wants to say, but greatly helped by the performances of Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and *Barry Fitzgerald. From the novel about London's* lower depths. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., March 10.)

The Rainbow—Russian film dealing quietly and powerfully with German oppression in the Ukraine. English subtitles. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., March 13-15.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—This picture of Doolittle's bombing raid is too long, but the thirty seconds are finely done and all too short. Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, and others. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., March 8. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Thurs., March 12-15. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., March 13-15.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate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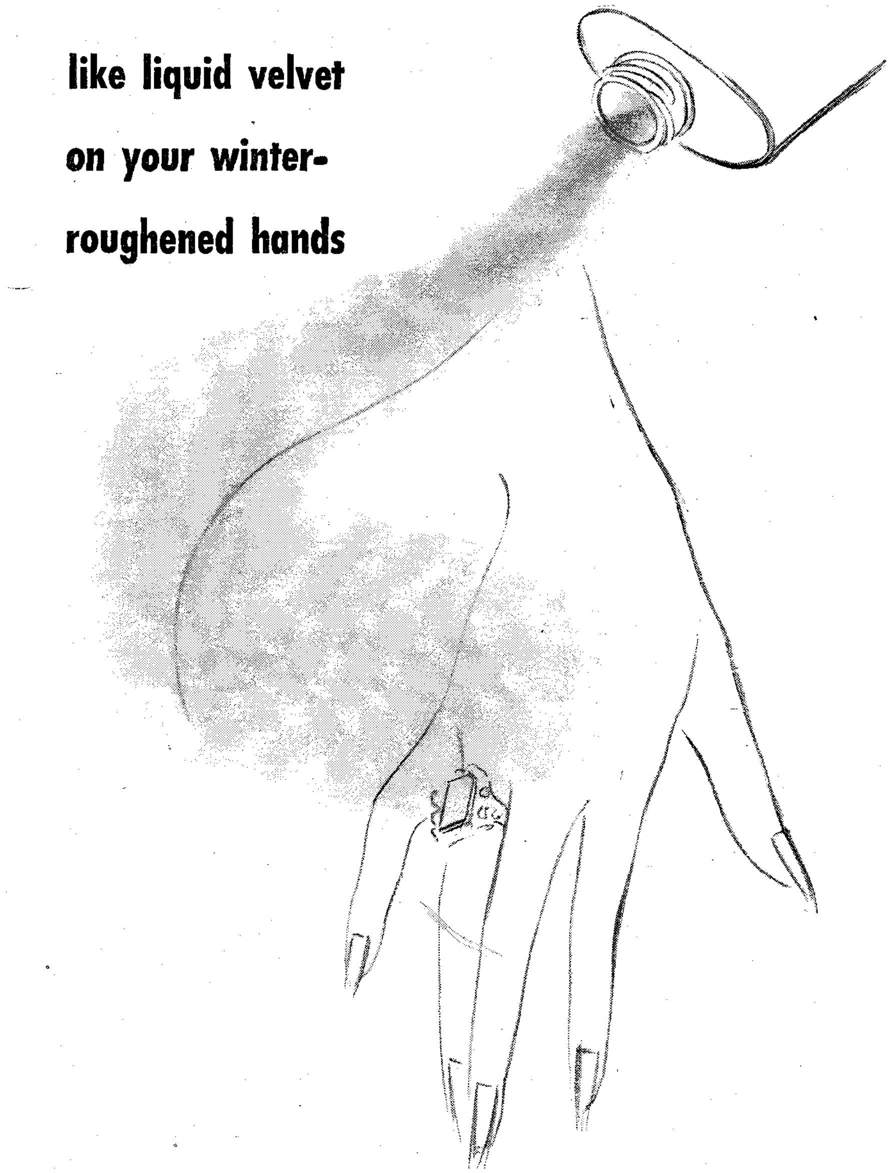

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helena rubinstein

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

To Have and Have Not—Humphrey Bogart, well supported, in an adventure story of Vichy rule in the West Indies. Remotely derived from the book by Hemingway. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., March 10.... Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Mon. through Wed., March 12-14.... Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., March 13-15.... Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; tentative, Wed. through Fri., March 14-16.... 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; tentative, starting Wed., March 14.)

Winged Victory—It is a question whether or not Moss Hart's picture is exactly the tribute the Air Forces deserve, but it is certainly quite a spectacle. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 9.... Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., March 12.... Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., March 11-12.... 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., March 14.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. through Fri., March 13-16.)

The Woman in the Window—Edward G. Robinson as a murderer who really meant no harm in particular. With Joan Bennett and a surprise ending that is hardly likely to surprise anyone. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 14.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 14.)

Chaplin Comedies (1917)—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street." (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., March 13.)

Dead End (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play, with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 8.)

48 Hours (1944)—British film about an imaginary invasion by German paratroops. Leslie Banks, Frank Lawton, and Elizabeth Allan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., March 13-15.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., March 11-13.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. With Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., March 13-15.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., March 13-14.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film, now with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., March 8.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel about underworld doings in Europe. With Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 9-12.)

Passage to Marseille (1944)—Adventures among the Fighting French, with Humphrey Bogart and Michèle Morgan. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., March 9-12.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., March 14.)

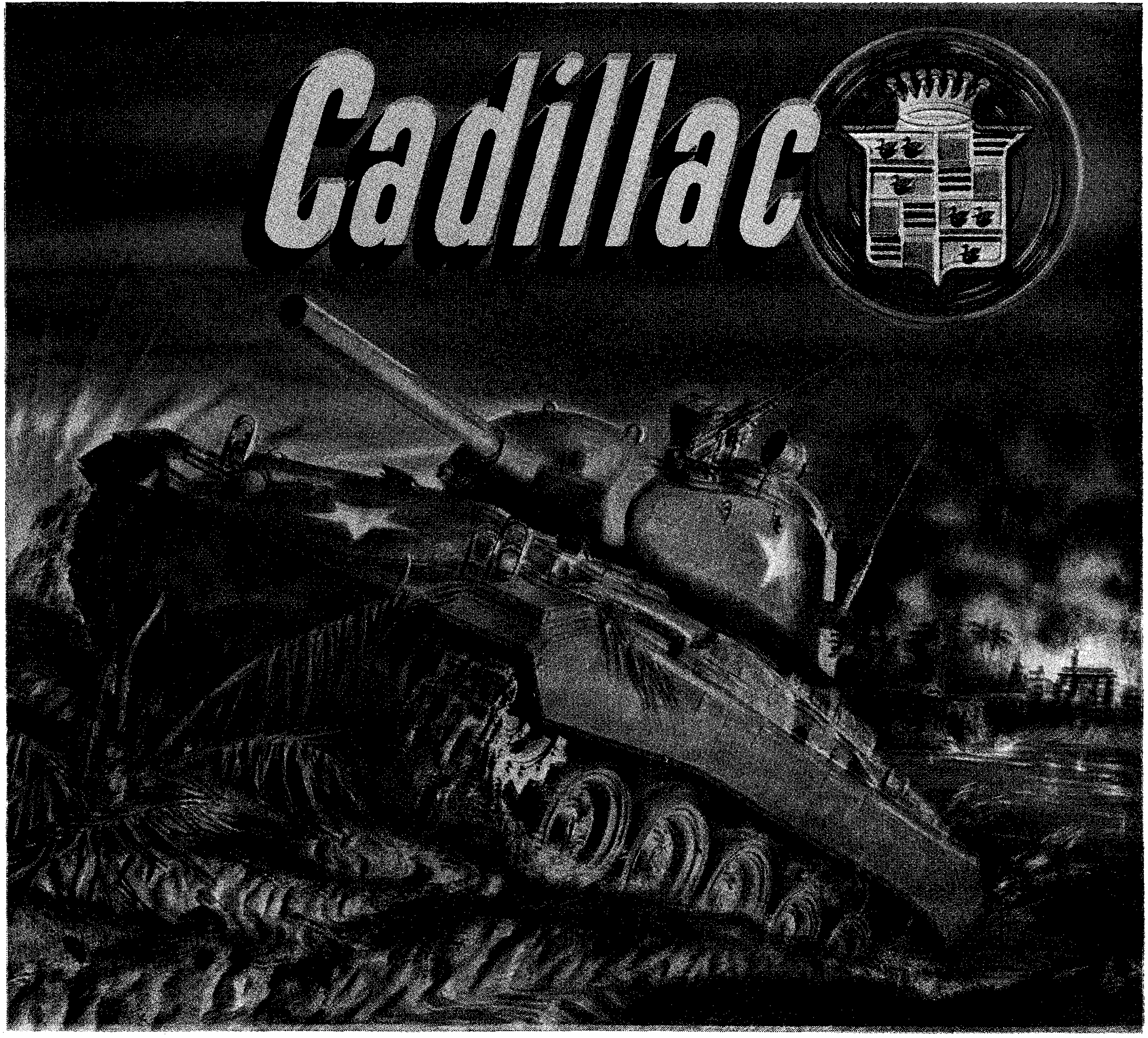
Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 8.)

The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; starting Sat., March 10.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 8.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., March 14.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—THURS., MARCH 8 (at 4 P.M. only): "The Three Musketeers" (1921), with Douglas Fairbanks.... FRI. THROUGH SUN., MARCH 9-11: "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks.... MON. THROUGH THURS., MARCH 12-15: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1903), and "Tol'able David" (1921), with Rich-



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This Cadillac "power-train" was first used in the M-5, a light tank designed by Cadillac under the direction of Army Ordnance technicians. Thousands of these tanks—as well as its companion, the M-8 Howitzer Motor Carriage—were produced by Cadillac, and are fighting all over the world. Finally, out of this experience, came the M-24—the powerful, hard-hitting weapon illustrated above.

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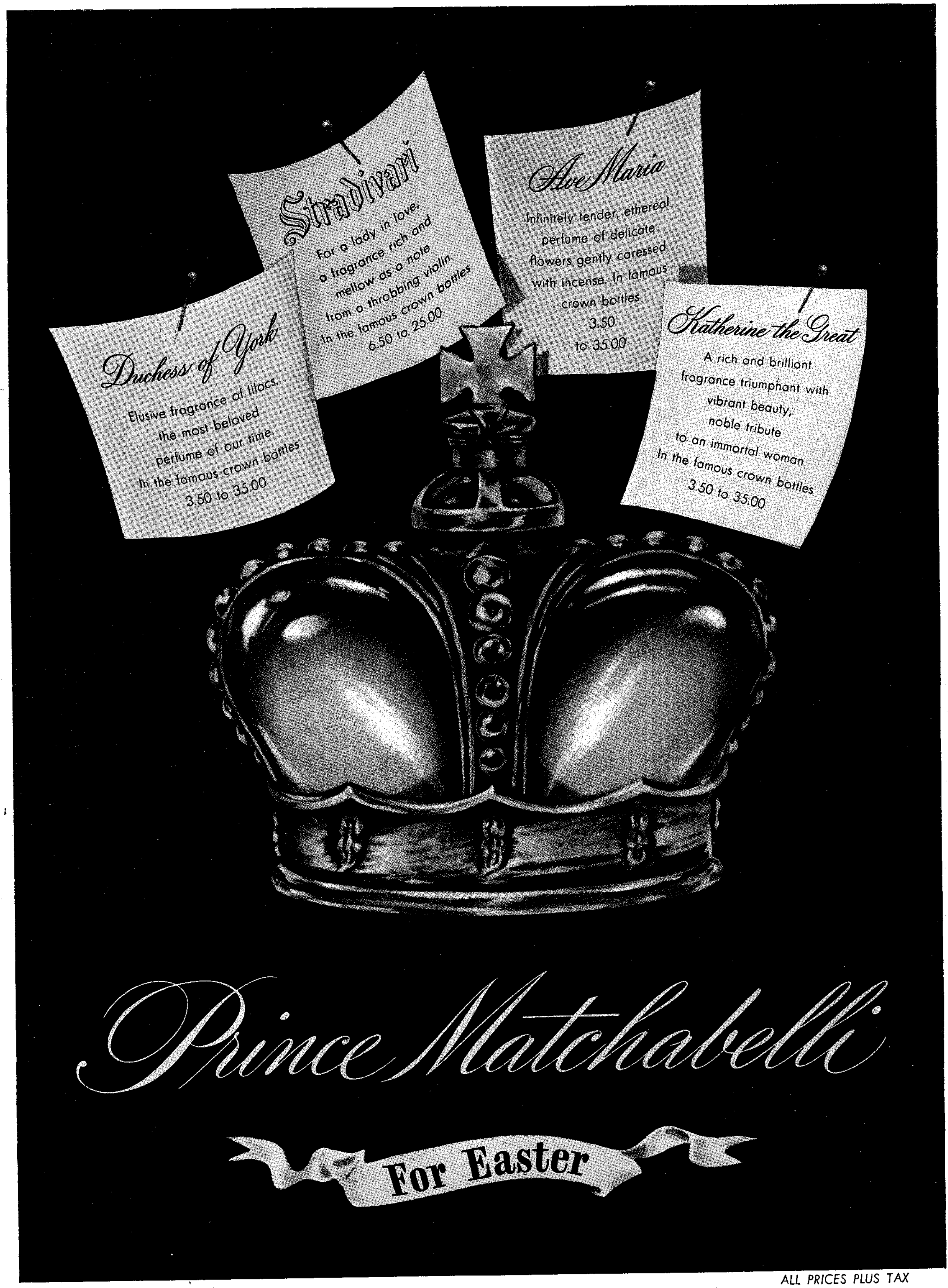

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ard Barthelmess. . . . **FROM FRI., MARCH 16:** "Destiny" (1921), directed by Fritz Lang.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as many daytime hours as possible as file clerks in selective service offices; women to work three three-hour sessions a week in Department of Health clinics, assisting in vision tests, etc. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work as much time as they can spare during the day sorting and packing clothing for the Queen Wilhelmina Fund; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, call RE 7-3700.) . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to put in as many day or evening hours as they can spare working as nutrition aides, orderlies, and at various other necessary jobs in hospitals; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS,** 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in a veterans' rehabilitation center.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instruction to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and overseas units. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, radios, records, playing cards, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050); and Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the C.D.V.O. branch at 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370). . . . The American Committee for Yugoslav Relief (LE 2-2708) is collecting warm clothing, bedding, and tinned foods to be sent abroad. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 161 Perry St. . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

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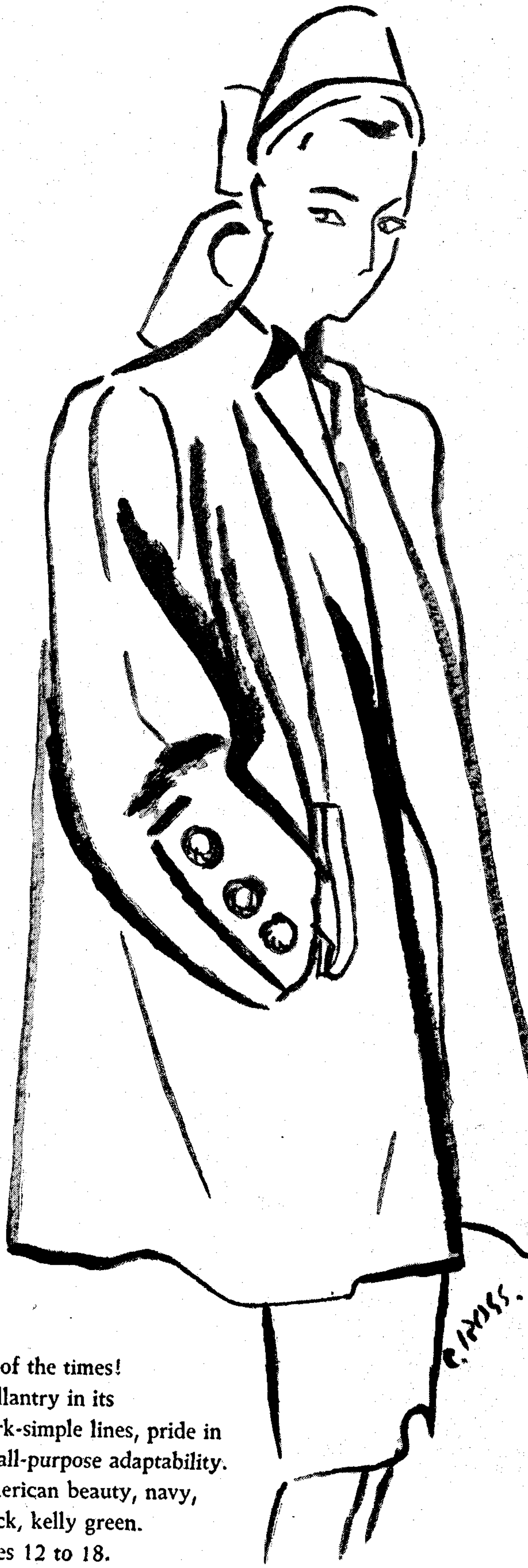

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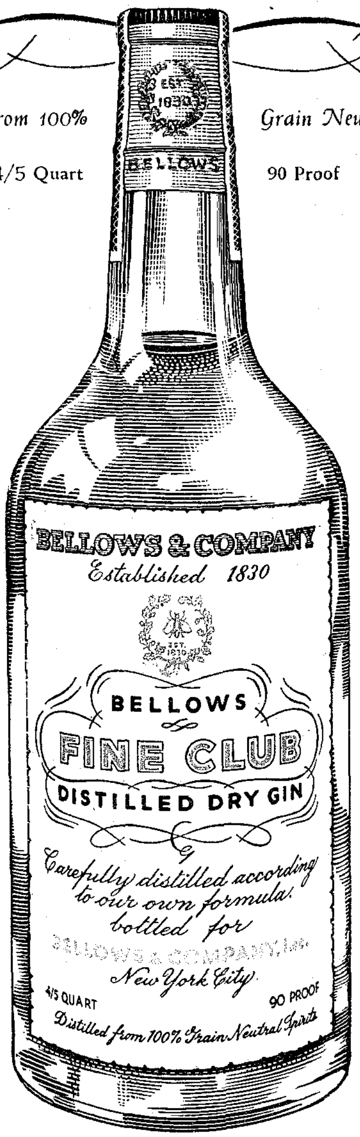
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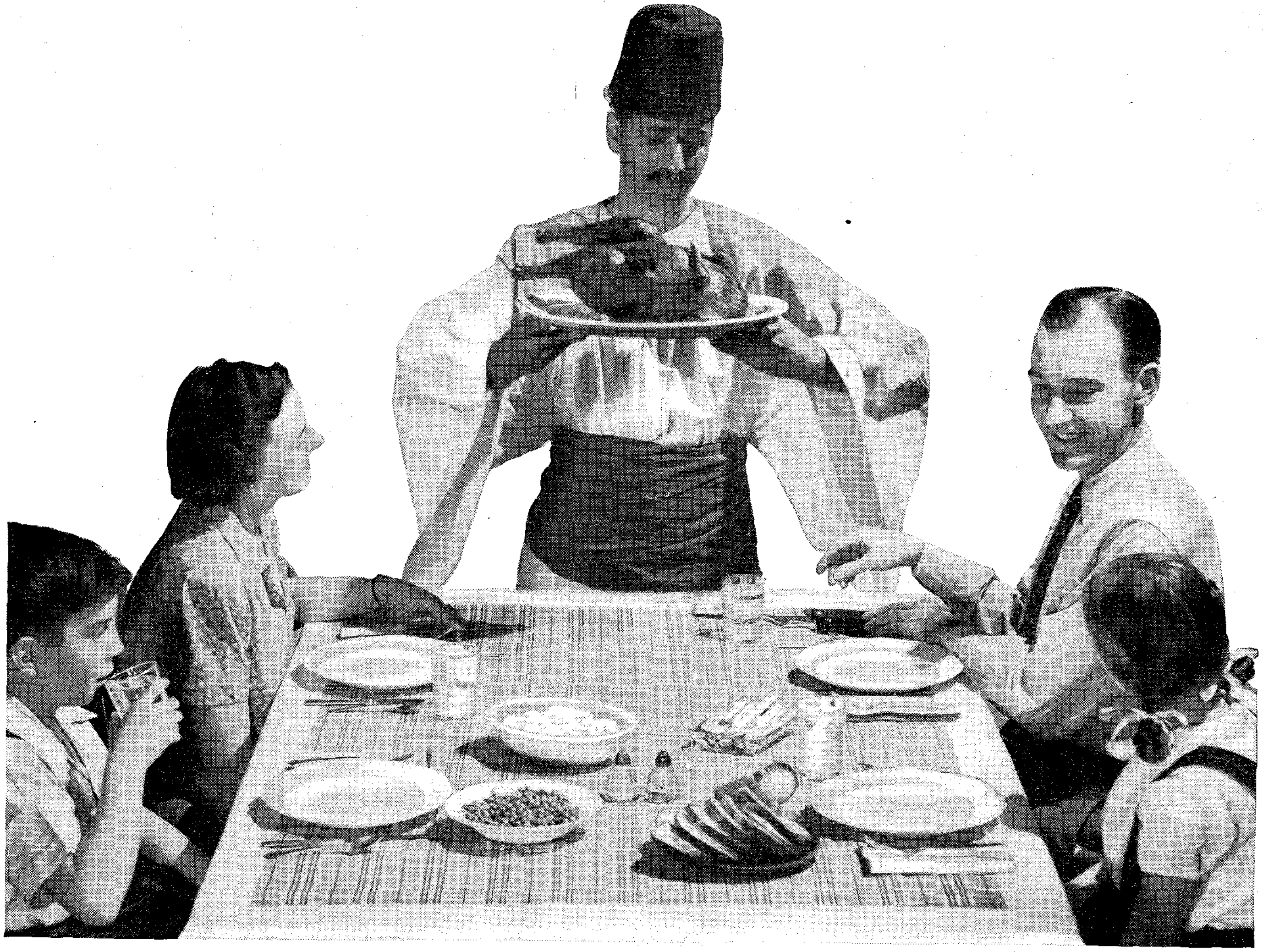

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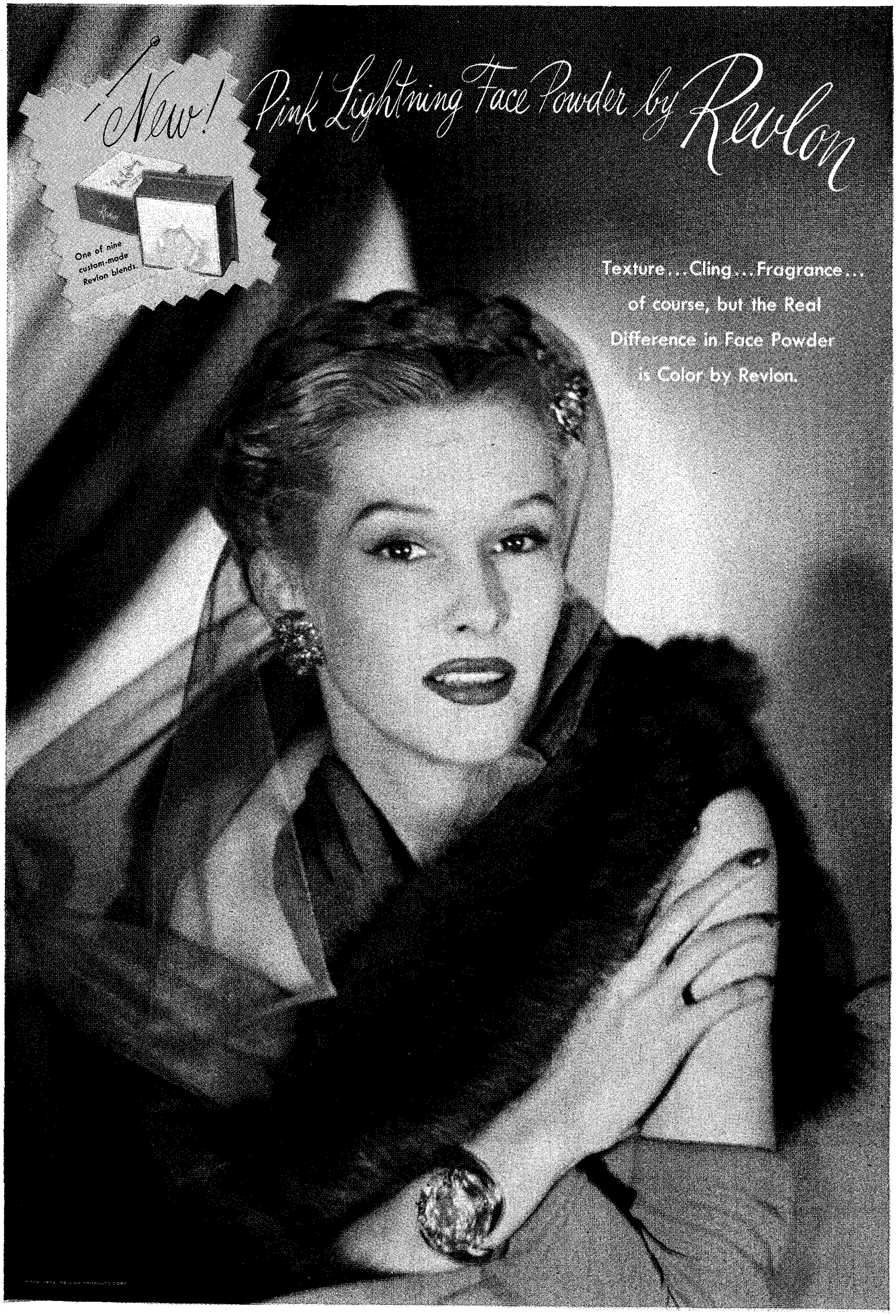

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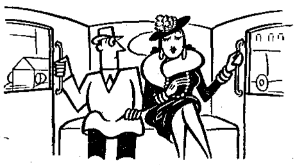
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

CEILING or no ceiling, the price of hotel accommodations is going up. To get space in San Francisco now, you have to declare war against Germany.

A Cab-Sharing bill with an unusual twist to it has been introduced in the state legislature. If a woman gets in the cab first, she would have the right to keep out any additional passengers. If a man gets in first, he would have to take what comes. It sounds like the old double standard at work again. As a helpless male, we look askance at such discriminatory legislation. We can just see the kind of woman who is going to climb into our cab and snuggle up next to us—all rouged and bejewelled, and highly scented, too. Daw gone!



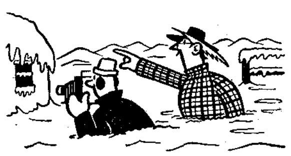
THE other day we received in the mail a brochure from the book industry. "Book industry" is not our term; we found it in the brochure, and we gather that it is the only accurate name for publishing, which is getting itself all set to become postwar big business, like the meat-packing industry. A study of the future of the Book is now being made for the industry by the Hopf Institute of Management, a research organization, in combination with the Psychological Corporation, Market Research Specialists. This sounds like the real thing at last. They plan to devote two months to the development and testing of research methods, three months to nationwide field investigation, and another two months to preparing a report, with graphs and tables.

We doubt that publishing will ever again be the girl she was when we first knew her. The brochure is quite revealing—publishers knee-deep in "industrial fields," "expanding markets," "industry trends," "managerial science," "merchandising techniques," and so on. We particularly dislike the word "consumer" for the man at the end of the process. "Consumer" is a fine, businesslike word, but it doesn't seem to make any distinction between a person who consumes a book by reading it and a person who consumes a book by burning it. We prefer the old-fashioned word "reader." If the book industry wants a report telling it how to improve each shining postwar year, we can provide one in a few words, free of charge and with no research. We recommend that the industry publish fewer titles and better, that it read and edit a manuscript before setting it, and that it quit worrying about trends in popular taste.

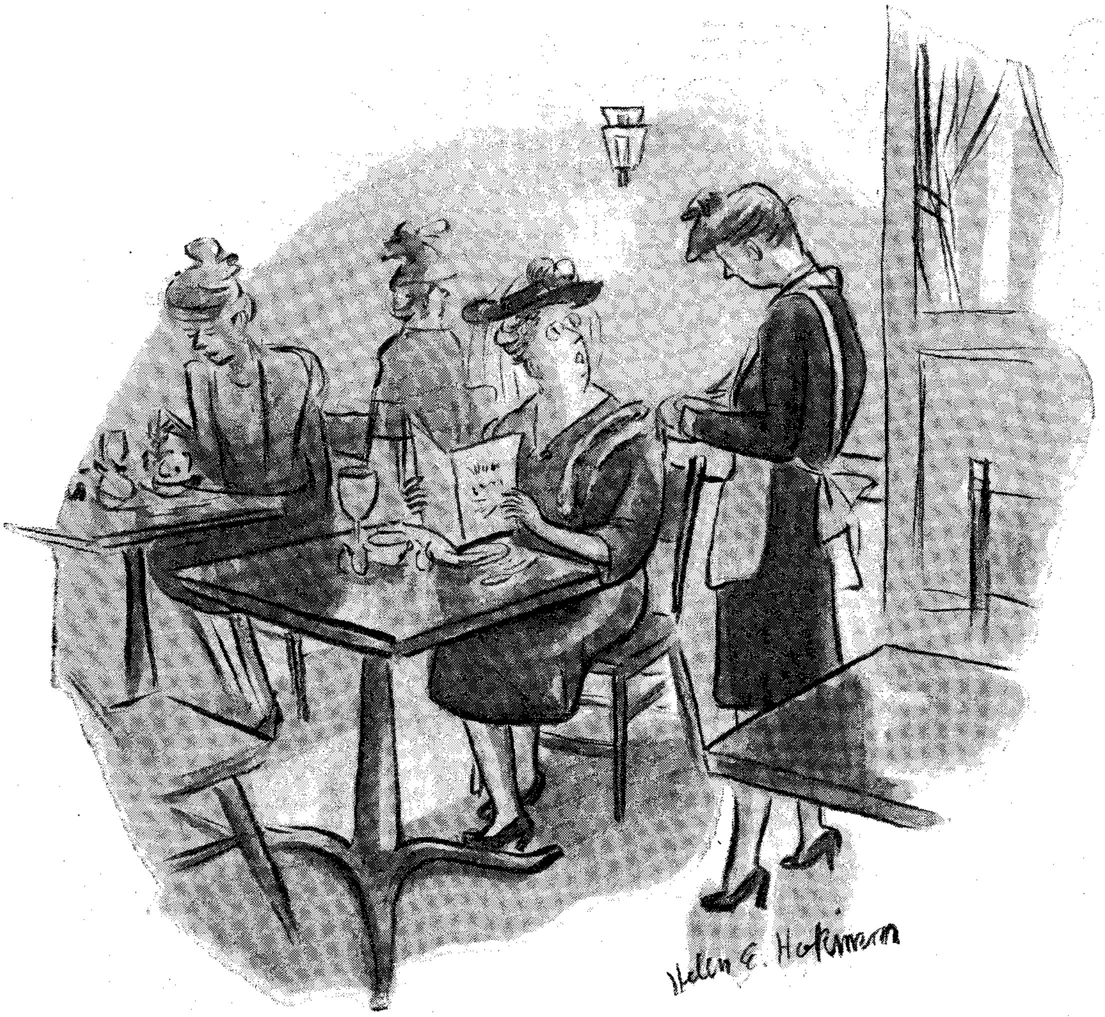
THE same day the brochure came, we got a publicity release from Simon & Schuster reporting the formation of a new department named the Venture Press, at 1230 Sixth Avenue, to be devoted to "the discovery, publication, and promotion of new and outstanding talent." Venture Press books "will be intensively promoted and advertised" and will be only books that have "literary distinction." We had thought that there already *was* an organization at 1230 Sixth Avenue devoted to discovering, publishing, promoting, and advertising works of literary distinction by new and outstanding talent, but we must have been confused.

WHEN his right to close a show was questioned, License Commissioner Paul Moss fell back on sixteen Protestant clergymen, members of an organization called Sigma Chi. The Commissioner seemed to feel that the complaints of the clergymen gave his one-man censorship a certain validity. It strikes us that if Mr. Moss, singlehanded and without recourse to law, can close up a theatrical production, any actor should have the right to close up an organization called Sigma Chi, on the ground that the members have formed an abnormal relationship with a license commissioner and that this is detrimental to the morals and the health of actors.

"LIFE" magazine created some poetry by fiat in a recent issue. It assigned Robert P. Tristram Coffin to walk around the Maine countryside with a *Life* photographer, show the photographer what pictures he wanted taken, then come back, sit down with the photographs in front of him, and write poems to go with them in *Life*. The results appeared as a feature called "Maine Winter." Reading the poems, we were struck by a certain thin and unsubstantial quality in them, a kind of colorful impermanence, suggesting that the gossamer of poetry is still too delicate a substance for beltlines. We couldn't quite express the way we felt about the matter until we turned a few pages and found a photographic essay called "Forcing Spring Flowers." "Impatient gardeners," *Life* said, "unwilling to wait until spring brings out the blossoms on trees and shrubs, hurry the season along by forcing the flowers into bloom indoors before their time."



LONG ago the leaders of the nations dismissed the idea of federal union as a principle of world government and laid their plans for a league. It is toward a league that we are headed now. Whether the leaders felt that



"But in the last war the government __wanted__ me to eat cheese."

• •

federation was completely impractical, or that it was not what the people wanted, or both, we don't know. The issue is apparently considered more or less closed. One thing we *do* know is that vast numbers of people haven't the slightest notion that there is any important difference between a league and a union. In case anyone wants to do some homework in this subject before April 25th, we recommend a speech by Justice Roberts of the Supreme Court, printed in the *Congressional Record* of Tuesday, May 4, 1943. It is one of the clearest explanations of union we have read, by a man who not only believes in it but is competent to say something about it.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: On a wall of one of the corridors of the New School for Social Research is the chalked inscription "Eurydice loves Oedipus."

The law firm of Buckley & Buckley, of 99 Wall Street, is represented in Washington, D. C., by an attorney named Harvey Rabbit.

The reference people at the Public Library have noticed a sharp increase in the demand for the directories of other cities; young ladies are using them to check on the civilian status of soldiers and sailors they've met here.

Critique

TWO little career girls, deep in their mid-afternoon sodas, fell to talking about literature. "Did you read 'Forever Amber'?" one of them asked. The other said she had. "Well, did you like it?" her friend wanted to know. "Look, dear," the well-read one said kindly. " 'Forever Amber' isn't the type book that if anybody asks did you like it you say yes."

They Also Serve

AT the suggestion of a friend of ours who was called for blue-ribbon jury duty for the trial of Joseph S. Fay and James Bove, the labor leaders charged with extortion, we rolled down to the Criminal Courts Building last week and watched the proceedings. Our friend had told us that he'd been sitting around from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon for a couple of days, in the course of which the attorneys had examined only thirty-nine veniremen. "You can't smoke or read," he said glumly, "and many thousand wartime blue-ribbon man hours are being wasted by making us hang around all day long." There were still about a hundred and fifty veniremen in the Supreme Court courtroom when we arrived. They were uniformly bored, and looked pretty much like the crowd you might meet on the 5:29 to Scarsdale. There were only three women in the courtroom, and one of them was on the stand. She said her name was Ruth Bien, gave an East Ninety-sixth Street address, and announced her profession as secretary. "Do you think you could be fair to both sides?" inquired Frank Hogan, the District Attorney, who is handling the prosecution himself. "Yes," said Miss Bien. "Six to one she gets the toss," remarked a venireman alongside us. "I'll go that," said another. "Quiet!" said one of eight vigilant bailiffs. As time went by, Miss Bien gave every assurance that she would be O.K., but when she announced that she'd once been a member of the Teachers Union, she was promptly excused. After Miss Bien came the assistant purchasing agent of an oil company (excused), a manufacturer of ladies' hosiery who proclaimed that he was "pro-labor and felt for the little man" (excused), a nervous broker who said he had opinions but not prejudices (excused), and finally an insurance man named Guy R. Jenkins, who admitted he has always read Westbrook Pegler. "Do you think Mr. Pegler is right?" asked Fay's lawyer, Robert Fitzsimmons. "He's never been sued," said Mr. Jenkins (excused). After a couple more men had been examined and excused, the Court wearily announced an adjournment for lunch.

Outside the courtroom we fell in with Mr. Hogan and asked him just what a blue-ribbon jury is. "Any protracted trial," he said, "or one that has received a great deal of attention can, according to Law 749AA of the judiciary code, call on special jurors. They are men of better than average intelligence, in the opinion of the examining clerks, have no prejudice against capital punishment, circumstantial evidence, or various types of defense." We asked Mr. Hogan why there were so few workmen on the panel for the labor trial. "Workmen," he said, "are getting ten dollars and more a day. They don't want to be tied up for weeks at three dollars a day." At this point, Mr. Fitzsimmons broke in to tell Mr. Hogan that he hadn't spent a dime investigating the panel. "Really?" murmured Mr. Hogan genially. "Absolute fact," said Mr. Fitzsimmons. We headed for the county clerk's office to get some more information about blue-ribbon juries.

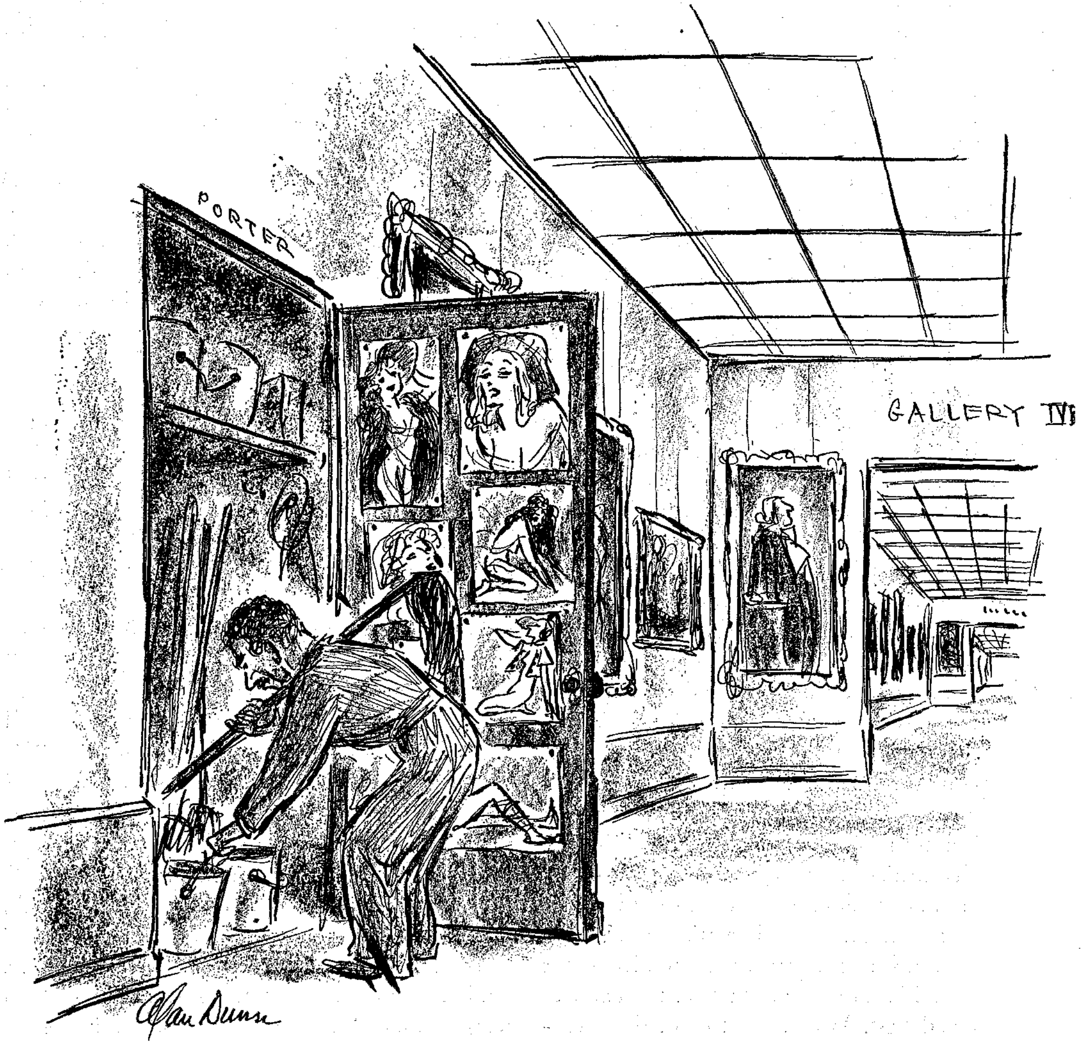
The deputy county clerk, Mr. James McGurrin, is the head man of the whole jury setup. "Special juries," he told us, "are selected entirely on intelligence rather than on economic status. At the beginning of this trial, Fay's lawyer asked why there were so many jurors from special districts like Park Avenue. I told him that we are not at all concerned with the geographic status of a special juror. Among other things, special jurors have to forego the option to serve in a period most convenient for them. They are liable to call any time. The special-jury setup was instituted in 1896 to deal with certain difficult cases and with trials involving capital punishment. It was Frank Ward O'Malley who first called them blue-ribbon juries. Out of our jury list of sixty thousand people, we have about three thousand special jurymen. But since some are frozen in other courts or have been disqualified because of jury service within the last two years, we have only twelve to fifteen hundred to pick from. We have a special wheel and we pick the names of jury panels out of it. Drawings are conducted in the presence of attorneys for both sides. We have to draw quite a large number because, apart from the forty peremptory challenges available to the defense and prosecution, many jurors will have excuses. There always seems to be a great deal of waiting around when a jury is being selected, but the Court couldn't very well afford to suddenly run out of them." "Wouldn't it be possible," we inquired, "to keep, say, fifty on hand and dismiss the others until the next morning?" "There's always the danger of running short," said Mr. McGurrin firmly.

Recipe

A GROUP of the senior members of the Century Club dined together there the other evening, we are told by a junior member, and when it came time for demitasses, all of them ordered a certain brand of coffee from which the caffeine has been removed. When it was served and they had sipped it, they looked at one another in pleased surprise. This, they told each other, and the waiter, too, was the way the stuff ought to taste, by George! They generated so much enthusiasm among themselves as they finished off their little cups that they decided they ought to go and convey their compliments to the chef, and, incidentally, get his secret. The chef, an amiable colored man, was gratified at their expressions of approval, and readily explained his formula. He said it was a matter of using the proper quantity of water and coffee. "Ah uses just half as much of everything," he said. "That way, it makes just half of what Ah needs. Then, just when it's time to serve, Ah fills up the pot with real coffee."

Our Own Baedeker

NICELY brought up people have been forced to learn a lot about Egypt, so these paragraphs will undertake to do no more than serve as a brief refresher on the occasion of her having impetuously leaped into the struggle against Fascism. The oldest known recorded date was set down by some remote Egyptian; it was 4241 B.C., but of course he wasn't foresighted enough to call it that. Egyptians have been measuring the rise and fall of the Nile for fifty-five centuries and have come to the conclusion that it rises higher some years than others. Papyrus, from which the



Egyptians made their writing paper, no longer grows in Egypt. The last hippopotamus in Egypt was shot in 1821, and there are no more crocodiles. About the only fauna remaining undomesticated in Egypt are the gazelle and the jackal.

Egyptian businessmen used to sign documents with seals. Then, when they wanted to go back on an unprofitable bargain, they would just start using a different kind of seal. They couldn't put this over on one another, but they could, and did, put it over on foreigners. The peasants, the fellahin, are a patient, downtrodden folk who suffer from bilharziasis, which they get while working in the irrigated fields. They have a pretty custom called the Smelling of the Zephyrs—a whole village will go on a picnic in the country just to get a change of air. Instead of visiting a dentist when he has a toothache, an Egyptian is likely to have himself tattooed; the pain goes away immediately. Of every twelve marriages in Egypt, five end in divorce. This is because Egypt is thirteen-fourteenths Moslem, and a Moslem can divorce his wife by saying "I divorce thee" three times. The Egyptian upper crust speaks French and acts as French as possible. Egyptian servants are permitted to wear red sashes any time of day except while serving breakfast. No tobacco has been grown in Egypt since 1891, by government edict. The Egyptians are nevertheless avid smokers, and almost half of the customs duties collected there are on the import of tobacco. High-quality cotton is the Egyptian cash crop. Another export item is eggs—two hundred billion of them a year in normal times. Henna is produced in considerable quantity and is used locally to redden the palms, soles, and hair of women and the tails of horses.

Egyptians are and always have been obsessed by the idea of death. The fellahin believe that the dead return from paradise to their graves once a week, and they turn out to wail and keep the spirits company. The ancient Egyptians, of course, kept their dead kicking around indefinitely—the longer the better. Mummies were often propped up at banquet tables and food was put in front of them. Another Egyptian foible was an almost uncontrollable fondness for cats. If a house caught fire, the cat was saved first. When a cat died, the members of the family all shaved their eyebrows as a token of mourning. The Persians won a bloodless battle once when they advanced against the Egyptians using live cats for shields; the Egyptians conceded it. Egypt is a big country, about the size of France and Italy put together, but only three per cent of it is arable. Just about all the Egyptians—more than fifteen million—are squeezed into the fertile area, creating a density of population unknown even in the most heavily industrial parts of Europe. There are thirty kinds of date in Egypt and three hundred species of bird.

Farouk I, the King of Egypt, is a husky young man of twenty-five, who boxes, plays polo, and collects stamps. He's a strict Moslem and makes his wife wear a veil. Like all the Egyptian Moslems, he's legally and morally entitled to four wives, but, like ninety-five per cent of his subjects, he has never done anything about it. That story about the grain of wheat from a tomb sprouting after thousands of years is just a story. However, there really are dancing girls and they really do the *danse de ventre*, or hootchy-kootchy.

Outrage

THE final word on the curfew was spoken, as far as we are concerned, by an amply built lady who exclaimed to her hairdresser, "All those poor boys are fighting for our happiness, and then the government does the one thing that's sure to make us *un*happy!"

You Out There!

JANE WYATT and Franchot Tone, who are playing in "Hope for the Best," at the Fulton Theatre, submitted one recent afternoon to a mass interview by some five hundred high-school girls and boys. The interview took place at the theatre, and we hardly need tell our readers that twelve o'clock found us crouched among the kiddies in the first row of the orchestra. Talking with them, we learned that they were editors of school newspapers and magazines in and around New York and that such interviews are by no means uncommon. A thin, red-headed boy in the seat behind us explained that the system protects actors. "You see, we all write in asking for interviews, and if they had to take us one at a time, the nuisance would last eight or ten months. This way, they're rid of us fast. I get invites to stuff like this all the time." He took a crumpled letter from his pocket. "Look," he said. "Here's an invite to attend a milk-cocktail party. It's being given over in Newark by Louis Prima, 'The Man Who Plays Pretty for the People.'"

We were about to say that Louis Prima had never played pretty for us and that we hoped he never would when Tone walked onstage and sat down on a pine side chair that was part of the set. (We had all been informed that Miss Wyatt was making a radio broadcast and would be along shortly.) Tone was greeted by a smattering of polite applause, but that was all; high-school editors are serious-type people and no one attempted to go up on the stage and tear off Tone's shirt or otherwise indicate affection for him. Tone conducted the interview by recognizing upraised hands in the audience. "You out there!" he would say, ducking his head and pointing. "Yes?"

The first question asked was in the best Richard Harding Davis tradition. Having been recognized by Tone, a girl stood up and piped out of the semi-darkness, "Where were you born?"

Tone said, "Niagara Falls. . . . You out there! Yes?"

Another hand, another voice: "Where did you go to school?"

Tone said manfully, "To Cornell. And before that to the Hill School, where I was asked to leave in the middle of my course."

This reply was followed by laughter and applause. Tone next innocently recognized a youthful master of dialectics. "Why did you leave the Group Theatre?" the master demanded, in a rasping, thirteen-year-old voice.

Tone said, "I wanted to see what Hollywood was like."

"But you'd already been to Hollywood."

"I wanted to see if it was still the same."

The master's voice rose sharply. "Why did the Group Theatre fail?"

Sitting on the edge of our seat in the front row, we could not help admiring Tone's poise. He had begun to sweat a little, but he said gamely, "I don't think it did fail."

The master said, "It's not in existence, so it must have failed."

Tone: "Many of its actors are very successful in Hollywood."

The master: "Successful in money, you mean?"

Tone: "Maybe that's their idea of success, yes."

The master: "Is that *your* idea of success, Mr. Tone?"

Tone (cracking): "Let's not go into that."

The master sat down in triumph, and Tone went on to answer a number of simpler questions: Which do you prefer, acting on Broadway or in Hollywood? What are your pet peeves? Who is your favorite Hollywood actress? Do you enjoy being kissed? What do you think of Miss Wyatt? Tone's answers, reading from left to right, were, "No preference," "Don't have any," "Don't ask me that," "*I* generally do the kissing," and "Miss Wyatt is one of the most charming ladies in the acting profession."

At that point, as if in answer to the best of all possible cues, Miss Wyatt walked onstage. She looked so young and beautiful that we felt tempted to ask a couple of questions ourself, but a tow-headed boy whose voice was changing beat us to the draw. He asked ungallantly, "Would you mind telling me how old you are, Miss Wyatt?"

Miss Wyatt said, "Oh, I'm afraid I do mind."

"Well," the boy said, "do you think actresses are apt to be hollow?"

Miss Wyatt said, "No, I don't."

Apparently determined to get some affirmative answer, the boy said, "Well, do you think grammar is hard?"

Miss Wyatt said, "No, I don't."

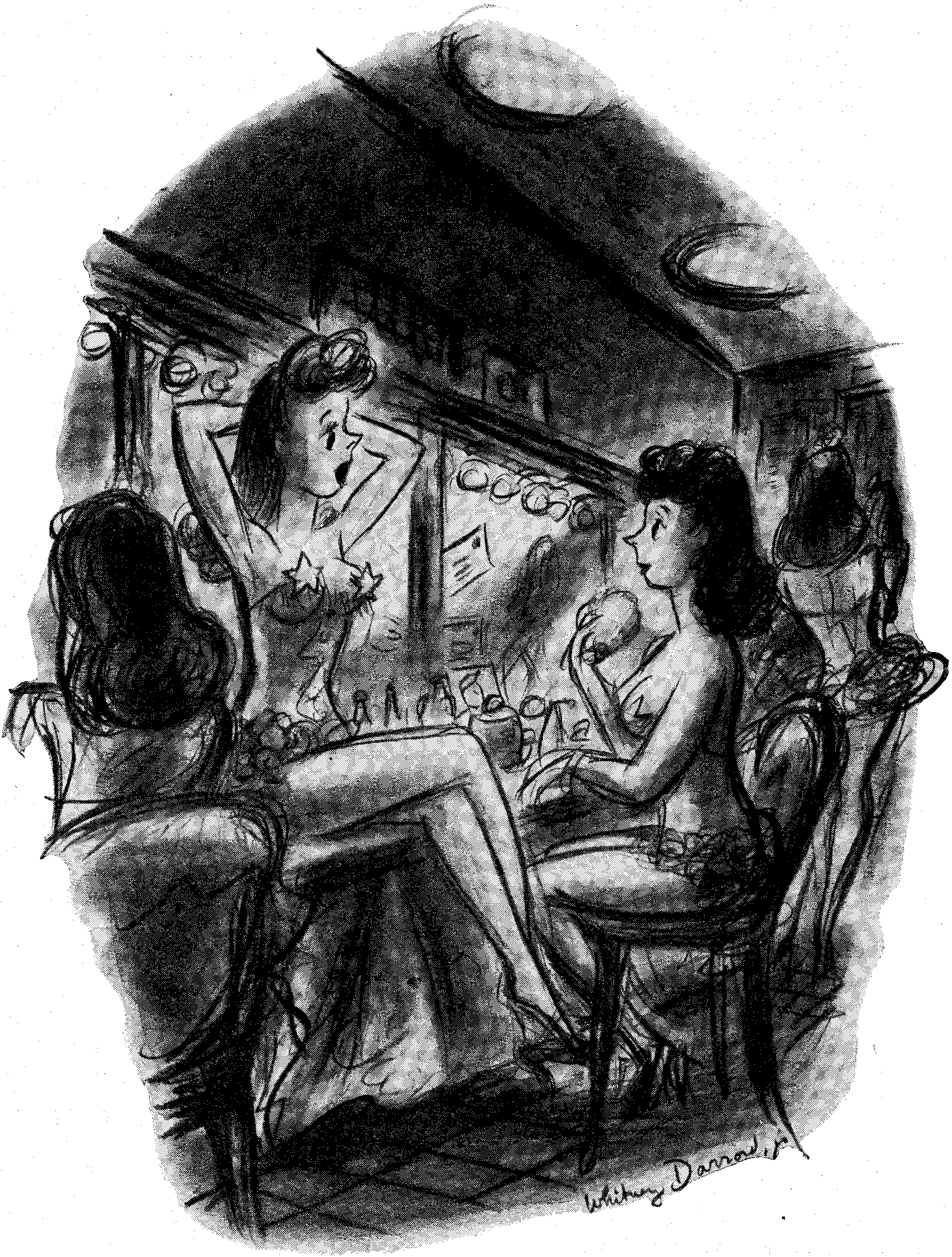
The boy hesitated, wet his lips, then said, "Do you like circuses?"

To everyone's relief, Miss Wyatt said, "Oh, I *love* circuses!"

There were no more questions.

Solution

A Bossy-Looking woman stepped up to the meat counter in the Peter Reeves Market on West Eighth Street the other day and asked the butcher, a disenchanted man named Mr. Joe, if he had any chopped round steak. He shook his head. She asked him if he had any calves' liver. He shook his head again. "Damn it!" the woman said. "What in the world am I going to feed my dog?" The butcher thought a moment, then said, "Lady, all I can suggest is another dog."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"The trouble with this income-tax thing, they don't allow us anything for depreciation."

"WHO GIVETH US RICHLY ALL THINGS TO ENJOY"

I GREW up in China, where my father was a missionary, whose good works were normally carried on in one of the poorest sections of Shanghai—a district called South Gate. My sister and I early learned the tougher side of life from our Chinese neighbors in Mulberry Lane, just outside the Presbyterian mission compound where we lived, but our parents did their best to bring us up with all of the amenities and advantages we would have enjoyed if we had lived in America. Among these were summer holidays in the country. Besides, no one who was anyone stayed in Shanghai for the summer. Of course, the people in Mulberry Lane stayed, and died by the score during the annual cholera epidemic, but the rest of us, the foreigners, packed up at the end of June and left South Gate for the mountains or the beach. For some years my father and mother owned a house at Mokanshan, a mountain resort beyond Soochow, inland from Shanghai.

Reaching Mokanshan was no light undertaking. With at least thirty large pieces of baggage, we boarded a train. After a few hours we and the thirty pieces of baggage left the train and got onto a houseboat for a day's trip on inland canals. Then all the thirty pieces of baggage had to be taken off the houseboat and transferred to the backs of baggage coolies. These transfers were exciting. Every foreigner I ever met in China was certain that all baggage coolies were thieves. I don't remember losing any baggage myself when travelling alone; when the family travelled it was impossible to lose any. Father piled it in a heap, checked it over twice, set my sister and me to guard it and the amah to guard us, and then went off to dicker with the coolies. Once the coolies were loaded, he checked again and started them off up the trail. Then we got into our sedan chairs and were swung up the mountain. As we passed the baggage coolies on the trail, we checked the baggage all over again, and the next day, when the baggage arrived, we snatched it away from the coolies and began enjoying our summer.

The house my father owned was never spoken of as the Espey house but was known to everyone as the Roder house. I don't remember ever meeting any of the Roders, yet their influence lingered. From all reports, the Roders had been a most eccentric British family. Wild tales survived them in Mokanshan, the most bewitching to me having to do with one of the grown daughters. Apparently this Miss Roder had been obsessed by a dislike for the Chinese. The Chinese were dirty in her eyes, so she devoted herself to cleanliness. Whenever she ventured out of the house and saw an unhygienic Chinese, she rushed back home and took a bath. If she touched something which she sensed a Chinese had touched, she took a bath and rinsed off with boracic-acid solution. We were told that, on the few occasions when she actually came into physical contact with a Chinese, she needed smelling salts to get back to the house, and, after the most meticulous ablutions, took to her bed for the rest of the week. Why Miss Roder lived in China at all is obscure to me, but there were rumors that her father wouldn't let her go away and that he prevented anyone from marrying her.

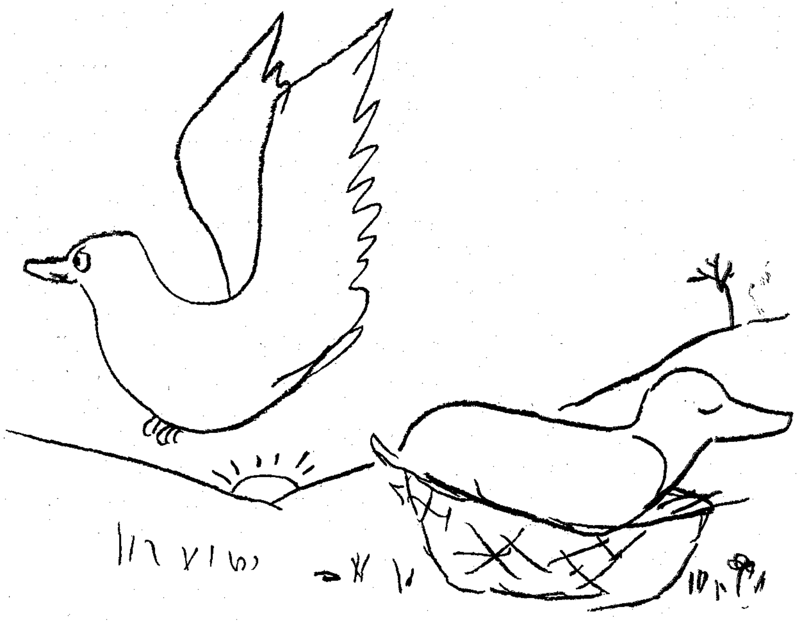
Miss Roder might have taken up more of my thoughts if it hadn't been that they were occupied by another lady, whom I shall call Mrs. Sedley. Mrs. Sedley was, to put it baldly, mad. No matter how often people mentioned her as being odd, or a little queer, or even just absent-minded, there was never any doubt in my mind or in my sister's that Mrs. Sedley was stark, staring mad but at the same time completely harmless. She was, as a matter of fact, very entertaining in her own fashion, and my sister and I were always eager to call on her.

Intermittently, Mrs. Sedley had the inner conviction that she was the nymph of the spring in the valley which provided our drinking water. This conviction usually smote her in the evening shortly after sundown. Once she had been smitten, she got into a white nightgown, let down her stringy gray hair, and walked to the spring. She then washed her feet in the water and sang original little songs as she dabbled about the rim of the pool. If anyone came near her, she called a cheery greeting and said, "I am the nymph of this spring. Won't you be a nymph too?" No one ever accepted her invitation, but that didn't trouble Mrs. Sedley. She stuck a few flowers in her hair, sang another song, and went on being the nymph of the spring until someone from her house missed her and sent a servant down to lead her home. There were rumors afloat that if the servant didn't get to the spring soon enough, Mrs. Sedley was smitten by a conviction that a nymph wore no clothes, but my sister and I, though we watched her a number of evenings, never saw anything to confirm this.

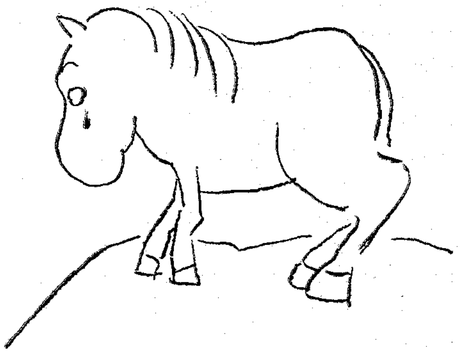
One of Mrs. Sedley's talents was her ability to see anything she cared to. For an entire week she saw a great purple-and-green dragon over the western hills. She told my sister and me exactly how it moved from day to day, and that it was a really charming dragon, which had been set there to watch over her and us two Espey children. We gaped into the clear western sky and added details to what she had told us. I even remarked that the dragon was winking at me, and Mrs. Sedley was kind enough to agree that he was. In all this I was especially favored by her, since she liked only girls as a rule. Unfortunately, I was never certain that she knew I was a boy. She always called me by my right name, but she sometimes referred to me as "that dear little girl," which was highly embarrassing to me.

Mrs. Sedley reached the peak of her social career at a children's party she gave one evening beside her spring. All the guests except myself were girls, and we were commanded to come dressed in white and to bring with us as many wildflowers as we could gather. I can't remember now whether I too, as well as the little girls, wore white, but I do know that Mother made me carry a handful of flowers. When we arrived, Mrs. Sedley, white-robed and flower-wreathed, made us put flowers in our hair and garland our bare arms. Then we all joined hands and ran around the pool as Mrs. Sedley shouted "*Evoe, evoe!* Dionysus, Dionysus!" and clapped her hands. After this she executed a nymphish *pas seul* for us which melted into a *courante*, which we all had to join. Then we had ice cream and cake. Mrs. Sedley was not encouraged by the parents to give any more parties, but it was the least insipid party I have ever at-

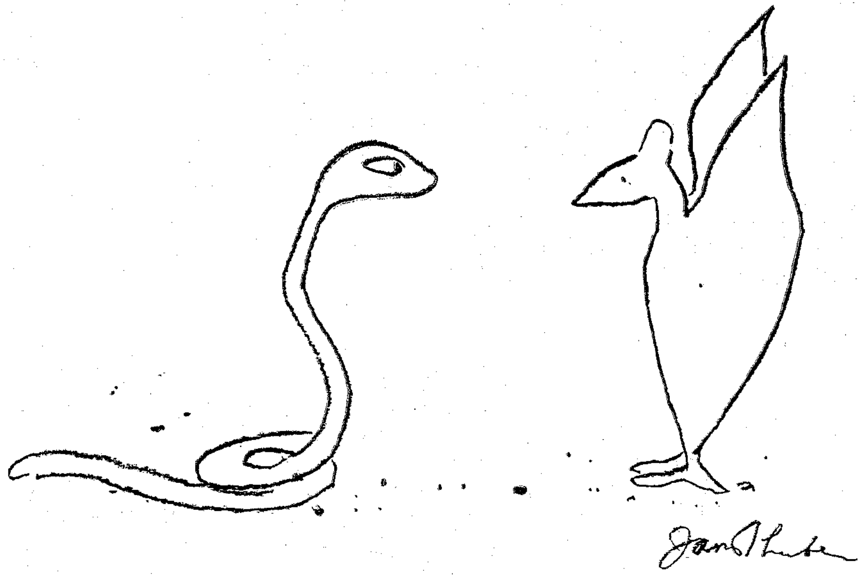
OUR NEW NATURAL HISTORY



The Early and the Late Riser



The Hopeless Quandary



A Serenade (left) about to engage in combat with a Victual

tended, so much so that I burst into tears in the midst of all the excitement.

MOKANSHAN was not all this type of midsummer madness. We children went to ordinary parties, gave recitations, belonged to clubs, took hikes and had picnics, and went to Sunday school and church. The parties were not as uninhibited as Mrs. Sedley's entertainment but were pink-lemonade affairs and had something to do with other persons' birthdays.

Presumably the family went to Mokanshan for its climate. Actually, the summers were very hot, even there in the hills. And in Mokanshan there was always a chance of being caught in the tail of a typhoon. I suppose that the first person to build a house at Mokanshan put on a corrugated tin roof with overhanging eaves, and that after that the second and third persons built in the same unhappy style. No one thought there was any other way to build a house at Mokanshan. The eaves were just right for the tail of a typhoon to swirl in under and lift the roof off in one piece. During one storm the roof of the house next door was lifted off and carried half a mile down the valley. This provided good sport, for my father and mother took in our neighbors until their roof could be replaced, and spent the next two days listening to how the Lord had preserved their baby by having a mosquito net over the baby's bed to catch the falling plaster. Every bed in Mokanshan had a mosquito net over it, but it seemed there was something particularly blessed about this one.

After my sister and I had fully absorbed the providential preservation of this child, its mother found she had lost the diamond from her engagement ring, so we all searched their sodden house. To me it was quite miraculous that we found the stone at last, and I attempted to attribute this find, as well as the baby's life, to the Lord's everlasting mercy. This, I learned, was an error in dialectics. It was perfectly all right for the Lord to preserve babies by having mosquitoes in Mokanshan, but that the Lord should lead us to a tiny bit of carbon in the midst of fallen plaster and splintered boards and restore this bit of carbon to its owner was a frivolous and unworthy thought.

I should like very much to tell how our own roof went sailing down the valley with me sitting on top of it, preserved by the hand of the Lord. But we never lost our roof, being Presbyterians with an eye to that sort of thing and looking well to our beams. During one bad typhoon, however, we did hear threatening creaks. The roof was beginning to pull loose over a bedroom dormer window. Since it seemed folly to stand there and let the roof go off, we forgot the Lord for a few moments and Father sent the cook for the heaviest ropes he could find. When the cook came back with the ropes, Father tied them together and opened the window. The cook had disappeared meanwhile, so with wind and rain beating into the room, lightning and thunder crashing around, Father got out on the sill. Mother held one of his legs and my sister and I the other. After several trials, Father succeeded in throwing the rope over the peak of the gable and brought the two ends back through the bedroom and out to the newel post at the top of the stairs. When the gale slackened for an instant, we heaved on the rope and Father took a couple of hitches around the post to make fast.

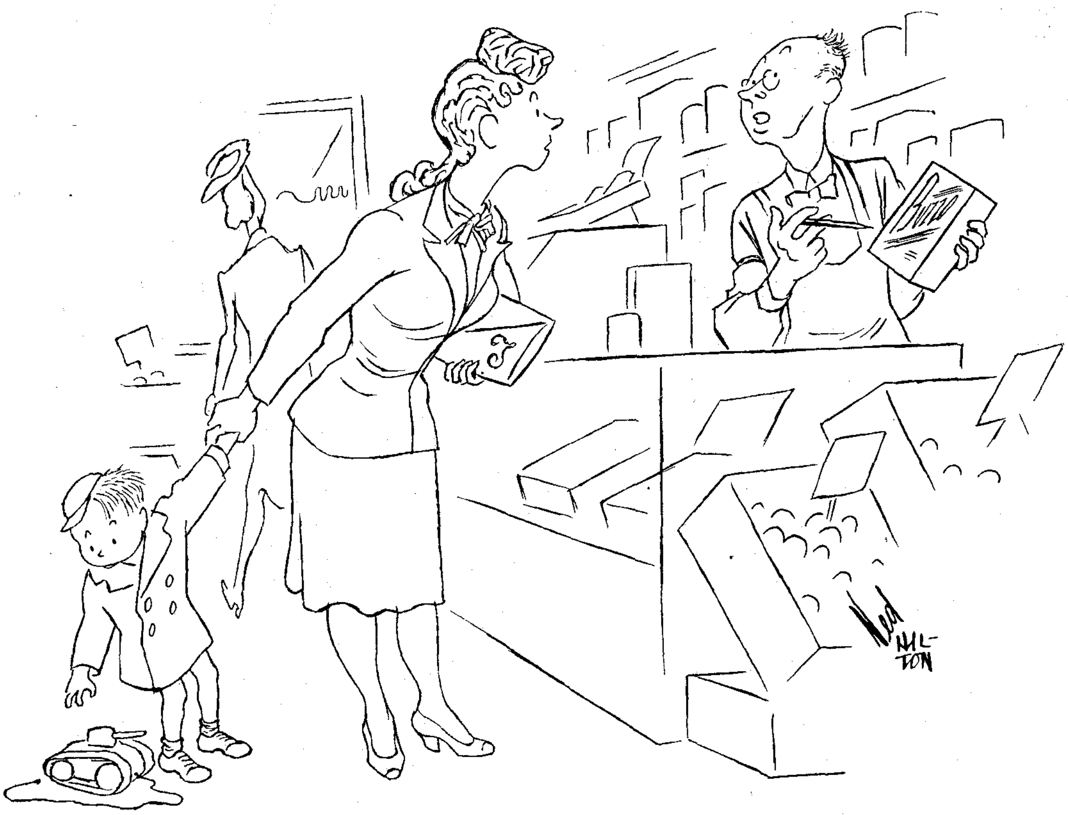
I have never spent a night on a full-rigged sailing ship during a storm, but I know exactly what it is like. At each fresh howl of the typhoon the gable creaked and the rope sang out. The newel post groaned and cracked under the strain as the house seemed about to pull itself up into the air and go scudding down the wind. When the storm lessened, near dawn, we knew that we had ridden out the typhoon safely, and we later looked with pity and contempt on families who lost their roofs.

We had many devices for occupying our time at Mokanshan. One of the most ingenious was the Whittling Club, for boys between the ages of five and eleven. I joined this when I was six and earnestly attended the daily meetings. I had no desire to whittle anything, but since that was the purpose of the club, I set about making a bamboo napkin ring while the other members were constructing elaborate ship models, small boxes, or footstools, under the supervision of the man who ran the club and bandaged up the wounds of the Whittlers. There is nothing difficult about making a bamboo napkin ring. You get a piece of bamboo of the right diameter and a servant saws off a length of the correct size. Bamboo is hollow, of course, and there you are with your napkin ring. But not I. For the first two weeks I carefully smoothed the edges. Then, when the supervisor suggested that I go on to something else, I pointed out that I hadn't smoothed the outer surface. This was already smooth, he remarked, so I spent the next three weeks carefully making the outer surface octagonal. When this was done, the Whittling Club still had three weeks to go and I was the only unbandaged member. Again, the supervisor hinted that I might do some other little piece of work. But no, I wanted to put an initial on the ring—a Gothic E. I spent a week searching out just the style I needed. The next week I cut the letter in the napkin ring, and the last week was given over to shading the E with India ink. All in all, that napkin ring was a beauty, and I felt it was well worth the supervisor's time just to have had me in the club.

The last meeting of the Whittling Club was annually devoted to an exhibition of the summer's work, with each member's output arranged about a card bearing the Whittler's name. Everyone else, by this time swaddled in bandages, had a great pile of junk around his card. I had a small lacquered teapoy to myself, on it a white card reading "Junior Whittler Espey" and my exquisite napkin ring. Mother did the family honors at the exhibition and, after admiring the work of all the other mothers' sons, she approached me as I stood beside my exhibit. The supervisor accompanied her, looking a touch concerned.

Now, I had intended that napkin ring for myself, but when I saw Mother and the supervisor I guessed that something might go wrong and that either the supervisor or I was going to catch it for spending eight weeks on a bamboo napkin ring. I made the supreme sacrifice. As Mother came toward me, I ran up to seize her hand and said, "Mother, I have made this napkin ring for you. I didn't make anything else all summer because I wanted to make it absolutely perfect just for you."

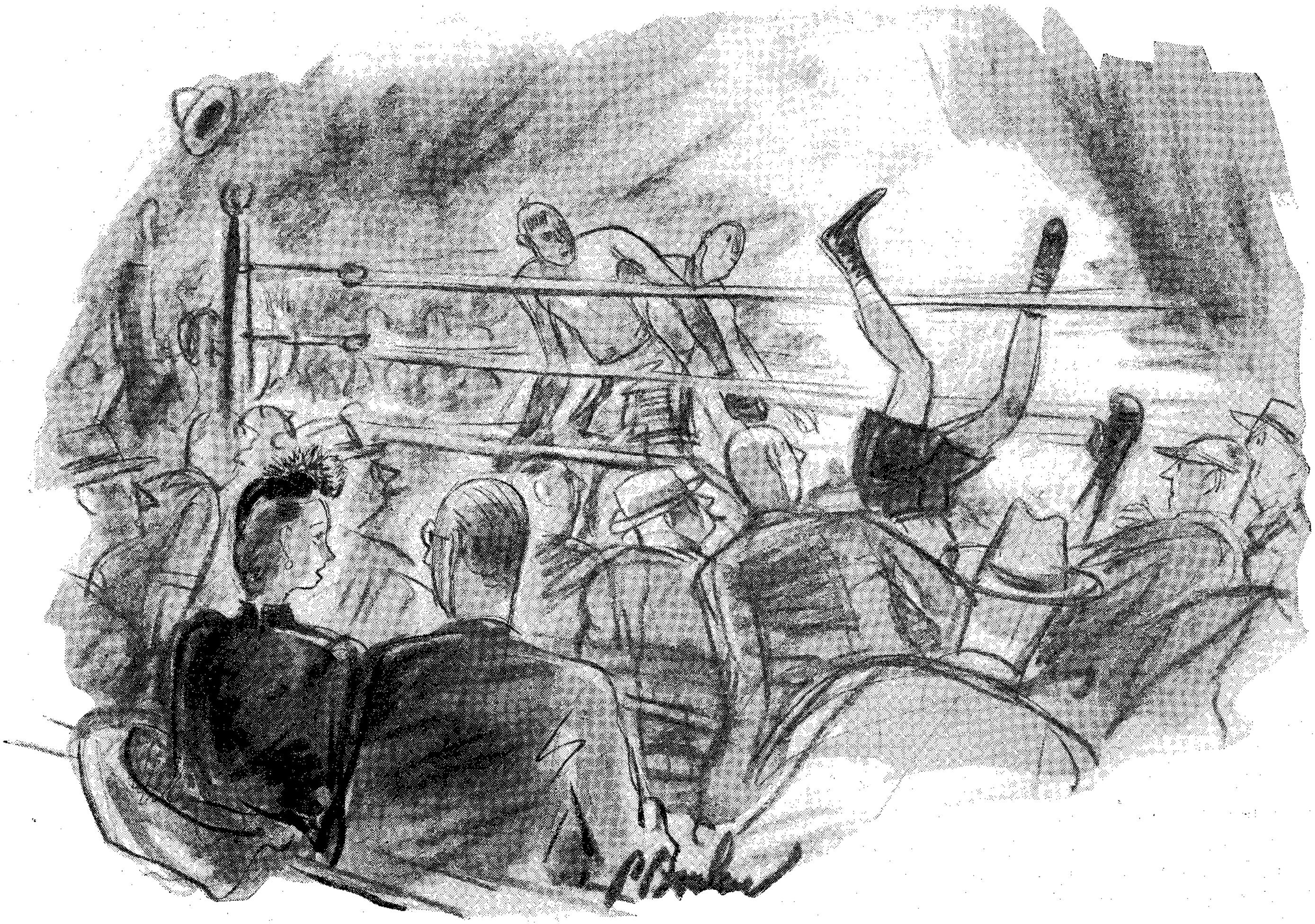
The supervisor gaped in admiration. Mother lifted up the ring, her eyes filmy in delight over her dear son's generous Christian spirit, and for the next six years I went on using my old napkin ring.



"This is the very newest breakfast food. It makes a noise like a buzz bomb."

Because there were many Americans at Mokanshan, the Fourth of July was a great day, with a baseball game, and races for the children. I was usually depressed by the Fourth of July celebrations. The athletic children galloped around winning blue or red ribbons, which they then presented to their mothers to wear, and some of the mothers left the field at the end of the day looking like prize mares. If I raced, I was apt to come in last, though every now and then I might manage to squeeze into a third place. But summer after summer my mother went unadorned by a blue ribbon.

One summer, though, was different. That year I grew so ashamed on the Fourth of July that I lost myself in the



"Is that fair—to leave the ring?"

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crowd in order to spare Mother the humiliation of seeing me come in last again, thinking that her frantic search for me could hardly be so painful to her as this family disgrace. After losing her, I found I was near the starting line of the fifty-yard dash for boys under ten. None of my family was about, so I decided to try the race. It happened that all the other entrants had their parents backing them up, giving them advice, punching them encouragingly, making them bend over for a racing start, and reminding them how Dad had won a race when he was a boy. When the starter called us to our marks, the parents broke into such a flurry of concern that they almost drowned out his "Get set!" and "Go!" Unattended and unencouraged, I had been watching the starter with typical Presbyterian intensity. As he brought down his handkerchief on "Go!," I sprang forward in as good an imitation of the hart as I have ever given, and was at least ten yards down the course before the parents realized the race was on and released their charges. Ten yards was just the handicap I needed and I tore into the tape wondering if it would break for my flat chest as it seemed to do for everyone else who came in first. It did, and after getting my blue ribbon I found Mother. For the rest of the afternoon I paraded the grounds holding her left hand, as, with a puzzled smile on her face, she used her right hand to point out the ribbon to everyone we met.

AFTER some years my father sold the Roder house and we never returned to Mokanshan, which was already losing favor with many persons. We went to Peitaiho or Tsingtao, on the coast, or to Kuling, in the Yangtze Valley. This general desertion of Mokanshan has always interested me. Our summers there were peculiarly non-Chinese. The servants were Chinese, but otherwise Mokanshan was a fair imitation of any American summer resort.

If I asked anyone, in later years, why he and his family had deserted Mokanshan and had started going to Kuling or Tsingtao, I never got a very satisfactory answer. If I tried to pin anyone down, he would wriggle a bit and compliment me on my new tie. Some persons mumbled that Mokanshan was very hot, that they liked sea bathing or golf better than the mountains. It was not until quite recently that I penetrated the mystery and reached the truth. No, it was none of the excuses that were brought forward. It was, in the end, really the ghost of Miss Roder that haunted Mokanshan. For a very dreadful thing had happened: the Chinese were beginning to intrude!

—JOHN J. ESPEY

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INSOMNIA CURE

It is a known fact that an active brain causes wakefulness. Well, when I go to bed, in imagination I take a tub or pail and into this container I put every thought that comes into my head. With an active brain one will soon have an accumulation of ideas in the pail. Now, in imagination still, take a stick and stir slowly. The contents will gradually lose all individuality and assume a grayish, greenish, tannish, neutral color, eliminating everything from your consciousness.—*Philadelphia paper.*

Everything except that little purple idea over there by the bureau.

THE COLD

MRS. RYDER, the rector's wife, brought The Cold into the household. At first she said she had picked it up at the Mothers' Union meeting. Later—it was the kind of cold that gets worse with time—she attributed it to the drafts in the village shop, where she had stood waiting for quite half an hour while that wretched Beryl Legg debated whether to spend her points on salmon or on biscuits. Never a thought for her child, of course, who by now should be getting prunes and cereals. Whoever the father might be, one would expect the girl to show some maternal feeling, but no!

The next person to get The Cold was old Mr. Ryder, the rector's father, and he gave it to old Mrs. Ryder. They did not have it bad, but at their age, and after all they'd gone through in London before they could make up their minds to evacuate themselves to their son's country parish, one had to put them to bed with trays, just to be on the safe side. They lay in the guest-room twin beds like two recumbent effigies and chattered incessantly. Cut off from the normal family life, they had reëstablished that rather tiresome specialness which sometimes made it difficult for the rector's wife to remember that they were dear Gerald's parents. It was very nice to be cultivated, of course, but somehow in wartime it did jar to labor upstairs with a heavy supper tray and hear through the door two animated voices discussing Savonarola, to have those voices stop, like mice when one throws a shoe in their direction, as one knocked on the door and cried out brightly, "Supper, darlings!," and to know that old Mrs. Ryder was stubbing out her cigarette. That, too, jarred, especially as old Mrs. Ryder smoked such very strong ones.

From the old Ryders, The Cold descended to the third and fourth generation, to Mrs. Ryder's daughter Geraldine and her two boys. Thence it leaped upon the rector. "Leaped" was indeed the word. He had set out for a funeral looking the picture of health. He returned haggard and shivering, so terribly depressed that Mrs. Ryder had said to herself, "Influenza!" But it was only The Cold, The Cold in its direst form.

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Allingham, indefatigable secretary of the Women's Institute, when Mrs. Ryder told her about it. "*Not* the rector!"

"If you had been in church on Sunday," Mrs. Ryder said, "you wouldn't need to ask."

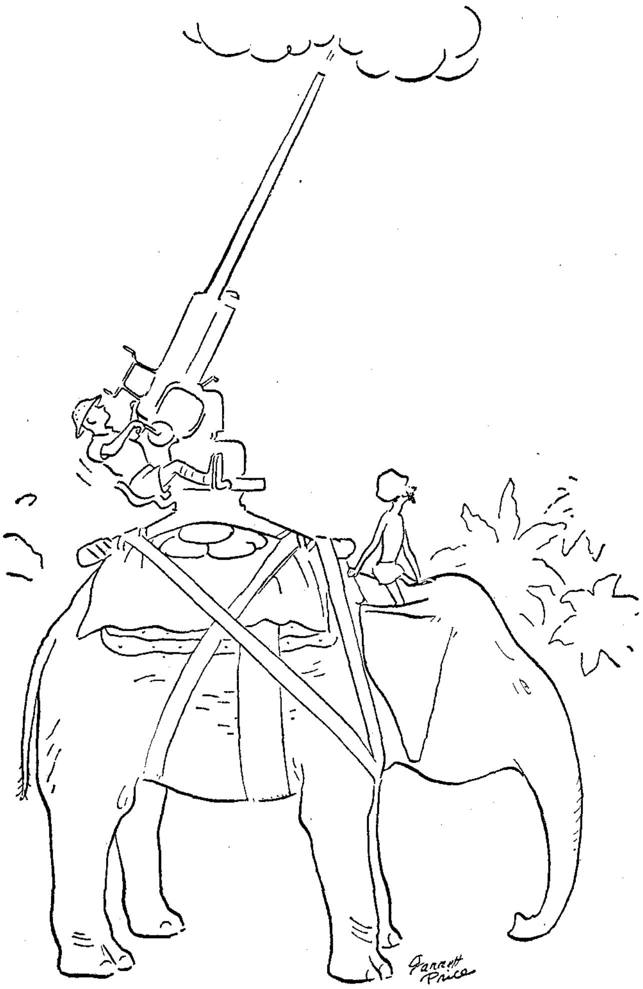
Regrettably unscathed, Mrs. Allingham continued to condole. "All seven of you, you poor things! My dear, have you enough handkerchiefs now that the laundry van only collects once a fortnight and one can't get paper ones? Can I lend you some?"

"Stella washes them," Mrs. Ryder said.

"Oh, your marvellous Stella!" Mrs. Allingham exclaimed. "What would you do without her? I hope she is still standing up."

"I can't imagine Stella failing us," Mrs. Ryder said with satisfaction.

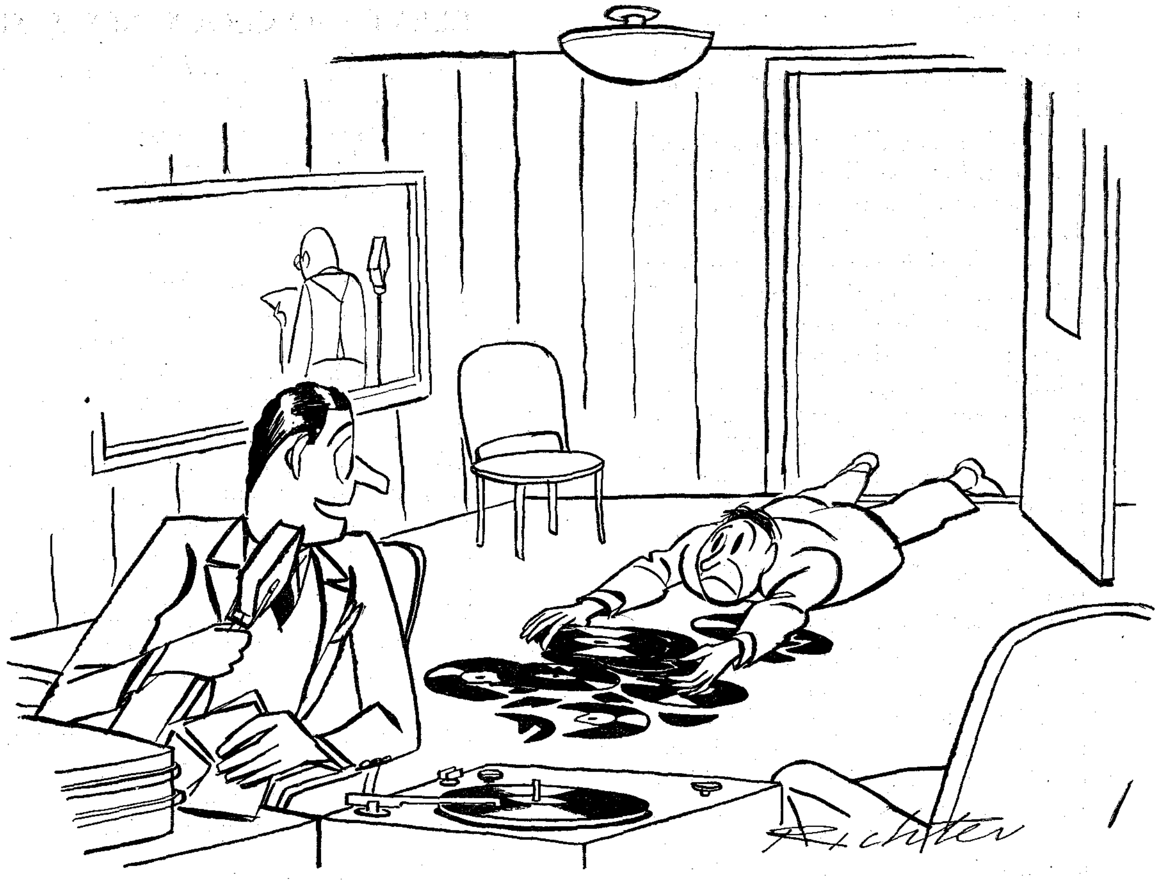
IN that sixth winter of the war, Mrs. Ryder could admit possibilities of some things failing her. She mistrusted her corsets. Her last tailor-made was definitely not a success. Say what you will, people do judge by appearances, and she could not help noticing that strangers often did not quite grasp her social standing. In the parish, too, there was much to grieve the rector. The old, simple, natural order of things was upset by the war. The grocer's son-in-law a captain—as much a captain as dear Geraldine's husband! The butcher's wife in Persian lamb, the resolutions at the parish council, only to be described as Communist, and the girls—her own Girls' Club girls—behaving so shockingly that she often wondered what the mothers of those poor American soldiers would think if they knew what their sons were exposed to.



But Mrs. Ryder had Stella. And having Stella, she had all things. No one could pick holes in Stella. There were no holes to pick. Stella was physically perfect, not deaf or halt or imbecile. Stella did not wear glasses and did wear a cap and apron. Stella was functionally perfect, she did not waste, she did not gossip, she was clean, punctual, reliable, always cheerful and willing, she scrubbed the back kitchen and mended the choir surplices. And though, of course, her wages were suitable and adequate, no one could say that the Ryders bribed her to stay with them. She could have got twice as much elsewhere, but she stayed through devotion.

Stella was also spiritually perfect. In a time when manners and morality alike had yielded to expediency, when householders snatched at trousered and cigarette-smoking female evacuees if the evacuee would "help with light domestic duties," when even the houses that should set an example now employed mothers of illegitimate babies and glossed over the backsliding with pretexts of being compassionate and broadminded, Mrs. Ryder continued to boast the ownership of a virgin—of a strong, womanly virgin who wore skirts and fastened up uncurled hair in a sensible knob and said, "Yes, Ma'am."

Naturally, one took care of such a treasure. Stella's cold received quite as much consideration as any family cold and was dosed out of the same bottle. In the midst of the epidemic, Mrs. Ryder said that if Stella did not feel better by midday she really should go to bed. For several evenings, Mrs. Ryder and Geraldine washed up the supper dishes so that Stella could sit quietly by the stove and mend the choir surplices. When Stella's cough persisted after the other coughs had died away, Geraldine went into town specially to look for black-currant lozenges and came back with some wonderful pastilles flavored with horehound.



"Well, folks, I expect we've heard enough from good old Bing this evening."

IT was a long time before Stella's cough could be distinguished (by outlasting them) from the other coughs. The Cold was such a treacherous type of cold. It came back when you thought you'd got rid of it. "Like a beggar," said old Mrs. Ryder. "Like dandelions," said the rector. Geraldine said she believed that the trouble was nutritional. Of course, Mrs. Ryder told herself, one ought not to complain. The food was marvellous, really, more marvellous than ever if one thought of poor old Europe. But still it wasn't the same, was it? She had met Mrs. Allingham again, and Mrs. Allingham had inquired after The Cold and had said that in 1918 everyone had had just the same kind of cold. It was quite remarkable. What did the Grand-Grands say? Did they have colds in 1918?

"We had much better rum and more of it," old Mrs. Ryder said when Mrs. Allingham's question was conveyed to her. She looked at her husband very affectionately. He stroked his beard and looked back at her, and so they both avoided seeing Mrs. Ryder catch her breath like one who holds back a justified reproach because experience has shown that reproaches are vain. The rector, even more imperceptive, remarked that it was very kind of his parents to make poor Stella a nightcap; he hoped it had done her good. He had seen rum do a lot of good when he was a chaplain in Flanders. Stella was a good girl, he said, a very good girl. They would be badly off without her.

For some reason, Mrs. Ryder and her daughter now began discussing how tomorrow they really must polish the stair rods and the bathroom taps. They would make time for it somehow, if Mrs. Ryder did the altar vases *before* breakfast and Stella took the boys with her when she went to the farm for the butter.

John was six, Michael was four. You couldn't really call them spoiled. They were just wartime, lacking the effect of a father about the house, but not spoiled. Besides, Geraldine liked boys to behave as boys; it would be too awful if they grew up like her husband's ghastly young brother, who had sat for hours stroking the cat and reading poetry. A dressing room had been made over as a playroom, but naturally the boys preferred the kitchen. If anyone spoiled them, it was Stella, who didn't seem able to say no to them. And if they were rather peevish just now, it wasn't to be wondered at. It was The Cold.

The sister of the doctor in the village, a rather uncongenial character of independent means, used to refer to Mrs. Ryder and her daughter as Bright and Breezy. They had a great deal in common, but Geraldine had more of it, and so she was Breezy. Now she had more of The Cold. Her sneezes were louder, her breathing more impeded, her nose redder, and her handkerchiefs more saturated. Mrs. Ryder kept on her feet all through The Cold—as a daughter-in-law, mother, grandmother, and wife to a rector, she could not do otherwise—but Geraldine not only kept on her feet, she stamped and trampled. Despising precautions, she went everywhere and kissed everybody, just as usual. She did not believe—not she!—in cosseting a mere cold. What are colds? Part of the English climate. Foreigners have things with spots; Britishers have colds. She made catarrh seem part of the national tradition, like playing cricket and Standing Alone.

AND so, when they had all got rid of The Cold and even Stella coughed only at night, Geraldine seemed to be breaking out the Union Jack at the masthead when she awoke the echoes of the kitchen with a terrific sneeze and asserted, "I've got another cold. And what's more, I can tell you, it's going to be a snorter."

"I do hope not, Miss Geraldine," Stella answered. It was rather touching, the way Stella still called her "Miss

Geraldine," as if to Stella the passage of time were nothing, a tide that flowed past the threshold but never wet her feet.

"No jolly hope," Geraldine said, and went out. Later, Stella heard her telling her mother about the new cold. Mrs. Ryder sounded unenthusiastic. She said she only hoped it would not last so long this time. Otherwise it would spoil Christmas. Stella went on rubbing stale bread through a sieve for the wartime Christmas pudding. The pudding was so predominantly wartime that you might as well call it bread pudding and be done with it. But Mrs. Ryder said the children must grow up to love Christmas. The children stood by the table rolling bread pills and throwing them at Stella.

If you rub stale bread through a sieve for any length of time, the action is likely to give you a pain between the shoulders. Stella now noticed that she had such a pain. She coughed, and coughed again experimentally. There was a soreness at the back of her throat. She glanced at the little boys. They looked quite healthy, but if one person develops a cold in such a crowded household everyone else is bound to catch it.

When the last crust was rubbed bare, Stella went to the back kitchen for the carrots; the wartime Christmas pudding called for bread crumbs and grated carrot in equal quantities. The chill of the back kitchen struck like a cat-o'-nine-tails. Stella seemed to be at once quivering with heat and wincing with cold. While she scrubbed the carrots at the sink, she heard Mrs. Ryder enter the kitchen and mechanically exclaim, "You naughty children! What a mess you're making! Where's Stella?"

Stella appeared, drying her hands on her apron.

"Stella, you must try to keep the children out of the kitchen," Mrs. Ryder said. "You give in to them too much."

"Yes, Ma'am."

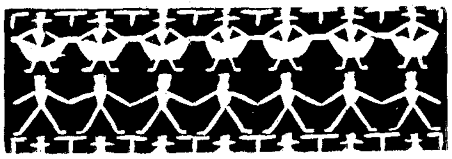
"I came in to say we'd have braised onions tonight," Mrs. Ryder said, "instead of the herrings. Miss Geraldine thinks she has another cold coming on. So unfortunate! The onions might ward it off."

"Yes, Ma'am," Stella said. "I wish to leave."

There is no calamity that the heart does not know beforehand. Without a vestige of surprise to cushion her from the blow, Mrs. Ryder was halfway to the door before she remembered to turn around and say, "Stella! Am I dreaming? I simply can't believe my ears. I *trusted* you! After all these years . . . Why, we all think of you as a friend. What has happened to you?"

Could it be, could it be? Mrs. Ryder wondered. Stella was short, the kitchen table was high, and anything may be happening behind an apron. In a convulsion of the imagination, Mrs. Ryder rehearsed herself saying that one must not throw the first stone, that kindness and a home and the example of home life which meant so much was never more necessary than when a girl, etc., etc. A harlot hope raised its head, and at the same moment she heard Stella say, quite idiotically, "I think I'm getting another cold."

"Good heavens, girl, is that a reason



ELEVEN-O'CLOCK NEWS SUMMARY

Fold up the papers now. It is hushed, it is late;
Now the quick day unwinds.
Yawning, empty the ashtrays into the grate.
Close the Venetian blinds.
Then turn, by custom, the dial a wave length lower.
This is the hour (directly upon the hour)
Briefly to hear
With half-attentive and habitual ear
Important news bulletins.
Our armies are valiant.
They have taken another ridge,
Another town, a fort, a strip, a salient.
They have held a bridge
(With heavy casualties). Our planes today,
According to a recent communiqué,
Struck (though the loss was high) at a vital border.
Remember to leave a note for the dairy order
And to set the thermostat at sixty-two.
We have captured an island at merely a moderate cost.
One of our submarines is overdue
And must be presumed lost.

In forests, in frozen fields, while winter fades,
Our troops are smashing through the Barricades,
They Push, they Storm, they Forge Ahead, they die
And lie on litters or unburied lie.

Static is bad tonight.
There—twiddle the knob a little to the right.

Here in the nation
Obedient curfews sound their midnight wails.
This is America's leading independent station.
Read the paper tomorrow for further details—
Details of death on the beaches, in the heat, in the cold,
Of death in gliders, in tanks, at a city's gate,
Death of young men who fancied they might grow old
But could not wait
(Being given, of course, no choice).

Well, snap the switch, turn off the announcer's voice,
Plump up the pillows on the green divan,
For day unwinds like a thread
And it is time now for a punctual man,
Drowsy, a little absent, warmed and fed,
To dim the light, turn down the blanketed bed,
And sleep, if he can.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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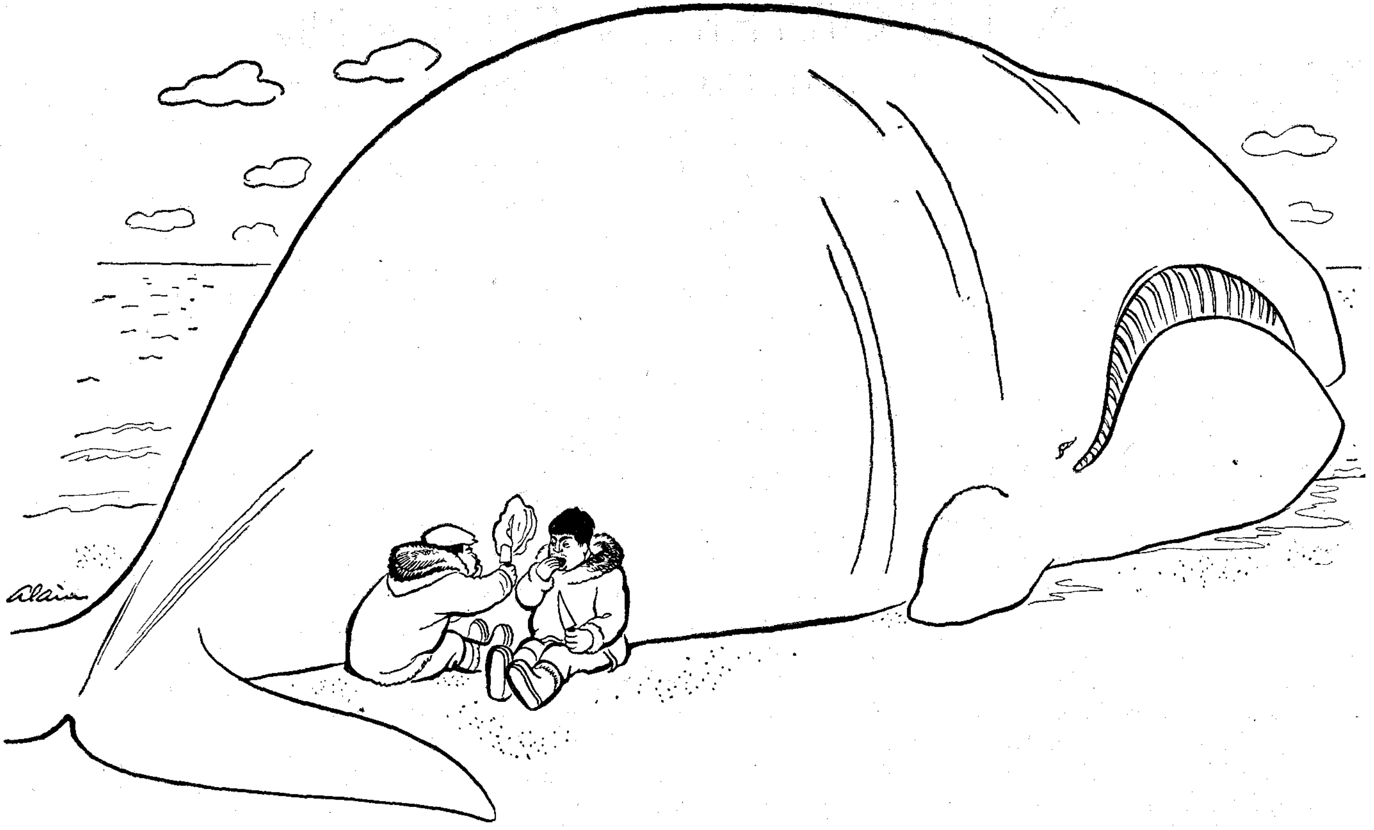

"You know, this stuff is like salted peanuts. Start eating it and you can't stop."

• •

for going? I never heard such nonsense."

"It's nothing but one cold after another—cold, cold, cold, and work, work, work! It's not a fit place for me. Both my aunties were chesty, and if I stay here I shall die, I know I shall. So I'm going tomorrow. I don't mind about the wages. I'm going tomorrow. I want to get away while I've still got the strength to."

"It is wartime," said Mrs. Ryder in her sternest manner, the manner only unfurled for urgent things like War Savings Weeks and Blood Transfusion Drives. "It is wartime and our brave boys are giving their young lives without a moment's hesitation. And you, Stella, are positively running away from a simple cold in the head. I cannot believe it!"

Without, actually, a spark of incredulity, she banged the door behind her, for she was accustomed to public speaking; she knew when an audience would respond and when it would not respond.

THERE was the rectory hall. There was the hat rack and the umbrella stand, the gong and the brass letter tray and the Hoover in its niche and the stair rods ascending. There was Gerald moving about his study and Geraldine singing in the bathroom and in the sitting room the old Ryders chattering in their faded, high-pitched voices about Horace Walpole. This was her home, Mrs. Ryder said to herself, her dear (except for the old Ryders), dear home, where everything spoke of love and loving labors, the happy, busy home that was a beacon to the parish, Mrs. Allingham's very words.

No! Not Stella! Not your marvellous Stella!

Inquiries seemed to dart at Mrs. Ryder from every side, stabbing through the unsuccessful tailor-made into the aging flesh. Tomorrow the sewing circle came. Only self-respect stood between Mrs. Ryder and the craven impulse to run into the kitchen, to throw herself on Stella's mercy, to beg and wheedle and implore that Stella would change her mind, would stay, would stay, at any rate, to see them over Christmas. Self-respect was rage and fury. Rage and fury died down, but Mrs. Ryder stayed where she was, knowing that any such appeal would be useless.

Tomorrow the sewing circle would come. Stella would be gone by then. Stella *must* be gone. Mrs. Ryder thanked God that self-respect had stood like an angel between her and a fatal false step. "Stella has gone," she would say. "I could not keep her . . . poor Stella!" A few such words, nothing that was not strictly true, and a grave, grieved silence; the sewing circle could draw their own conclusions.

Oh no, it could not be wrong, Mrs. Ryder decided. And any little trifle of wrongdoing would be more than expiated by all the cooking, scrubbing, sweeping she would so gladly undertake, demonstrating to a detestable parish that the rectory might lose its Stella but would never part with its principles. Tomorrow—but not till tomorrow—she would have to tell Gerald that Stella was going, or even gone. There would be no need to enter into details. He would not expect them, for she had always spared him the worries of domesticity, carrying the whole burden of the household in order to leave him free for God's work.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

SEELEY LAKE, MONT. (AP)—Lieut. W. C. Burghardt of Seeley Lake, a prisoner of war in Germany, is an incorrigible businessman.

A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

THE DUGGANS OF WAPPING—II

THE second time I called on the Duggans, a family of East End Londoners who have been bombed out three times and have been just slightly blasted more times than they can remember, the father, John Duggan, was home having his midday dinner. He works on a dust truck, collecting pig garbage for the Stepney Borough Council. He is a short, stocky, pugnacious-looking man of sixty, proud of a family of thirteen children, the oldest of whom is thirty-nine and the youngest eight, and proud of Wapping, the small, dockside section in the borough of Stepney where he lives. His wife is in the hospital, suffering from bad head and eye injuries received in their last bombing incident; the doctors don't know yet whether her sight can be saved. The bomb that got Mrs. Duggan was a robot. It also destroyed the house they were then living in, so Mr. Duggan, with three of his unmarried daughters—Eileen, Peggy, and Sheila—are now making their headquarters not far off, in the three-room flat of a married son, Patsy Duggan. Patsy is away in the Army, so his wife Maggie was doing the honors the day I was there. I couldn't help feeling that, what with her in-laws and her own little boy, Denis, her small home was congested, but it didn't seem to bother her. At night, of course, everybody leaves to sleep in the big shelter under the Colonial Warehouse. There they meet the rest of the family, who, since their last bombing, have been living with another married brother nearby. Mr. Duggan said that ever since the flying bombs and rockets began, the neighborhood, which for a while had been confidently sleeping aboveground, had taken to shelter sleeping again.

As we talked, you could hear tugs on the river going wham-wham and the sound of hammers in a wrecked building some workmen were demolishing. Like the rest of Stepney, Wapping has suffered badly from every blitzing of London, and the history of the Duggans is typical of the district. There were workmen in the Patsy Duggan flat, too, while I was there. The bombings must have loosened a lot of the chimneys in Wapping. At any rate, quite a nice little fire had started the evening before in the ceiling above the kitchen range and done a sizable amount of damage before it was discovered. The family had had to contract their already cramped living quarters to one bedroom, and with Sally, the Patsy Duggans' bitch, and her nine puppies crammed into a box in one corner, the general effect was somewhat jumbled. Mr. Duggan, however, was calm about it. "That's nothing," he said. "We don't take no notice of that sort of thing." Just then his daughter-in-law set a vast plate of meat stew and Brussels sprouts on the oilcloth-covered table before him and he began to eat. He was dressed in a dustman's uniform, and he said, "I'm not very fresh. Some of the stuff we 'ave to 'andle on this job don't leave you very fresh *or* nice. But you'd be surprised if you saw the swill after it's gone through the factory—it comes out like a clean green powder, so they tell me. No," he went on, jerking his head toward the hammerings in the kitchen, "after you had your place and things messed up three times from bombings, this sort of thing seems a flea bite, you might say." I wish you'd been to see us when I was in my own place. It wasn't like this. *This* isn't my style at all." He waved his hand disparagingly at the furniture, which was sparse and somewhat shabby. His daughter-in-law, who had fetched two more plates of stew for herself and Denis, didn't seem to resent the remark. "*My* things were very different," Mr. Duggan observed gloomily. "Solid ma'ogany, most of it, stuff you couldn't get today. It took me and two of my sons to lift the back of my sideboard in place. I wish you'd seen us of a Sunday dinner before the war. It was worth seeing, I can tell you. My old lady at the top, dishing out the grub, me at the other end, and all the sons and daughters round. It would 'ave put you in mind of one of those paintings of the Last Supper. Now it's all gone, and I don't suppose I'll ever get it back as it was. But I don't worry about that. I worry about getting us all together again and the old woman out of 'ospital."

Mr. and Mrs. Duggan's last home, consisting of two floors over a pub called the Old Sugar Loaf, was completely wrecked by a flying bomb not long ago. It had already been badly damaged by a robot last July, but they had moved back into it after it had been made habitable. The July robot didn't injure any of the family seriously, but for the second time (they had been bombed out of another house in the 1941 blitz) their furniture was damaged and their place was made so unlivable that the Duggans were forced to lead a nomadic existence between the married children's homes and the shelter under the Colonial Warehouse. "I'm shelter marshal there, you know," Mr. Duggan said. "Four 'undred people down there every night, and I keep order like it was in the Army. When I say 'ush to the kids, they 'ush without a murmur. And don't they know the nights I'm away fire watching! What a difference! *Oh*, yes!"

When a salvage squad got around to fishing out the Duggans' furniture after the July bombing, most of it was found to be in fairly good shape. "Though it wasn't what it 'ad been, naturally," Mr. Duggan said. "It don't improve stuff to 'ave ceilings come down on it and 'undreds of little bits of window glass whirling in the air. The curtains was cut to ribbons. You never seen such a mess. I'd been fire watching that night, and when I come in, what an 'ome to get back to! But the old woman kept saying, 'We're safe and sound, thank God, and what's furniture?' My solid-ma'ogany sideboard was bust up too. Oh, a proper mess! *Oh*, yes!"

A couple of days afterward, Mrs. Duggan went to the Assistance Board to put in a claim at the administrative center, for a cash grant and coupons to replace their damaged clothing. Eileen and Sheila Duggan had been having a drink with Sheila's young man in a pub right by where the robot fell, and the blast had ripped nearly all their clothes off. The Assistance Board came across with sixteen pounds in cash and a hundred and sixty coupons to replace the clothes and the curtains. (The blackout makes the last item a particularly urgent part of refurnishing.) Later, Eileen, who had lost the most, was given another six pounds and sixty more coupons. They could all have been fitted out free from top to toe by the W.V.S., but they preferred not to be. One reason for this was a sturdy dislike, apparently common to the neighborhood, of being beholden for anything to outsiders. Wapping is actually an island, connected by two bridges with the mainland, and its residents appear to have the islander's characteristic qualities of pride and somewhat thorny independence. In the course of the conversation, I said something about the big dock fire one night in 1941, when, I had been told, people had had to be evacuated up the river

"Peabody! Are you completely mad!"

by barge. Mr. Duggan put down his knife and fork and looked at me pugnaciously. "Not Wapping people," he said. "Don't get the idea that it was anybody from Wapping. You wouldn't catch Wapping people being pushed into no boats and carted off like a lot of cattle. They wouldn't stand for it. *Oh,* no!"

Two of the Duggan girls, Peggy and Sheila, had come in while we were talking. Sheila, a pretty girl of seventeen, dressed in the shirt and slacks she wore in the tea warehouse where she worked, supplied another reason the girls had preferred to buy new clothes themselves rather than take a handout. "At the relief place they give you combinations which come right down to 'ere," she said with a giggle, indicating her elbows and her calves. Both girls got themselves plates of dinner from the kitchen and sat down at the table.

I said that I didn't see how the cash grant covered what they had lost in the July incident, and Mr. Duggan said testily that it didn't. "My old lady sees to that sort of thing," he said. "I leave it all to 'er. She gets coupons and some money for the girls' clothes, and I bought some new stuff out of my own pocket. The old woman says that all that matters is to get the roof on and all of us back sitting round the same table again, and that's 'ow I feel about it. I don't want to be give anything. But I goes along to the Borough and asks them to patch up the 'ouse as quick as they could. The Borough knows me well, as well they ought to. I've worked for 'em in this line of business for thirty years, and I've lived in Wapping sixty years—ever since I was born, in fact. So they gets the ceilings patched up, and the tiles and windows put in again, and we move back in. This time, I thought, the Jerries will 'ave 'ad enough of bombing Jack Duggan and 'is kids. But it seems I was wrong. Peggy will tell you about the third time we got it, because a funny thing—I 'appened to be on fire watch again that night too. The first I 'ear is when one of my pals grabs me and says 'Jack, your place is 'it, and your old woman and kids took to 'ospital.' "

MAGGIE got up and fetched us all cups of tea. She put her father-in-law's down before him without a word, and he picked it up in silence. "Denis, who apparently regarded Mr. Duggan with as much awe as the children in the Colonial Warehouse shelter did, alternately pushed Brussels sprouts into his mouth with his knife and stared with round, fascinated blue eyes at his grandfather. I asked Peggy, an extremely attractive girl of eighteen, if she would mind telling me about that last bombing out. She had been badly cut on one arm in the episode—you could see the puckered scar below the short sleeve of her blouse—and she still seemed a bit on edge, so I wasn't surprised that she wasn't yet considered fit enough to go back to her job in a tool-making factory. Her voice was soft and Irish, in spite of the local accent that flavored it, and she told the story gently and sometimes rather humorously, which seemed to make it all much worse. The second robot to come the Duggans' way glided in one evening not many weeks after the family had moved home again; the exact date cannot be given. "We didn't 'ear it coming," Peggy said, "though we knew that the warning 'ad gone. Maybe it glided in for miles and miles. If I 'ad 'eard it, I'd 'ave got down under the table—since our first, I wasn't feeling so brave about doodles. But I'll tell you a queer thing. I'd a feeling we were going to get something that night. You know 'ow you get feelings, and you think it's silly, but it keeps on? The others were out, everybody except me and Mum and Terry, my little brother, who's gone to the country now to my married brother Joey in Wisbech. Some of 'em 'ad gone to the pictures. We liked to get Mum to the shelter early, see—we'd take 'er there, fix 'er up with a bit of something to eat and a cup of tea, then us girls would nip back 'ome and clear up. Well, that evening I kept on saying to Mum, 'Do go over to the shelter, Mum. Go on, do—I can finish up.' 'All right, I'm going in a minute,' she says, but she didn't, and suddenly down it come."

Peggy took a deep breath. "This one was nearer than our last. It was right at the back of the 'ouse. You could chuck a stone into the crater from our windows. That is, if there were still any windows to chuck it from. I don't remember 'earing any bang. When they're as close as that to you, you don't. I don't remember clearly what 'appened, either, except that I was sort of knocked across the room and everything collapsed in dust and splinters and bits of glass. The blast went rushing through the place, hot and sucking the insides right out of you. I thought, 'My stomach's clean gone—I'm dead.' What saves me is knowing that I'd got our mum there, see, and I couldn't give up until I see what's 'appened to 'er; otherwise maybe I'd 'ave fainted. My mouth was full of dust, and everything seemed so quiet, except for the ringing in my 'ead. I suppose I was sort of knocked out. Well, I got the dust out of my throat, and I calls, 'ardly daring to ask, 'Are you there, Mum?' Thank God, she calls back, 'Yes, Peg.' 'Are you bleeding, Mum?' I says. I knew I'd been 'it myself, because I could feel the blood running down my back, and my shoulder and arm felt so queer—like they 'ad 'ot pins and needles stuck in them. 'Yes, I'm bleeding,' she says. But she's full of pluck. 'Don't bother about me,' she says. 'Where's Terry?' What 'ad 'appened was, the bomb 'ad blown the great 'eavy stone coping off the big warehouse out back of our 'ouse, and a bit 'ad come busting through the air and through the wall, easy as though it was cheese, and caught Mum on the 'ead. Thank God she'd been turned away talking to me, for if it 'ad caught 'er sideways, she'd 'ave lost both eyes for sure. She was torn open, and the blood pouring down 'er eyes, but I didn't know it then. I began calling, 'Terry! Are you all right, Terry?,' and I 'eard 'im saying, 'I'm all right, Peg.' 'We've got to get out of 'ere,' I says.

"The light 'ad gone out when the bomb fell, so I 'ad to feel my way round, but I could tell that the place was smashed up and no mistake. The 'ouse seemed to 'ave sort of settled sideways, with all the 'ouses in the row up against it like a pack of cards, but of course I couldn't see that until the men came and got me out. All I could think was that we must get down to the next floor—we was up on the top, see. I crawled along to Mum, with Terry behind me. 'E didn't make no fuss—'e was a good boy, 'e was. I found a box of matches, by a bit of luck, in the mess in our kitchen, and when I struck one, I could see that Mum was bad. 'Try not to pass out yet, Mum,' I says, because if she did I couldn't think 'ow I was going to get 'er out. 'I won't,' she says. But I think she must 'ave, a bit later. We got down to the next floor somehow, crawling and dragging Mum over the great lumps of stuff that was lying everywhere. The stairs was cracking, and I was praying they wouldn't go in, and after the first floor I see that they'd disappeared altogether. Our dog was with us—a lovely big Alsatian. One of my brothers 'as 'im now. I was wearing slacks, and 'e kept on whining and putting 'is paw in my pocket as though 'e was saying, like a 'uman, 'Don't forget I'm with you, don't forget to get me out of this, too.' And when they did get that dog out, you'd 'ave laughed—'e streaked off round the corner and dived down into the air-raid shelter like a mad thing.

"Well, I got to the window, or what 'ad been the window—it was just an 'ole in the wall now. I'd left Mum propped up on something. I could 'ear men shouting up the street. I suppose they was A.R.P. chaps beginning to get people out of the 'ouses. I leant out and shouted as loud as I could. It was pretty dark by now, so I struck a match and lighted a bit of newspaper to show them where we was. 'Get Mum out quick—she's bad,' I says to the first chap who climbed up to us. The window wasn't far off the ground and the A.R.P. men and the ambulance chaps lower Mum down very carefully to the men underneath, see. First they catch 'old of 'er ankles, then 'er legs, and she's down. They took 'er to our 'ospital for the night, and next day they evacuated 'er down to an 'ospital in Essex. That's where she is now. I told them that my sisters and my brother Frankie were at the cinema, so they flash a notice on the screen, 'Will any Duggans in the audience go to the box office quick?' They come rushing 'ome in a terrible state. Terry and me 'ad been taken to 'ospital, too, for my shoulder and arm 'ad to be dressed and Terry was cut about, and we was both suffering from shock. They only kept us about a week or so, though, and Terry's all right now. 'E was mad at 'aving to go to my married brother's, but we thought

Boy Wanted
BOY WANTED

it best to get 'im out of the way until we got somewhere new to live. I'm all right too, except that I don't like the nights now until I get down in the shelter. Days is all right, but when it gets dark—well, I like to be in the shelter." Peggy laughed apologetically.

Mr. Duggan pushed aside his teacup and cleared his throat. "It's the old lady I'm worrying about," he said. "Losing my place don't matter so long as I get 'er 'ome all right. They don't know at the 'ospital when that'll be. There's a good eye specialist there, and she's being took nice care of. I clean up and go down and see 'er Sundays, and one or other of the girls pops down on visiting days in the week. She's full of pluck, the old woman is. When I goes to see 'er, she jokes about 'er 'air being off. It always was in a bun at the back of 'er 'ead, but they shaved it all off the front so as they could dress the wound, and now all she's got is a couple of skinny little pigtails at the back. When my son Patsy, who's in the Army, goes down to see 'er, she makes jokes to 'im. 'You'll 'ave to lend me your soldier's cap,' she says, 'to perch on the front of my old billiard ball.' "

"Last time I see 'er," Peggy said, "she says to me, 'I lie 'ere worrying, Peg, in case when I get out I get mistook for one of those there women who collaborated with the Jerries.' "

"Well," said Mr. Duggan, "when she does get out, we won't be in this no longer." He again waved his hand disparagingly at the room. His daughter-in-law kept on stirring her tea without changing her calm expression. "The Borough 'ave found me a new 'ouse," Mr. Duggan said then. "They know I've got a big family, so they give me first call. It's a nice 'ouse, right down on the river, one of the old-fashioned ones. Parts of Wapping are very old, you know. You've 'eard of Wapping Old Stairs, I daresay? Well, the 'ouse is right by there. It's got nine rooms and a bath and a decent scullery. I shan't feel right until we're all together again. We've 'ad enough of living all split up, some 'ere, some there. We're not used to it, any of us." He glared at the table, as though accusing it of being a small, paltry affair instead of a stout family board lined on either side with rows of healthy, handsome Duggan faces.

I asked how one went about furnishing a nine-room house when all one's belongings had been destroyed. Mr. Duggan said that he didn't quite know yet but that it would be all right. This time the calamity had been so complete that the family had been obliged to ask for help from both the Assistance Board and the W.V.S. Mr. Duggan had filled out a claim for his furniture and sent it to the Assistance Board, which would fix the compensation in accordance with the estimate made by the district valuer. In most cases, this money will not be paid until the end of the war, but in a case such as the Duggans' it is advanced immediately, along with a permit to buy some of the inexpensive, well-designed utility furniture reserved for newly married couples and bombed-out families. There is also a system for lending the minimum requirements of utility furniture to bombed-out people for three months, at the end of which, if they still need the stuff, they can buy it very cheaply. The Assistance Board also grants temporary allowances to people who cannot work because of injuries received during raids. This grant amounts to twenty-four shillings sixpence a week while patients are in the hospital and thirty shillings a week after they come out. Since housewives are eligible for this compensation, Mrs. Duggan was entitled to an allowance just as much as Peggy was, and if Mrs. Duggan's injuries turn out to be a permanent handicap, she can later put in a claim for a pension.

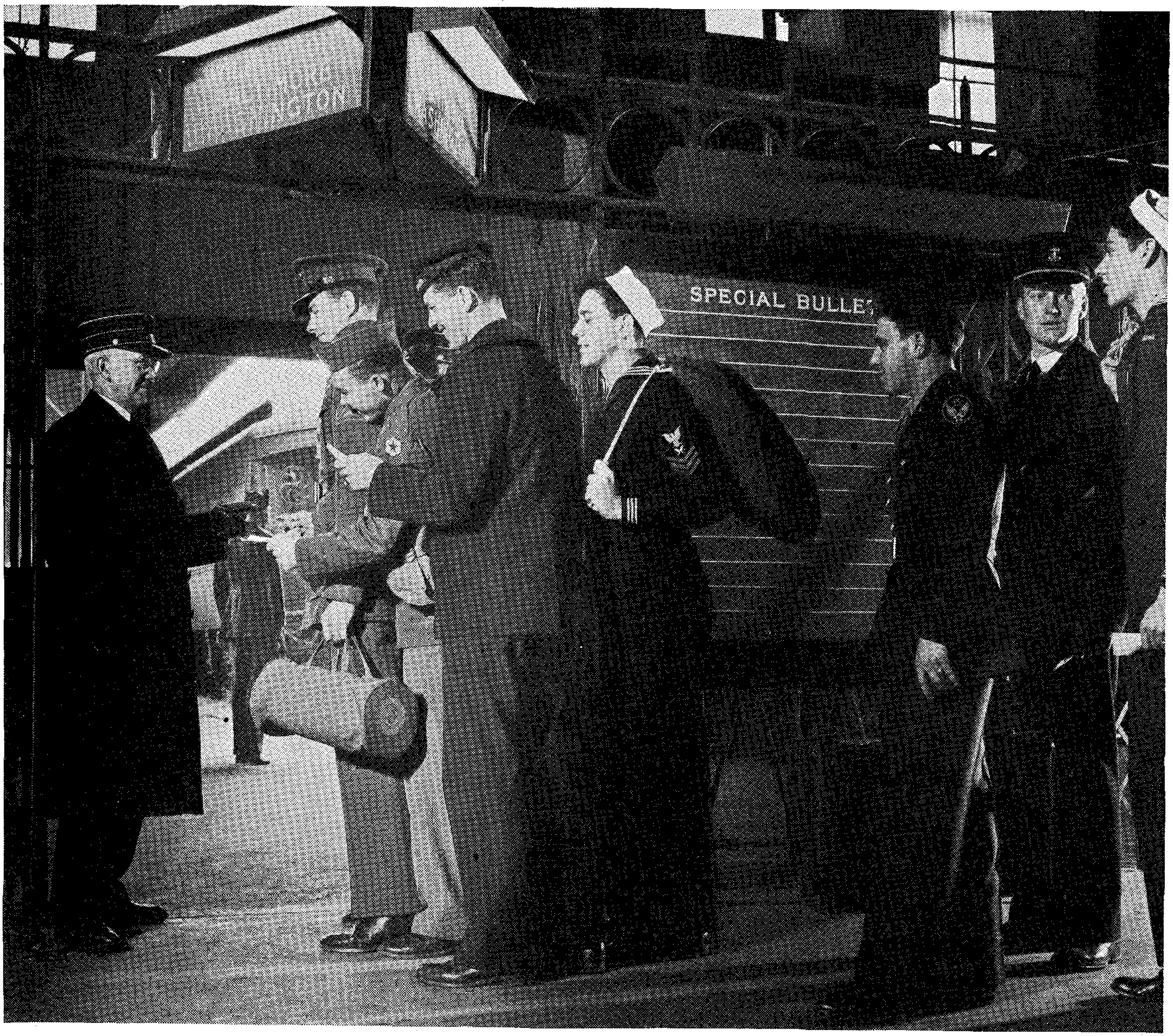
Mr. Duggan said that he didn't know what the Assistance Board was going to give him toward replacing his furniture. They had already let him have forty pounds and had allotted over four hundred clothing coupons for himself and his two youngest children, Maureen and Terry. (The yearly allotment for the ordinary, unbombed British citizen is forty-eight coupons.) The other Duggans who lived at home—Frank, Peggy, Sheila, and Eileen—had had an average of fifteen pounds and a hundred and fifty coupons apiece. Since they had lost everything but the clothes they were wearing, they had been forced to pocket their Wapping independence and get from the W.V.S. a minimum wardrobe to keep them going. Mr. Duggan got a shirt, trunks, undershirt, and socks; the boys, Frank and Terry, got the same and, in addition, trousers, shoes, jackets, and jerseys. The girls got the equivalent—skirt, underclothes, stockings, nightdress, and second-hand jumpers. Maureen, who is fifteen and always dresses like a boy, had been given, by the slightly startled W.V.S., two pairs of man's trousers, shirts, pajamas, and some mannish underwear.

"I figure out that I lost 'undreds of pounds' worth of furniture at my place," said Mr. Duggan sadly, "but I shan't get the full value of it, that's certain. My stuff wasn't none of this utility furniture. Why, that solid-ma'ogany sideboard I mentioned just now—it would be forty or fifty pounds, shouldn't wonder, at today's prices. It's the same with clothes. 'Ow far does fifteen quid go *now?* Not far, is the answer. And men's clothes take a lot of coupons, too. I reckon that you want two suits, an everyday and a walking-out suit to change into Sundays and suchlike. 'Ow can that be done, I ask you? When you've got everything else to replace, it can't be. Of course, these working clothes I've got on now are provided free by the Borough. But can you go to a cinema in these? *Oh,* no! Leastways, if you did, you'd very soon 'ave the seats clear for miles all round you. One thing, while we're all sleeping down in the shelter, we don't need to buy no beds. All we've got left out of our old 'ouse is a table, a chest of drawers, and some cups without 'andles. But we've got enough to be getting on with, and as soon as I 'ear from the Assistance Board, I shall buy a bit of new stuff and we'll move in. I've known young couples with worse starts, and I've still got my strength, thank God, and all the kids except Terry are working. Our church is very good to us, too. All through the blitzes, the priest is there working day and night, looking after us Wapping people."

"I do, sir."

MR. DUGGAN suggested that I go with him when he went back to work and see the shelter under the Colonial Warehouse and what was left of the Duggans' old street, Hermitage Wall, so when he was ready I said goodbye to the girls and Denis and we started off. The sunny streets were full of men going back to the dockside warehouses after the dinner hour. As they passed us, many of them jerked their heads toward Mr. Duggan and said, "Cheerio, Jack." "They all know me," he said proudly, leading the way up a flight of stone steps into the Colonial Warehouse. He brought a lot of keys out of a pocket and unlocked a door on which a handwritten notice was nailed. "Dear friends and neighbours," it began, and went on to convey thanks to everybody for "the floral tribute and cash collection totalling £4 18s." "That was the same bomb got us," Mr. Duggan explained. "Four killed in the one family."

Inside, he led me through a series of stone basements lined with bunks, running the whole length of the big warehouse. Everything seemed clean and shipshape. "I'm very particular about everybody airing their bedding," Mr. Duggan said sternly. "I allow them lights until eleven, then off they go, *and* no disturbances after that. It's nice and deep down 'ere—an old building with



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A tip to the women in their lives!

Uncle Sam is feeding your service man today and feeding him well—even if GI cooking can't compare with yours! But against the time when you take over, here's a friendly tip to remember.

The chances are, your man will want more milk, butter, cheese and ice cream than he ever did before.

That's a natural result of his service diet. In training in this country, he was given about three times as much dairy products as men got in the last war.

Overseas, of course, the supply problem is tougher, but about 10% of all the food exported to our forces has been dairy products—as compared with only 2% in '17 and '18. That's one big reason why America has the healthiest, huskiest fighting men in all the world—for milk is nature's most nearly perfect food.

Part of your post-war job will be to *keep* your veteran fit and feed him as carefully as Uncle Sam did. Part of our post-war job is to keep on improving the processing of milk and its many products—developing new products—and carefully protecting their purity—as our laboratories have done so long.

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Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
JACKIE GLEASON
Buster West • Viola Essen • Tim Herbert
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30 Sharp. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

good thick walls—and I reckon they're as safe as anywhere. The rescue-squad party told me that why our place over the Old Sugar Loaf didn't fall right down flat when we was bombed last, and kill Peggy and Terry and their mother right out, was because it was a sturdy, old-fashioned building. It 'ad nice deep cellars, too. Matter of fact, they'd been thinking of making those cellars into an air-raid shelter, and they'd started shoring them up with timber supports. So when the bomb comes, the 'ouse could take it better than some of these trashy modern 'ouses could."

Mr. Duggan showed me the corner of the shelter where his family now spent a considerable portion of their lives. The Duggan section seemed to take up a large area of floor and bunk space. It was right by a door, which Mr. Duggan opened to point out a fine view of the river, with a row of sea gulls bobbing gently up and down on an anchored coal barge. "I picked this corner by the door because we all like air," he said. "When we first started sleeping in shelters, the girls felt the stuffiness terrible, but we got fans fixed up down 'ere and it's not so bad. In fact, it's a pretty good shelter." He regarded the family lair keenly yet with satisfaction, like a young matron showing off her new guest room but keeping an eye open for dust on the bureau top. It looked a fairly grim setting for domestic evenings, but Mr. Duggan apparently didn't think so. "I'd like you to see us of a night when we're all in bed," he said with patriarchal pride as we walked on. "It's quite a sight—Duggans as far as you can see. I couldn't tell you off-'and 'ow many of us are down 'ere, but there are a lot. Know 'ow many grandchildren I've got? Between thirty and forty—I 'aven't counted lately, but I think it's thirty-eight. Not all 'ere, of course, by no means. Some of the older grandsons are great big lads in the forces, some serving in India, some in France and 'Olland. They 'ave to call my nipper, Terry, who's only eight, Uncle Terry, which of course is somewhat awkward for all concerned."

He locked the shelter up and we set off for Hermitage Wall. It wasn't very far from the warehouse. Mr. Duggan showed me where the robot that bombed them out last summer had fallen. In the middle of the debris of what had been an A.R.P. post stood the rusting skeletons of two motor cars. "There was people sitting in them at the time," Mr. Duggan said. We turned a corner into Hermitage Wall. It was desolate. What wasn't already flattened out, which was very little, was being pulled down by demolition squads. It had rained heavily the night before, and the ground, as pockmarked as the surface of the moon, was all deep mud. Men were making bonfires of stuff that wasn't worth salvaging, and where there was an upstairs to a house, rubble was pouring dustily down chutes into trucks. Mr. Duggan pointed to the remnants of a reddish-brick building —simply some arches and a sketchy suggestion of upper floors—which looked rather bigger and stood up more boldly than any of the dingy, ruined houses around it. "That's my place," he said. "That's the Old Sugar Loaf."

We stood and looked in silence at the place. The demolition men, who seemed to recognize Mr. Duggan, stood and watched us silently, too. They had cleaned up inside the shell of the Duggans' home, so that you could look down into the foundations and up into the sky. Only the strips of faded, sodden wallpaper peeling off the walls indicated that people had ever lived there, and it was difficult to believe that anybody had been taken out of it alive. Twirling his watch chain, a chunky figure in his dustman's clothes, Mr. Duggan looked away, down the street. He didn't seem either sad or angry as he said, "I remember when I was a little kid, there was apple trees growing in some of the back yards. Me and the old woman 'ave lived in one 'ouse or another on this street the best part of our married lives."

As we walked away, he went on talking, but it sounded as though it were to himself as much as to me. "What I've got to do is to get my old woman 'ome," he said. "The rest don't matter. She's been a wonderful wife to me. When I was away in the last war, in the Royal Engineers, I didn't worry my 'ead like some men, because I knew she was looking after everything proper for me. She's never been in a pub in 'er life, my old woman 'asn't. I don't know why it 'ad to be 'er copped it, when she's worked 'ard all 'er life and entitled to a rest. So long as I get my old woman 'ome, everything will be all right. I don't worry about nothing else." —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

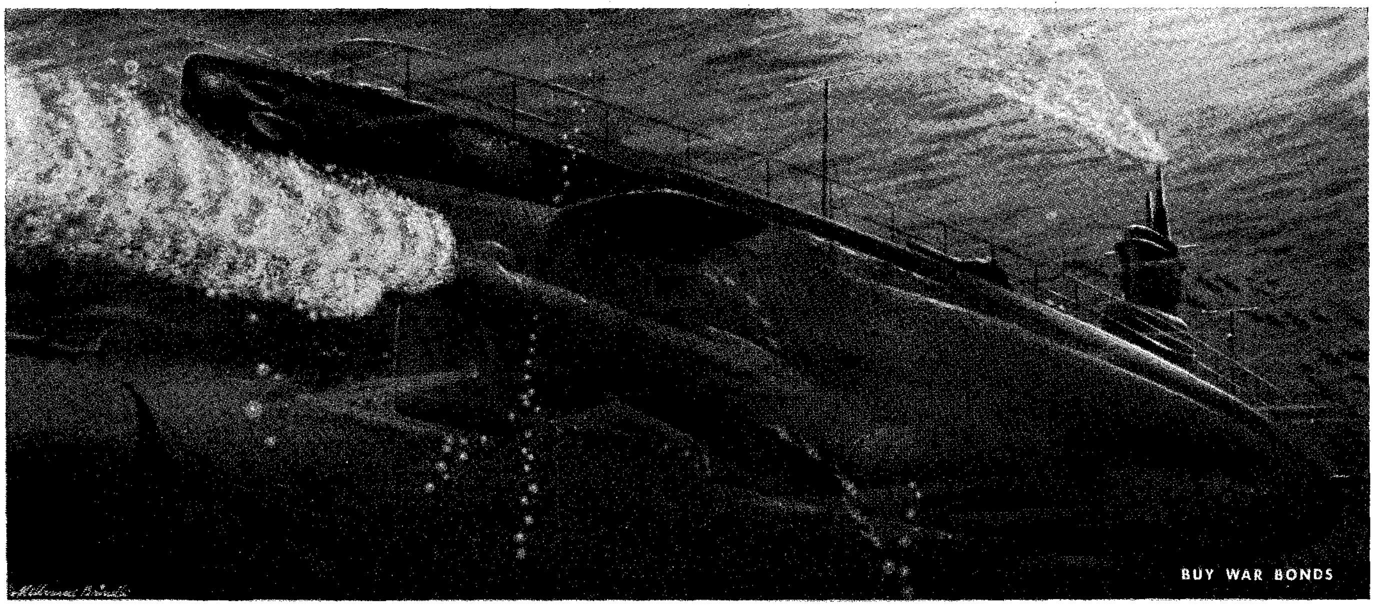
(*This is the second of two articles on the bombing experiences of the Duggan family.*)

•

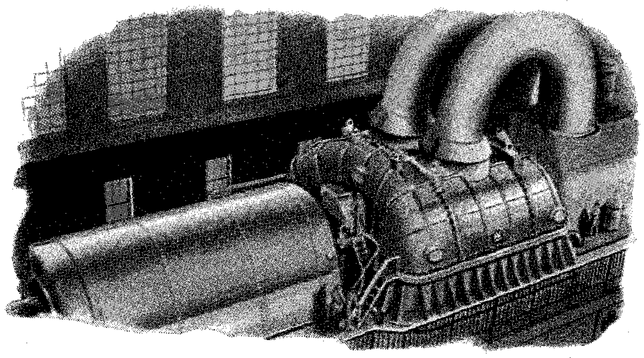
Q. When does the Navy consider a man to be 38 years of age?—A.Q.

A. The Navy considers a man 38 on his 28th birthday.—*Stockton* (*Calif.*) *Record.*

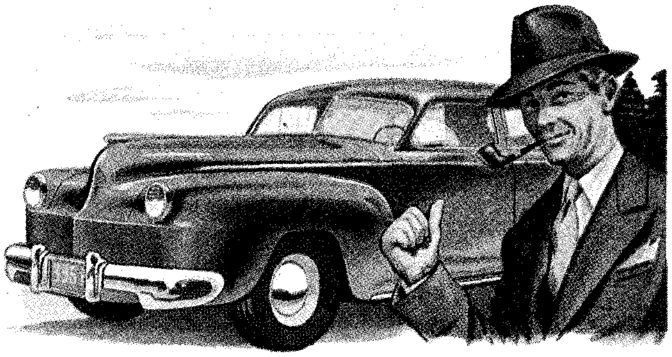
Next question.



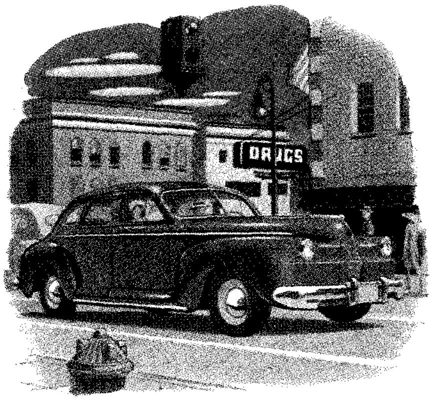
1. This is a U. S. submarine…it is driven smoothly, powerfully by Fluid Drive!



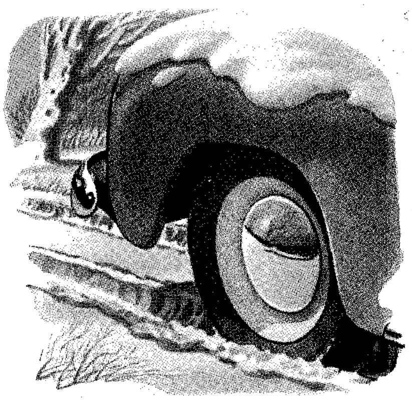
2. This is a 220,000 horsepower turbo-electric unit…it operates on the same Fluid Drive principle.



3. This is a Chrysler car…the first passenger car that has adopted and developed Fluid Drive.



4. Now you can start and stop without shifting gears…With no engine strain, no jerks, the life of a Chrysler is lengthened.



5. And the smooth application of power prevents even wheels without chains from spinning in snow and ice…

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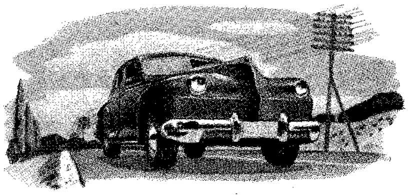

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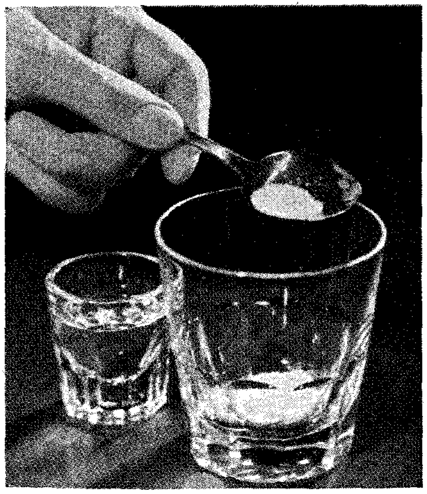

1—Into a Toddy glass, put a scant ½ teaspoon of sugar and ½ jigger of water.

2—Add 2 cubes of ice and pour in a generous jigger of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

3—Twist a strip of lemon peel over the drink and drop it in. Stir gently.

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THE THEATRE

THE MANTLE OF COMSTOCK

Of the sixteen Protestant clergymen who signed a resolution condemning the play called "Trio," it appears that only one, the Reverend Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, had bothered to see the darn thing. All these gentlemen are members of a society called Sigma Chi, which, for your records, has no relation to that fraternity with the communal sweetheart but is simply a small group of ministers who gather the first and third Wednesday of every month for lunch and discussion. The subject under discussion a few weeks ago was the state of the New York stage and it produced a resolution from Dr. Bonnell demanding that something be done about "Trio." In a sermon the Sunday before, Dr. Bonnell had specifically denounced a play that "condones, applauds, and even enacts promiscuity," a remark which the congregation obviously took to refer to "The Voice of the Turtle." For one reason or another, however, he abandoned that crusade and settled for "Trio." The assembled brethren signed his manifesto with enthusiasm.

In view of these facts, a diligent and gifted worker in this vineyard was asked to telephone the fellowship of Sigma Chi in an attempt to find out just what would move a man to condemn a play sight unseen. I would like to report his conversations, as nearly as possibly verbatim, with fourteen out of the sixteen.

The Reverend W. Russell Bowie, of Union Theological Seminary, said, "I got in at the end of the meeting and was not in on the discussion. I went ahead and signed the letter at the suggestion of the others." When asked if he'd seen "Trio," he replied, "Well, I haven't given the matter much thought and I'd rather not discuss it."

The Reverend John Knox, also of the Seminary, and in response to the same question, said, "No, I haven't seen the play myself, but I hear it's pretty bad. It ought to be shut."

The Reverend Frederick C. Grant, another Seminary man: "It may be all right for people beyond forty to see a play like 'Trio,' but it's terrible when youngsters are permitted to see this sort of thing. Why, a teen-aged girl in Bonnell's parish went to see one of these plays six times; the whole course of her life is now warped. In 'Trio,' the subject matter is unduly pathological and the presentation is offensive. No, I haven't seen it."

The Reverend Harold Pattison, retired pastor of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church in Oyster Bay and secretary of Sigma Chi: "The whole thing is too nasty to discuss in a conversation, let alone put on the stage. I'd rather not go into it. Of course I didn't want to see the play."

The Reverend Nolan B. Harmon, Jr., editor-in-chief of the Methodist publications, said he was in a hurry to catch a train but would be delighted to talk about "Trio" some other time. He did, however, add that he hadn't seen the play. "But let me have a chance to think about it," he said hastily. "I'll call you," and went off, presumably catching his train.

The Reverend Howard Melish, of Holy Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn: "I haven't seen 'Trio,' but Bonnell saw it. I was particularly interested in the fact that one or two people Bonnell knew had very definite Lesbian tendencies—he probably ran into them in his advisory work—well, the play had had a deleterious effect on them. Of course, nobody wants censorship, but it's a question, actually, of the protection of the people."

The Reverend Theodore F. Savage, Executive Secretary of the Presbytery of New York: "The public goes to the theatre expecting dramatic entertainment and gets filth. I haven't seen 'Trio.' "

The Reverend George P. T. Sargent, pastor of St. Bartholomew's, read over the telephone a portion of his previous Sunday's sermon: "I have a great sympathy for our city officials, who have no desire to be moral censors of our lives but feel a sense of responsibility to maintain moral standards." Part of the trouble, he added, "comes from a tendency in many plays to parade an immoral subject in a beautiful setting with exquisite acting. I haven't seen 'Trio' or read the novel. I'm not going to devote Lent to that sort of thing." Mr. Sargent also quoted at length from St. Luke, to no apparent purpose.

The Reverend Joseph R. Sizoo, of St. Nicholas Collegiate Church: "There is no doubt that the stage, just as the press, has a right to narrate tragic elements of life, but in this instance the portrayal of an irregular sex relationship can't be justified because there is nothing in it that *lifts* people. No, I haven't seen 'Trio' myself."

The Reverend Lynn Harold Hough, dean of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey: "I haven't seen 'Trio,' but I got a very full report from a man who had seen it and who had lived in Paris twenty-five years and had seen everything."

The Reverend Geoffrey W. Stafford, also of the Drew Seminary faculty, hadn't seen "Trio" either, but in the words of Dean Hough: "Stafford was an officer in the British Army in the other war, and he's had a very close contact with the world in its rougher aspects, as you might imagine."

The Reverend A. B. Cohoe, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Montclair, New Jersey: "I haven't seen 'Trio,' but Bonnell saw it and condemned it in a very detailed statement making the subject matter of the drama clear to all of us. I personally would not denounce a play in my pulpit or in my writings without having gone to see it. All we did was to support Bonnell's opinion, which all the members present did without dissent."

The Reverend John H. Powell, Jr., pastor of the Reformed Church of Bronxville: "It was not made clear to us that the thesis of the play is actually a condemnation of perversion, as you tell me. Bonnell has done much psychiatric work and is thought to know something of such matters. I didn't see the play."

The Reverend George Vincent, pastor of the Union Congregational Church of Upper Montclair, New Jersey: "Dr. Bonnell is our spokesman in the matter. He saw 'Trio.' I didn't."

The Reverend Arthur P. Mabon, formerly associate pastor of St. Nicholas Collegiate Church, signed Dr. Bonnell's statement. He could not be reached for comment, but his secretary said that he rarely attended the theatre.

The final clerical comment on "Trio" came from one of the above Sigma Chis, who said that it must be pretty bad because it had opened in Paris ("Trio" opened in Philadelphia) and they hadn't let it run there. It was nearly as distasteful, he added, as another French atrocity whose name, as he recalled it, was "La Parisienne," quite properly suppressed over here under the title of "The Captive."

—Wolcott Gibbs

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OUR COMBATANT CORRESPONDENTS

POKE SALAD

I WISH I could stop thinking about poke salad. Ever since I joined the Seabees and came out here to the Southwest Pacific a couple of years ago, I've been trying to turn my mind to something else. I know there's no chance of finding a mess of poke-salad greens here and I know it's not healthy to keep wanting what you can't have, but whenever I aim to distract myself by reading a newspaper or magazine, I'm almost certain to spot the word "Texas" (it would be pretty hard for a man to read about this war and not see a mention of Texas), and then I begin to think about poke salad twice as hard as before. Texas is where I was born and raised, and to me Texas is poke salad.

A while ago I figured that I might be able to forget about poke salad if my mother would send me some black-eyed peas. Poke salad is too perishable a dish to travel beyond the Texas border, but dried black-eyed peas can go anywhere. I wrote home and told Mammy I'd give my shirt for a mouthful of black-eyed peas, and she upped and sent me a five-pound coffee can full of them. Some Texas friends helped me cook them under a flap of my tent on an island we'd just taken away from the Japs. It was raining pitchforks, and the water got into the tin cartridge box in which we made our fire. Still, the fire burned all right because we'd been drying sticks of mahogany wood—the slowest-drying wood in the world, I guess—for over a week inside the tent. We cooked and ate those black-eyed peas then and there. One of my friends had promoted some sowbelly from the galley, and all we lacked was cornbread. We talked about how we used to eat black-eyed peas two or three times a week at home, and how we ate them on New Year's for good luck. After I'd finished my share of the meal, I leaned back feeling warm and sleepy. I thought everything was fine, but the first thing I knew something inside me was saying, "Boy, oh, boy! Wouldn't two or three platters of poke salad taste good right now!"

I've yet to meet anyone from up North who's eaten poke salad. I don't see how they get along without it. It's not only good to eat (once you've boiled out the poison that's supposed to be in it), but it acts as a regular spring tonic. Poke grows wild along creek banks and in creek bottoms in Texas. When young, the poke plant has a red, spongy stock, from which shoot long, bright-green leaves. Cooked with pork fat and lamb's-quarters, an herb used to make greens taste more savory, these leaves and the first tender shoots make poke salad. The season lasts only a few weeks, because by midsummer the stock is tough and woody and the leaves are inedible. I don't remember ever seeing any flowers on the poke plant, but in the fall clusters of purplish black berries full of wine-red juice pop up among the leaves. Years ago, the other kids in the neighborhood and I used to pretend that we were Indians on the warpath. We stripped off our clothes, put on breechclouts of cowhide, and painted designs on our bodies with pokeberry juice. The juice has the qualities of spreading evenly, drawing the skin tight, and washing off easily.

I remember the last time we played Indians. It was on a Sunday afternoon in the fall of 1939, down on Sweetwater Creek. Most of the trees had shed their leaves, but you could still see red sumac leaves among the bare branches. We found pokeberries in the brambly, wooded bottom, which, now that I think of it, was something like the jungle over here except that no Texas bottom ever had the rotten smell these jungles have. There were jaybirds and quail and field larks making noises over our heads down by Sweetwater Creek, instead of parrots and bats and a queer bird that I've never seen but whose call, given at the same intervals as a hoot owl's, is a cross between that of a whip-poorwill and a turkey gobbler.

That Sunday afternoon a boy named Billy Mounts, now in the Marines, was swinging across the creek on a grapevine swing. Just as he got above the middle of the creek bed—which, except for a little stream about two feet wide and three inches deep, was all sand between high bluffs—he got to laughing. That made him weak and he let go of the vine and dropped about twelve feet to the water. We reckoned he had hurt himself, but he kept on laughing and saying he hadn't. When he got up, he said, "I'm going to play like I sprained my ankle," and he began to limp. He laughed more that afternoon than I had ever heard him laugh in all the time I had known him, and some days later I found out why. He had sprained his ankle, all right, and he knew it, but he also knew that we had planned to stay up after dark in the bottom and build a

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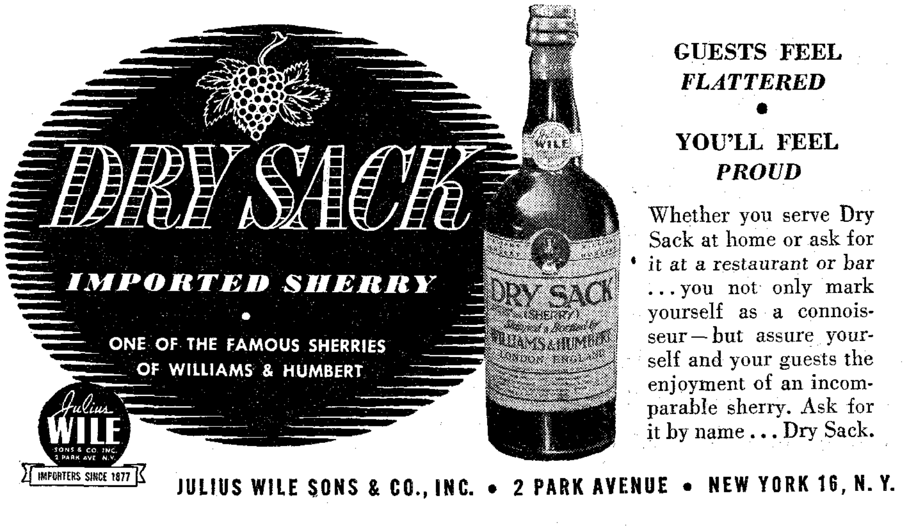

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big fire and tell each other stories and get good and scared. He suspected that if he told us he had a sprained ankle, we would take him home, although I doubt if we would have bothered to. When I sprained my ankle in the jungle a while back by jumping over a slit trench, the doctor shot it full of a drug and told me to walk on it all afternoon. I did, and it never troubled me particularly, so I reckon Billy Mounts did the right thing. Anyhow, his ankle swelled, but he wasn't laid up with it.

We used to paint ourselves with pokeberries, but we never ate them. People said they were poisonous. I don't know whether pokeberries are poisonous or not, because I have never heard of anyone eating them to find out. As a matter of fact, the whole poke plant was supposed to be poisonous, and all the time we were eating it we were aware that if Mammy hadn't cooked it just right we might die of poke poisoning. On account of the risk involved, everybody down to children of two or three knew exactly how to cook poke salad.

It takes at least a forty-eight-pound flour sack full of poke and lamb's-quarters to make a meal for a family of ten. First, the poke leaves must be washed under the pump to get rid of all the big bugs and insects; then they've got to be washed in three waters to get off all the little stick-tight bugs. The poke and lamb's-quarters are then put in a big pot and covered with cold water. After the water has boiled for ten minutes, it is drained off and fresh hot water is poured over the greens. This process of boiling the water, draining it off, and pouring fresh hot water over the greens is repeated four times. The third time hot water is poured over the greens, salt and sowbelly are added. The final boiling requires an hour. By that time the sackful of greens has boiled down to about a gallon and a half of greens and about a gallon of pot liquor. (Many people like the pot liquor as well as the greens, if they have plenty of cornbread to crumble into it.) Poke salad is greasy, but no one notices how greasy it is because of the wonderful flavor of the greens. It's the successive boilings and the grease which are said to kill the poison in the poke. Poke salad is not supposed to be eaten until it has cooled. We kids always cleaned the pot right to the bottom at noonday dinner, with two or three helpings of cornbread and buttermilk to help wash it down.

AT some point in our first poke-salad meal each spring, Pappy would tell us about Uncle Fletcher Fullin-

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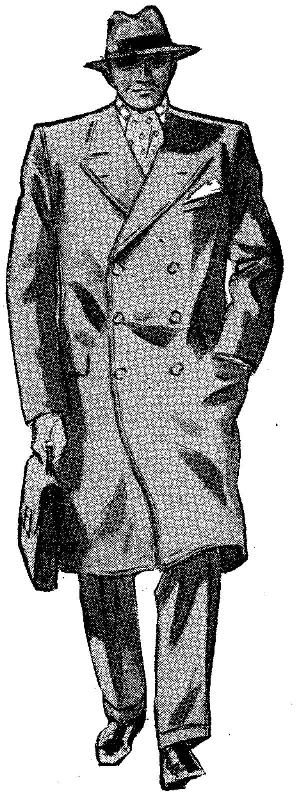
I never knew Uncle Fletcher. He died long before my time. He was really my great-uncle, my father's father's brother. He and one of my grandfather's other brothers, Jesse, fought on the Confederate side in the War Between the States, and Uncle Jesse got an eye shot out while shaking his fist at the Yankees. I've never seen a picture of Uncle Fletcher, so I don't know what he looked like, but Pappy says he was a big man, same as the rest of the Fullingims. I *have* seen Uncle Fletcher's grave. It's in the Flat Rock Cemetery, about a dozen miles from Decatur, Texas, in the post-oak and blackjack country. The first time I went there, I was a kid of seven or eight. The occasion was what was called "a graveyard digging." All the families that had kinfolks buried there went to the digging. They brought their dinners in baskets, tubs, or buckets, and everyone carried hoes, rakes, spades, shovels, or wire stretchers. The boys were set to hoeing and raking between the graves, the men repaired the fence around the graveyard, planted cedars, filled up gullies, mounded up the graves, and cut brush and shrubs, and the women pulled the weeds off the graves and put wildflowers on them.

That is the only graveyard digging we have had at Flat Rock Cemetery in my time. It must have been twenty years since the previous digging, and I suppose the graves are all grown over again by now. Each family paid particular attention to the graves of relatives. Our family cleaned off the graves of Uncle Jesse and his eighteen brothers and sisters. By about four that afternoon the graveyard had been cleaned, the graves mounded, flowers and cedars planted, and the fence repaired. A preacher then stood on the big flat rock for which the cemetery was named and made a talk about the people who were buried there. That was easy enough to do, because all day he had listened to men and women telling stories about their kinfolks. He spoke of their good deeds and how they had loved the Lord and worked in His vineyard, and how he hoped that we would turn out as well as they had turned out. I waited for him to get to the Fullingims, be-


Rogers Peet Quality unchanged by the War

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STYLES for young men and men who never grow old!

That's where the genius of our Master-Designer comes in.

The correct individual style lines — whatever your figure.

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SKY-GIANTS
for South America

The orders are signed and sealed. Huge Douglas DC-6 sky-giants will operate over the PANAGRA Route just as soon after the war as delivery can be made. Accommodating 50 passengers in luxurious comfort, they will make it possible for the traveler to get from New York to Buenos Aires and to intermediate cities in one-third the time now required. Again, as through its seventeen years of pioneering, PANAGRA is setting the pace to make good neighbors even closer neighbors.

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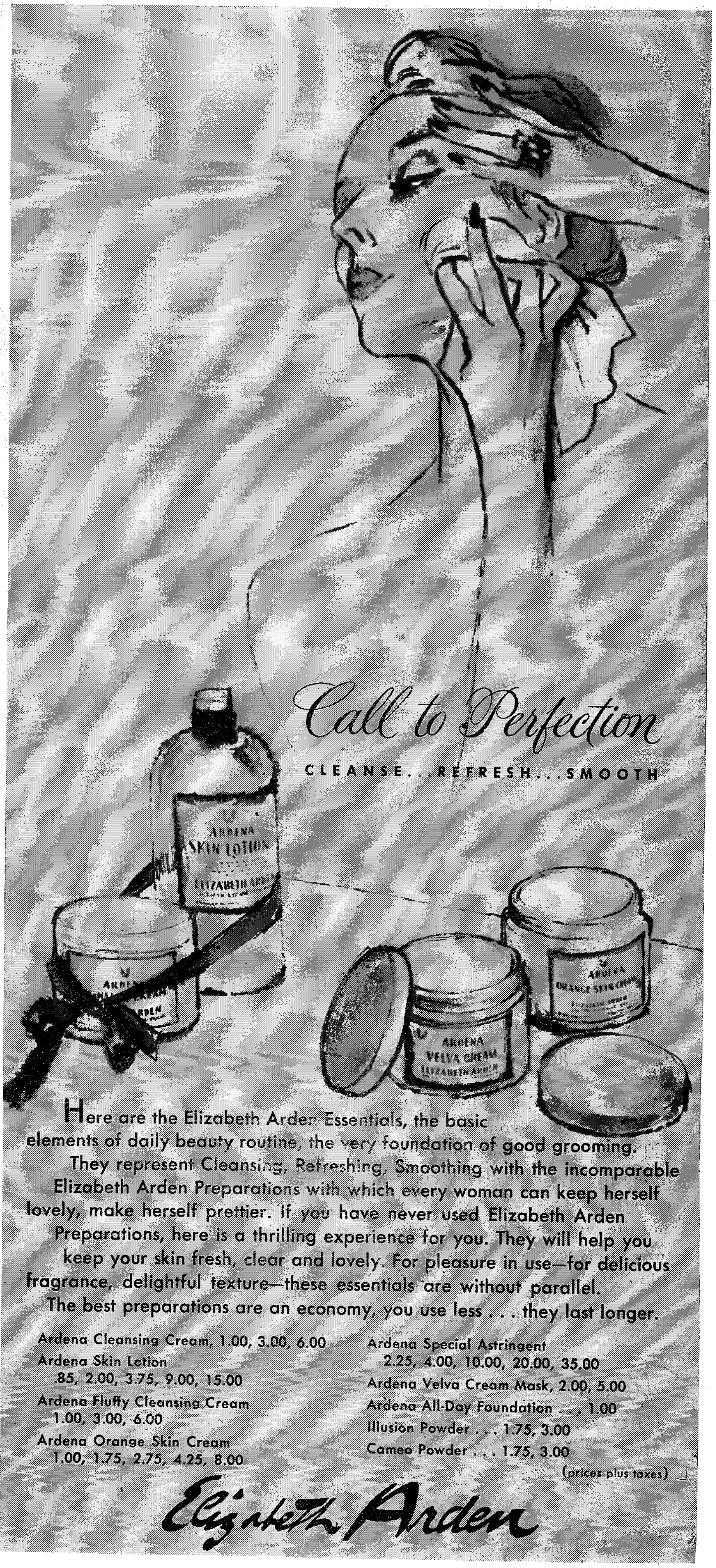
cause we had more kinfolks buried there than any other family. When he got to our relatives, he started off with Uncle Fletcher, who, he said, was called to preach at an early age and spent a long and useful life spreading the Gospel. He didn't mention the cause of Uncle Fletcher's death, but I already knew about that.

I can't remember when I didn't know about it. I'm sure Pappy must have told the story at the poke-salad dinner we had the first spring I was old enough to understand anything. The way Pappy told it, Uncle Fletcher drove up to our house in his buggy one night and said he'd come for a bite of poke salad. The next morning he got up early, sharpened Mammy's big butcher knife with a whetrock he always carried with him (when he visited people's houses, he sharpened their butcher knives for them), asked Mammy for two clean flour sacks, took them, and went down to Catlett Creek bottom, below our house, to cut poke.

Mammy cooked the salad in the usual way. She also made some cold-water cornbread and filled a big crock full of buttermilk. "That day," Pappy said, "your Uncle Fletcher ate more poke salad than anybody else I ever saw. If it had been one of you kids, I'd have said something, but it's not polite to tell an old man eighty-five how to eat. You give a horse ten ears of corn and he'll eat them. You give him twenty and he'll founder. A man is supposed to know when he's had enough. Late in the night your Uncle Fletcher took sick. Cramps in his chest and stomach. He died that same night. Now, you children can eat all the poke salad you want, but you'd better not eat too much."

Mammy always begged my father not to tell that story. "You shouldn't tell it to the children," she would say. "It's sacrilegious. Your Uncle Fletcher was a good man, a Christian man. You know he didn't die because he ate too much poke salad. You know the doctor said Uncle Fletcher died of heart trouble. Why, I told him that morning not to walk through the bottom! A walk like that, followed by any kind of a meal—whether it's fresh corn or black-eyed peas—was bound to kill a man eighty-five years old. Besides, the poke salad couldn't have killed him. I cooked the poke in four waters, and it was swimming in hog grease. If there had *ever* been any poison in it, I had boiled it out."

—ARCHER JESSE FULLINGIM, Y1/c.



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Here are the Elizabeth Arden Essentials, the basic elements of daily beauty routine, the very foundation of good grooming. They represent Cleansing, Refreshing, Smoothing with the incomparable Elizabeth Arden Preparations with which every woman can keep herself lovely, make herself prettier. If you have never used Elizabeth Arden Preparations, here is a thrilling experience for you. They will help you keep your skin fresh, clear and lovely. For pleasure in use—for delicious fragrance, delightful texture—these essentials are without parallel. The best preparations are an economy, you use less . . . they last longer.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dorian Mayer

"THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY" is a more or less dubious wedding of Oscar Wilde and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. There are the celebrated epigrams and the degenerating portrait, but there are also a couple of moderately intense love affairs which it is rather hard to believe the master had in mind when he wrote his lavender masterpiece fifty-odd years ago. The sex, it might be noted, is given rather more emphasis than the epigrams.

Without rereading the book, I can't be quite sure what changes the films have seen fit to make in it, but, to the best of my recollection, Basil Hallward, the artist, had no beautiful daughter who whimsically signed her own initials to the famous portrait so that she was able to identify it in its horribly changed form (the before and after pictures of Dorian, incidentally, are easily as good as anything you're likely to see in a reducing advertisement), and I don't recall that Sibyl Vane was employed as a singer in a night club. I am also rather skeptical about the character who portrays the virtuous admirer of Hallward's non-existent daughter, and also, perhaps, about the introduction of a troupe of Balinese dancers, who suggested 1926 to me a good deal more than 1891. These are certainly captious objections and are brought up here only to show what can happen to a period novel of some stature when Hollywood decides to make it appetizing to the millions.

Lord Henry Wotton's epigrams, usually delivered between courses at a fashionable dinner party or else while he is fondling some exquisite object of art, like a stereopticon or a dead butterfly, are, of course, too well known to quote. They are, however, apt to ring rather strangely in modern ears. When Lord Henry says, "The secret of remaining young is never to have an emotion that is unbecoming," I can think only of Mr. Kipling, who once wrote, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." Mr. Wilde is undoubtedly more elaborate, but the content of thought seems to be almost exactly the same.

The cast includes George Sanders (Lord Henry), Hurd Hatfield (Dorian), Angela Lansbury (Sibyl Vane), and Lowell Gilmore (Basil Hallward), none of whom is quite able to grapple with the curious combination of statuesque prose and rapid exposition required by the producers.

"HOTEL BERLIN" is Vicki Baum's "Grand Hotel," brought up to date with some indications of desperation. The hotel, or microcosm, is the headquarters of Nazi party leaders, diplomats, and all the people in Berlin who have enough money left to buy French brandy. The plot is rather difficult for curt synopsis: A beautiful actress, Andrea King, who is the mistress of a general, Raymond Massey, who is involved in last summer's attempt on Hitler's life; a pretty informer, Faye Emerson (Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt), who hopes to be paid off in shoes and indeed finally does get a pair from the underground; a diplomat, Henry Daniell, who plans to leave Germany by submarine to propagandize North America; and a Jewish fugitive, Helmut Dantine, who has a price of a hundred thousand marks on his head, a condition that reasonably enough makes him rather nervous. More than half the cast are S.S. troopers who march about saluting and pushing people around. It is conceivably a document, but I have my doubts about the art.

IN "Bring on the Girls," my accomplice says, Eddie Bracken, as the richest young man in the world, enlists in the Navy, hoping to find somebody who will love him for himself alone. Sonny Tufts and Veronica Lake are also involved in this not unusual dilemma, which is wrought in Technicolor and contains various interpolated songs. Mr. Tufts has one number called "I'm Gonna Hate Myself in the Morning" which he seems to enjoy a great deal. Veronica Lake is all right, according to my informant, who adds, "Oh, God!," for reasons best known to herself.

—W. G.

•

A hive of bees and a bedsheet from a clothesline were stolen from Calvin Howard of Camille ave. a few nights ago. The thief presumably took the sheet to wrap up the hive so the bees would not escape. The Howards moved last week to Oakland, still have a dozen hives.—*Walnut Creek (Calif.) Walnut Kernel.*

Sleeping under blankets, of course?

When film comes back...

Laughing children . . .
Families picnicking on the beach . . .
Girls and boys having fun together . . .

These are some of the things you're going to get with your Ciné-Kodak as soon as film comes back. And as you and your family watch them come to life on your own home screen—you'll realize as never before how precious these home movies are to you—and how much you've missed them.

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Pictures, particularly motion pictures, are so important in planning, fighting, and reporting the war, that the armed services naturally have first call on Ciné-Kodak Film.

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Mild and mellow beyond compare—with just a whisper of the grain in its taste—Mount Vernon is winning new laurels every day. Old friends of Mount Vernon are enthusiastically proclaiming it the mildest Mount Vernon they ever tasted. New friends say it's about the smoothest rye whiskey that ever passed their lips. Try it soon and see if you don't agree.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

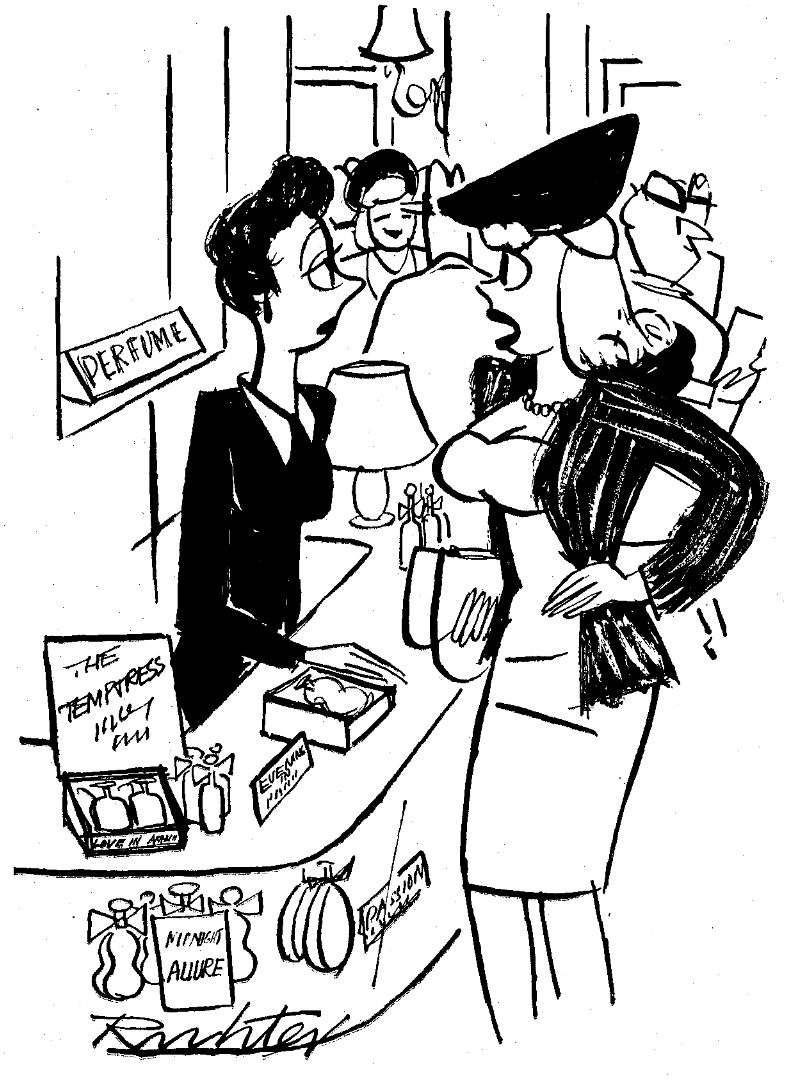
IT will hardly come as a surprise to any of you that suits are as much a herald of spring as the first forsythia. But it may be a surprise when you discover that the designers have developed great variety in this perennial costume. They have done so well, in fact, that women who have always held to the tenet that they absolutely were not the suit type are learning that after all they *can* wear a suit and feel happy in it. You will also discover that the prices of many of the new ready-to-wear suits are appalling, but you might remember that the comparatively inexpensive suits are sometimes made of better wool than the expensive ones, a phenomenon that comes about because high-style designing occasionally accounts for too large a part of the cost.

Seventh Avenue at its de-luxe best can be seen in some of the suits Altman is showing at the moment. There is one that has a three-quarter gray-flecked tweed box coat with black jersey lapels, facings, and roll-back cuffs, and, instead of a skirt, a skimpy chemise dress of black jersey with a band of tweed making the hem. Another has a three-quarter tunic coat, flaring slightly at the hem and made of a black-and-white shepherd's-check wool with vertical red stripes. This has pockets on the hips that jut out a bit. The rest of this ensemble is a slender, matching skirt and a white rayon blouse. A suit with a straight-cut jacket that extends below the hips has a cape back and a simple gored skirt; it is done in an oatmeal-colored wool. For young figures there is a honey-colored flecked wool-and-rabbit's-hair number. Its jacket shows what is known as the Chinese influence in its standing collar and in the deep, square look of the armholes, which give it almost a dolman aspect, and there are flat gold buttons that suggest studs. The dress in the ensemble has a collarless neck and extended shoulders in lieu of sleeves. This affair is extreme, handsome, and, like all the others in this lot, I'm afraid, expensive.

LORD & TAYLOR's pet suits have hip-length box jackets. I especially liked one with a high, round, collarless neck fastened with one button and sporting elbow-length sleeves that should cheer up manufacturers of long gloves considerably. It is in a greenish-blue, navy, or light-beige wool and has a gored skirt to match. It's $59.95. Another suit, with long sleeves this time, is in an American Beauty Melton cloth. It has rounded detail at either side of the neckline and a kick-pleat skirt of black Melton cloth. This suit is around here in all-black or navy, too. A red wool box jacket with scalloped detail at the neckline is accompanied by a black-and-white checked skirt with a waistband to match the jacket. This suit is also done in a combination of Shocking pink and navy-and-white check which is very pleasant. This shop uses wool gabardine for some of its box jackets. One is an elephant-gray affair with a gored skirt and black hand-stitching. It's $95. To go with this, there is a black wool jersey overblouse, which is extra.

GABARDINE, once a fabric that received only the severest and most classic of tailoring, is now appearing in far more feminine clothes, as witness what is happening at Jaeckel. A champagne-colored suit has a collarless jacket (Jaeckel is fond of selling fur neckpieces to wear with jackets), shirring at each side of the waistline, bands of self trimming on the jacket, and a gored skirt. Another suit, which appears in a variety of colors, including Shocking pink, has a longish, casually fitting jacket, detail on the chest to give the effect of upside-down pockets, and tiny hand-stitching. This is $85, a representative price here. There is a worsted, in a mixture of browns that combine to give a rosy effect, which has a single button at the waistline and, for a change, long lapels, and one in a gray diagonal tweed with an unlined, collarless jacket and buttoned pockets. This one slides easily under topcoats or fur coats and is, understandably, one of Jaeckel's favorites. For the first really warm days, there is a tailored suit of a tussah silk that resembles linen. Its straight jacket has a convertible neck, sleeves gathered into cuffs at the wrist, and gold-metal buttons. It looks well either with or without the accompanying patent-leather belt and can be worn as a suit or a dress. It comes in a wonderful toast color or a good red camellia.

THE Green Room, at Bloomingdale, has a distinct preference for suits with capes. There is a waist-length gray flannel cape which fastens with gray but-



"Do you have anything to slow 'em down?"

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ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
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"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—*LIFE*
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

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EDWIN LESTER presents
The new musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & works of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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Anna Lucasta
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Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
OLIVER SMITH and PAUL FEIGAY present
ON THE TOWN
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT • *Music by* LEONARD BERNSTEIN • *Book & Lyrics by* BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN • *Dances by* JEROME ROBBINS
with SONO OSATO, NANCY WALKER
ADELPHI, 54th St., East of B'way. CI 6-5097
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:40

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation • Rockefeller Center
RITA HAYWORTH
"TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT"
with JANET BLAIR—LEE BOWMAN
MARC PLATT—LESLIE BROOKS
Produced and directed by Victor Saville
A Columbia Picture in TECHNICOLOR
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

tons and has a matching gored skirt with a short, flat peplum across the front. Three-piece costumes abound here. One has a gored skirt, a fitted jacket ($45 for the two pieces), and a very full, very short shoulder cape ($5.95) to match. Another is in a gray-and-white wool with a jagged sort of check. The jacket of this has a turnover collar, tiny lapels, bandings low at the sides to resemble pockets, and a hip-length cape. The suit is $69.95 and the cape is $39.95. Two-piece dresses in black or brown rayon faille have sleeveless cardigan tops and cape backs. The Green Room also has separate three-quarter-length capes, with slits for the arms, that can be worn over anything at any season. These are made of a gray-white wool-and-rabbit's-hair combination. Older women will adore them.

WHILE other places are experimenting, Best's sturdy old British Sportswear department is carrying on tradition as well as it can. British fabrics, and even British designs, are necessarily scarce, so no one should expect to be able to get The Works right now, or complain because she can't, either. The first suit that caught my eye was a gray flannel, after an English model, with a longish, easily fitted, single-breasted jacket and a collar and pockets bound in navy wool. It was, to be brief, beautiful. They have suits of native design, too, such as a year-round gabardine with a cardigan jacket and a gored skirt. Another in this material has a perfectly tailored fly-front dress and a cardigan jacket. You can have them in a variety of colors. In the misses department here you'll find lots of color and classic lines that are somewhat softened—for example, by such detail as the folds over the shoulders in a suit of doeskin-finish wool. More sophisticated suits of black or navy wool have a bit of detail over one bosom and on the opposite hip to simulate pockets. I usually dislike braid-trimmed suits, but Best has one in navy wool twill, which uses black braid on the collarless jacket to give a rounded-yoke effect and also on the skirt, that made me change my mind this once. It's $79.50, to give you an idea of prices here.

BERNATH, at 571 Madison Avenue (56th), is still doing custom suits, and it has a considerable collection of woollens to choose from. Like most everything good, they run into money. Grand dressmaker tweed suits in tiny checks are often trimmed with contrasting wool or suède yokes and pockets. The people here will make things any way you like, of course, but the special model of the moment is an ensemble—a plain gored skirt, a collarless jacket with high lapels and a wide, square yoke, in a terra-cotta suède, extending around the body under the arms. There is a military sort of topcoat to match this—double-breasted and belted, with suède strips down the sleeves. Bernath whips up shantung and linen suits, too, and dotes on black faille ones with jackets that are decorated with inserts of matching or contrasting silk. A black faille cardigan, for example, has contrasting silk sections that start wide at the shoulders and taper toward the waistline, and there are vertical pockets, on the skirt, lined with contrasting silk. Sometimes these inserts are stitched or quilted. The custom blouses here are still fine and there is still plenty of real silk. Prices start at $33.95. You can also have good blouses of other materials; there are casual things in a porous Brazilian cotton and white English broadcloth items with stitched collars, bosoms, and cuffs which, with the addition of studs, make them look well with dinner as well as daytime suits. These blouses are expensive, but they can be laundered instead of dry-cleaned, which makes a difference.

REALLY satisfying ready-to-wear blouses are the very devil to find, but Bonwit Teller has a collection of lovely crisp organdies that are handmade and reasonably priced. Most of them run between $10.95 and $15, and you get fine tucks, lace-trimmed jabots, ruffly, beribboned necklines, and other dainties. Handmade long-sleeved white rayon crêpe blouses can be had, too, some of them tailored and trimmed with navy-blue hand-stitching and some froufrou with ecru lace on a high collar and jabot; $8.95 and $10.95 respectively. . . . Saks-Fifth Avenue's blouses include an unusually nice short-sleeved one of white piqué with a standing collar that ties in a bow at the throat, bands of narrow cotton lace down the front, and pearl buttons. Saks also has a quite-out-of-the-ordinary eyelet blouse, with a ruffled high collar that continues into a side jabot. Very fetching. Both these blouses are $10.95. I noticed some pretty ones of spun rayons that resemble linen, in pastel colors with horizontal black stripes on the bosom and with extended shoulders for sleeves. To move on to other suit accessories, Saks has good-looking handbags of red, green, navy, or russet-colored cobra ($16.50 to $25, plus tax).

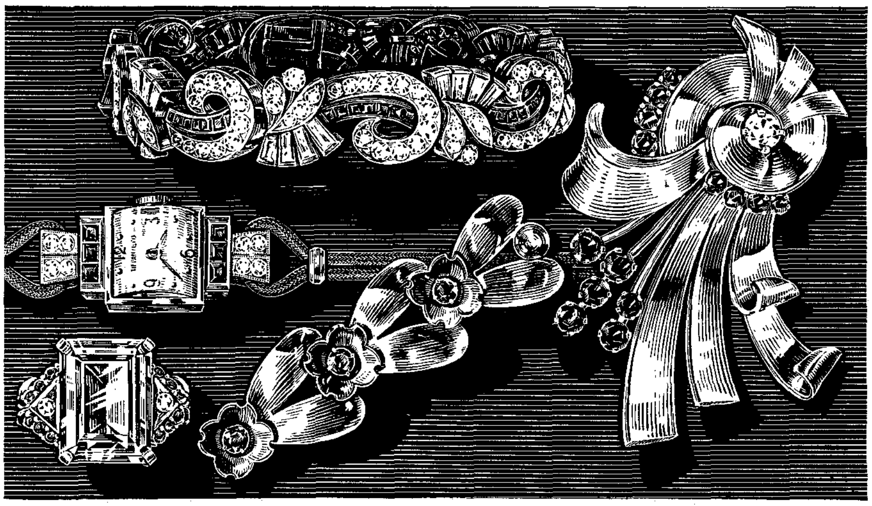
Elizabeth Arden's salon is not a place you'd expect to find beautiful sheer pure-silk scarves at from $5 to $17.50, but they're there just the same. Some have diagonal stripes in many pastel colors; others come in such combinations as navy and red or Shocking and purple. Giant squares are printed with brightly colored Chinese musical instruments or mermaids of indeterminate origin, plus fish. . . . At Jay-Thorpe, they have the darnedest notion, made of white piqué or of mohair in various colors (the strawberry is particularly nice) and shaped like a round, flat collar with long ends; its versatility is unlimited. You can, for instance, wear it tied around the head, tied in a bow around the neck, or as a peplum. It's $9.95. Their rayon-jersey Ascots have rayon-crêpe carnations at one end and are also designed to be worn as either sash, scarf, or headpiece. They're handsome and $19.95. The printed rayon-twill apron-shaped businesses here, which have designs picked out in sequins, are planned for a varied career, too. Young girls who don't give a damn will wear them on their heads and more conservative women can use them for collars or tunics.

Easter Notes: If you're still on the prowl for a flower shop, you might go to 141 East 40th Street, walk through a dilapidated carriage house, cross the court, climb a few steps, and meet Ann Hagan. She has colored baskets that contain three casual nosegays made of such unostentatious flowers as violets, primroses, English daisies, or, if you prefer, a single rose surrounded by geranium leaves. She can also make up cheerful hospital bouquets, set in the big holes of a strip of chicken wire and then placed in a container, so they arrive already arranged and stay that way. Recipients swear that no florist in town sends flowers that are fresher. . . . Georg Jensen's lovely odor Acacia makes a nice Easter gift, too. It is fresh and long-lasting, and it now scents a set of soap, talcum powder, bath oil, and cologne; $11.50 (plus tax), in a red leather case that would make a nice purse later on. —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

People who think they never want to look at another bedroom display of ready-made spread, curtains, and the rest may be shaken from this conviction by Altman's current Chintz

TIFFANY & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22



DIAMOND AND EMERALD BRACELET $5550.
GOLD, RUBY AND DIAMOND WRIST WATCH 365.
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THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

Charles of the Ritz

Stunning simplicity! A naturally soft CHARLES OF THE RITZ permanent wave brushed flat from a center part and crowned with a coronet braid.

IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON
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THE RITZ-CARLTON, Boston
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit
I. MAGNIN, Los Angeles
T. A. CHAPMAN, Milwaukee
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia

LISTEN: MARCH 10, 1945

One of the main reasons why the CBS news department gets credit for being "the most adult news service in radio" and for having done "the best news job in radio in 1944" is because the men and women working for it will go to any length to bring you the news. Another reason is their own comradeship.

Example:

On February 21 CBS' Charles Collingwood was due to open the 8 a.m. news period with a report from Supreme Headquarters in Paris.

At 7:58 a.m. CBS news headquarters in New York spoke to Collingwood in Paris, told him they'd have to delay his broadcast a few minutes to bring in a report from his CBS colleague Gene Rider aboard Admiral Turner's flagship off Iwo Jima. Collingwood, a close friend 8471 miles away from Rider, said: "Wonderful...I wish *I* could hear him." CBS headquarters replied, "You can...Stay put."

At 8:01:23 Rider's voice went from the flagship to Guam, then to CBS' affiliate KQW in San Francisco, thence by wire to the network.

In the control room in New York someone held up a microphone in front of the loud speaker that brought in Rider's voice. The microphone relayed it by wire to Press Wireless in New York which beamed it by shortwave to Collingwood at SHAEF.

At 8:04:16 Rider finished and the network brought in Collingwood's Paris broadcast. It ended at 8:05:48.

At 8:06:11 CBS headquarters asked Collingwood (off the air) if he had heard Rider.

"Thanks," he said, "he was swell."

★

Once a year, Gunter Field, the preflight air corps training center outside Montgomery, Ala., opens its gates to the public and 15,000 people stream in to see an airplane derby put on by WCOV, the CBS affiliate in Montgomery. The planes are pilotless, operate chiefly on rubber-band and gasoline power, and the age of the contestants ranges from 6 to 60. Some of the alumni of earlier derbies are now flying the Hump in China and snarling up German railroads. Others who happen to be home on furlough always make it a point to see the show. But that doesn't necessarily account for the big attendance, nor the fact that the commanding officers of both Gunter and Maxwell Fields act as judges. They think WCOV is doing some fine spade work for aviation.

★

Two Tuesdays ago during National Brotherhood Week Mayor LaGuardia slid out from behind a desk at City Hall and presented Kate Smith with the annual distinguished merit award of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

The citation described CBS' noted songbird as "the individual in radio who has done most to combat bigotry and intolerance . . . because her radio programs throughout the year 1944 embodied the message of understanding and goodwill among all Americans."

One day last fall Kate said something into the microphone about the "diseases that eat away at the fibres of peace" and 20,000 approving letters poured into her office during the next 48 hours. You can get a sample of her heart any noontime on CBS, Monday through Friday, and a whole hour of her every Sunday night at 7 EWT.

★

And speaking of awards, a few days before Kate got hers, the Veteran Wireless Operators Association pinned the Marconi Memorial Medal of Service on R. Morris Pierce, chief engineer of WGAR, the CBS affiliate in Cleveland.

While overseas with the Psychological Warfare Division, Pierce had helped capture (1) the Italian Fleet; (2) Europe's most powerful radio station, *Radio Luxembourg*. Sizeable bag.

★

This is CBS the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Festival. It's a big show and a good one, and its various fixings are so well done that even devotees of custom work needn't blush at employing them. Altman started at the root of the matter on this project by selecting some especially fine percales in solid colors, stripes (not many of these two in stock), and two flower prints and having them treated with the Everglaze chintz finish for permanent crispness and a soft sheen that makes them look like satin. These special chintzes have been made up into the customary flounced spreads (from $19.95), pillow shams, curtains and valances, and petticoats for beds and dressing tables, as well as into puffy wool-filled comforters ($27.50 and $35) and an assortment of boudoir pillows, ranging from small rounds and squares with corded edges to big, ruffled oblongs ($2.25 to $3.95).

The trimming details Altman has used are a pleasure. You will find such unexpected treats as knife-pleated frills, flower appliqués, and, on the plain-colored spreads and skirts, pretty touches of scroll embroidery. The colors, which are many and no less than splendid—deep spruce green, turkey red, a glowing citron, blues (including French, baby, and aqua), a sort of strawberry-mousse pink, and so on—are what the stores like to call coördinated. This means that you can choose them almost at random and still come up with a nicely blending ensemble.

LEWIS & CONGER have added one more item to their customary spring outpouring of mysterious fluids that sound like sheer magic and often work like it, too. The new entry is Trans-Plastic, a floor finish (colorless or in a variety of colors) which may be the answer to one of the principal household difficulties of this maidless age. It can be used on many sorts of floors, including wood, linoleum, and rubber tile. It can be wiped on with a cloth, so they say, after your floor has had a soap-and-water scrubbing to remove any varnish or wax, or it can be applied with a brush, like paint. Once dry, it offers a hard and shining surface which may not quite come up to your grandmother's standard of a fine floor, achieved by wax and hard labor, but looks handsome enough to our less demanding eyes and seems to have unusual resistance to such household hazards as boiling water, alcohol, and foot traffic.

Lewis & Conger are also patting themselves on the back because they are once more able to offer the Feller-Jones mothproofing fluid, an ounce of which, used in time, is worth acres of reweaving after the damage is done (better buy it by the gallon, though; $8). If you live within fifty miles of New York, you can still have Feller-Jones operators come and apply this fluid for you, in their thorough way, where it will do the most good. The five-year moth-immunity guarantee goes along with this service, as always. Amateurs report no difficulties in handling the stuff themselves, however. You may also like to try your luck with other Feller-Jones fluids, such as the cleanser for upholstery ($4.50 a gallon) and the rug shampoo ($3 a gallon). Both are good and both are at Lewis & Conger. So is the chemical called Chimney Sweep, a handful of which, thrown on your open fire, sends up a vapor which is fatal to chimney soot. A flue which has been in constant use through the winter may well need the offices of a real sweep, but a chimney which is reasonably clean can be kept so for the balance of the season by this chemical substitute.

An L. & C. specialty of another sort is a very compact ironing kit, designed for ladies who nowadays have to live in a trunk. There are a covered board tapered sharply at one end for pressing sleeves, a sponge, a pressing mitt for shoulders, a steam cloth, nine feet of clothesline with attached clothespins, and a pint of Afta spot remover. All this is $5. For that matter, I see no reason the set wouldn't be as handy around a small apartment as for travelling about the country.

AT Lord & Taylor: The men's department has a leather toilet kit (razor, mirror, and blades) and a leather game kit (cards, put-and-take, chess, checkers, and the necessary men and playing board) which have been kept under eight ounces so that they may be mailed, without the necessity of being requested, to men overseas. The first is $3, the second is $5, and they are already packed, so they can be addressed and sent out right from the store. . . . At Macy: A collection of shoulder pads to make a home dressmaking job look professional as anything. One, the Contour pad ($2.49 a pair uncovered, $5.49 covered), gives that Adrian shoulder that ladies yearn for. —B. B.

•

WOMAN SLAIN
BY HUSBAND,
SHE MAINTAINS
—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

Well, it's a good story, anyway.

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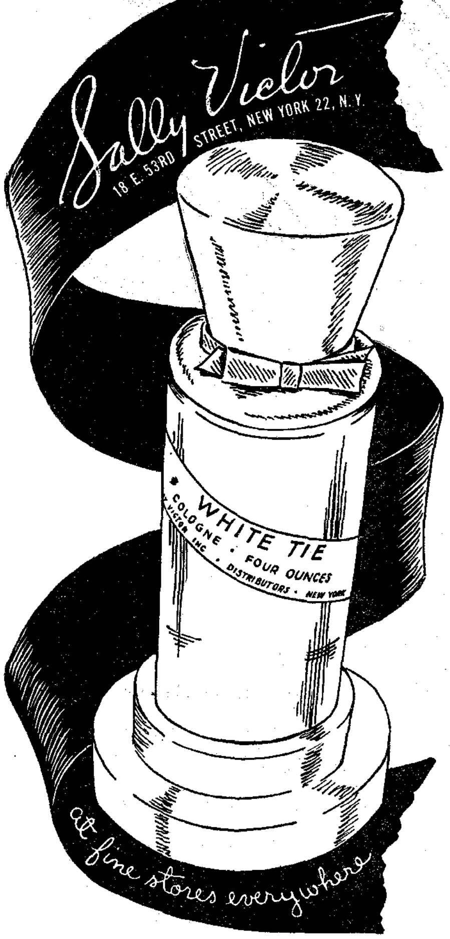
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MUSHROOMS
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SQUIRRELS IN THE TREES

ONE day Captain Peters said to me, "Well, Jackson, how's your work coming?"

"Fine, sir," I said.

I was busy writing a lot of notices for home-town newspapers about soldiers who had been promoted to corporal or technician fourth grade or sergeant. After I was through with the list of some eighty of these names, I had to get on to another list and write notices for home-town newspapers about soldiers who had been overseas and who were now at the camp for reassignment. After a while it got to be tiresome work, but it was fine being in the Public-Relations Office, mainly because Captain Peters was such a great man to work for.

He stood in front of my desk with his hands in his pockets, looking at me in that careful, shrewd way he had. He was a little man, only around five feet four, but sometimes he could get very tough. He would use big words, pounding on a desk for emphasis and not caring if it was a colonel or even the general listening to him, just so long as he got his way. I doubt if I've ever known a more positive man than Captain Peters.

"Jackson," he said now, "what time is it?"

"Two-thirty, sir."

"That would leave us approximately four and three-quarter hours of daylight, wouldn't it, Jackson?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I guess so."

"I've got a special mission for you," he said. "Get your cap and your field jacket and come with me."

"Yes, sir." I rolled the piece of paper out of my typewriter, got my field jacket and cap, and followed him out of the building. It was a November day, chilly for Florida, and the sun was hiding behind some thick gray clouds.

"This is a godforsaken part of the country," Captain Peters said, leading me to his car, which was parked at one side of the road.

"Awful," I said.

"But it has its compensations, Jackson. Get in."

"Want me to drive, sir?"

He nodded and I got behind the wheel. He got in beside me, pulled out a pack of cigarettes, and offered me one.

"Thank you, sir," I said, taking one, and I brought out my lighter and held the flame for him. "Where to, sir?"

"Jackson, have you ever hunted squirrels?"

I told him I hadn't.

"Well, never mind, you can learn. Now, Jackson, I want you to understand that what we're about to do is slightly unethical."

"What's that, sir?"

"It's only two-thirty and we should be inside working. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"But when you've been stationed at a godforsaken hole like this for as long as we have, you sometimes get to needing a little recreation. We're going to hunt some squirrels, Jackson, and it's just between you and me."

"Right," I said, beginning to understand how Captain Peters spent some of the afternoons he wasn't around the office. I started the motor and asked him which way to go.

"Go to the M.P. gate and take the Tamasota road," he said.

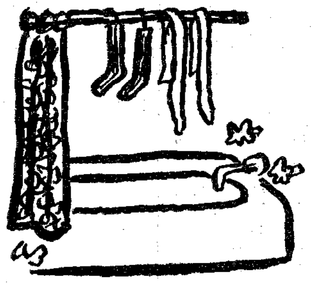
I DROVE along the road, which ran beside the Gulf of Mexico. The sun spilled over the edge of a cloud and sprayed a gold path over the silver, choppy water. Gulls dipped and soared over an invasion boat plowing its way toward a pier.

"We need a bit more of that sun for good shooting," Captain Peters said. "Ever fired a shotgun?"

"No, sir," I said, "but I've fired most every other kind of gun, on the range."

"Nothing to shooting a shotgun," he said. "You're bound to shoot yourself a squirrel. This swampland's full of them. I've hunted the whole country and never saw so many as they have down here. The trees are full of them. You'll shoot yourself a couple of nice big squirrels, Jackson."

"Sir," I said, "I've been through a lot of this country, and I never saw a squirrel."



"You don't know how to look for them, Jackson. It's a simple matter to see a squirrel if you know how to look for him."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Watch out for that pig," he said.

I saw the hog waddling across the road just in time and slowed the car. When it had taken its time getting across the road, I speeded the car up again.

"First," Captain Peters said, "you've

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**I made this statement entirely of my own accord out of 26 years' experience. When the Dodge people asked permission to publish it, along with my picture, I was mighty glad to let them do it.*

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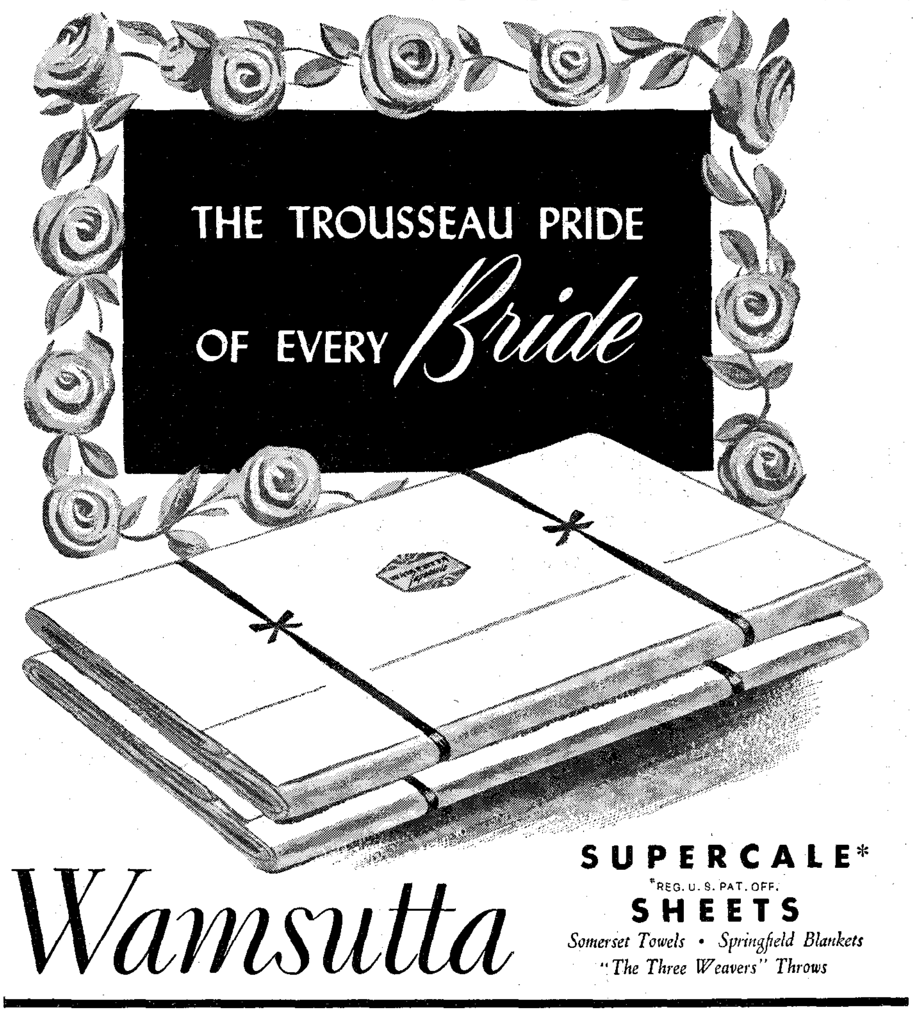
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got to pick yourself the right sort of tree—a nice big tree with some large, spreading branches. Then you take a spot about twenty yards away from it and stand there very quietly, looking at the tree. Then in a little while you'll see a squirrel."

I turned and looked at him, but he wasn't smiling. "Just like that?" I asked. "Suppose there aren't any squirrels in the tree."

"If you stay there long enough, Jackson, and keep quiet enough, and keep looking at that tree," he said, "you'll see a squirrel."

"Yes, sir," I said.

Tamasota was a village just outside the camp reservation. It had seven or eight houses, a filling station, and a lot of pigs wandering about its one street. We drove through the village, and then past a lot of badly kept farms whose unpainted wooden shacks were their only buildings. Wistful cows were chewing the tough grass in the fields; they stared mildly at us as we passed by. At one side of the road a flock of turkey buzzards were picking at the carcass of a pig that must have been killed by a passing automobile, and they scattered and wheeled wildly about overhead when we passed.

When we had gone five or six miles, the Captain said, "Take that first lane to the left."

It was a narrow, sandy lane, full of bumps. I had to drive slowly.

"Have you done much hunting, sir?" I asked.

"I've hunted and fished the whole country, Jackson. A university man gets a lot of time off, you know."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I've hunted with some fine people," he said. "You can always trust a man who hunts."

We approached a small, square, unpainted house set in a clearing. "Pull up in front of that house," the Captain said, "and blow your horn."

I stopped the car and blew the horn, and a small boy came running from the house, waving. "That's Biscuit," Captain Peters said. He got out of the car and shook hands with the boy, who looked to be about ten years old.

"Biscuit, I want you to meet Private Jackson," the Captain said.

The boy nodded, looking me over appraisingly.

"Is your brother home?" the Captain asked him.

"He's inside."

"How about your father?"

"Don't know where he is," Biscuit said. His speech was soft and slurred and I figured that his family had come originally from south Georgia.

"Well, suppose you get Cracker and the guns, and we'll be on our way. Did you clean the guns?"

"They ain't so bad, sir," said Biscuit, and disappeared into the house.

HE came out of the house a little later, with his brother trailing him. Cracker looked almost like a twin except that he was smaller. They each carried two old guns.

Captain Peters took one of the guns and looked critically up the barrel. "You did a bad job on this, Biscuit. A gun's liable to blow up on you one of these days."

"Ain't happened yet," Biscuit said, shrugging. "Could you lend me a shell right now?"

"What for?"

"I can get a couple of those birds," he said, pointing at a nearby tree.

I looked at the tree and saw that a flock of blackbirds had settled in its upper branches. Captain Peters handed Biscuit a shell and he fitted it into the chamber of one of the guns. He lifted the piece to his shoulder and fired it. A bird thrashed through the branches and thumped to the ground, and a second later another bird landed beside it. "They'll make good eating," Biscuit said, and ran and got the birds.

"Well, let's get on our way," the Captain said, and each of us took one of the guns. We started along a sandy path through the thin woods, Biscuit and Cracker leading the way. It occurred to me that Cracker hadn't said a word yet, and I asked him if he had done much squirrel hunting. He nodded without smiling; he seemed to be a lot more serious than his older brother. As we walked, I began to feel anxious to see a squirrel. Sunlight came through the trees now and then, and ahead, through the woods, you could see a gleam where the rays shone on patches of swamp water. We stopped when we came to a fork in the path.

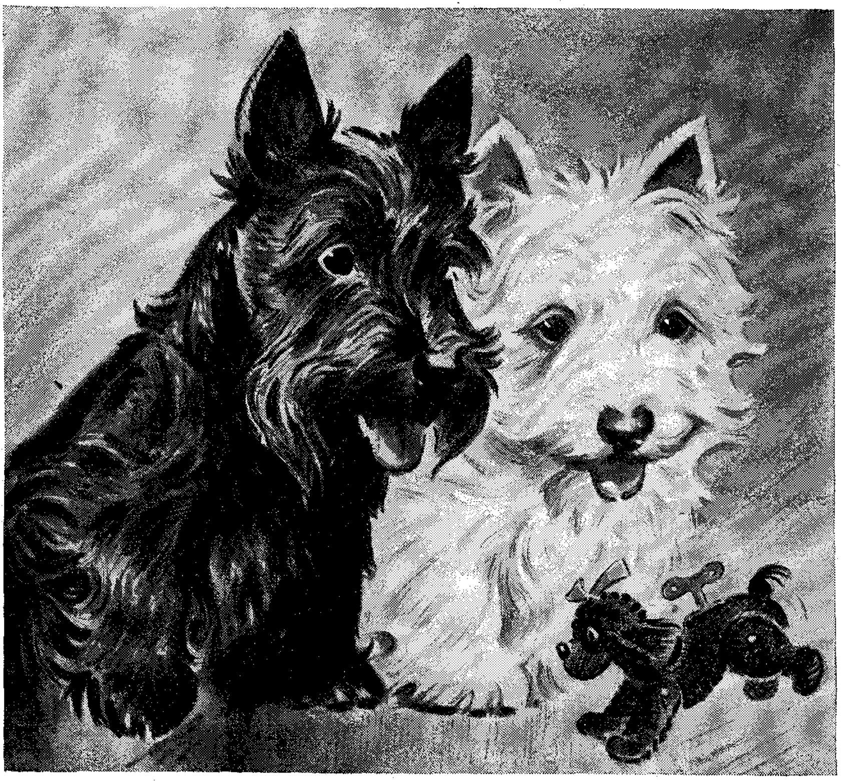
"Do you want to go with one of the boys," the Captain asked me, "or would you rather hunt with me?"

"I think I'd better stick with you, sir," I said. "I'm new at this."

"We'll meet back here in about an

What?

An Understudy?



Blackie: **"Look, Whitey, everyone wants to get into our act."**

Whitey: **"Oh, well, Blackie—that's been going on for years!"**

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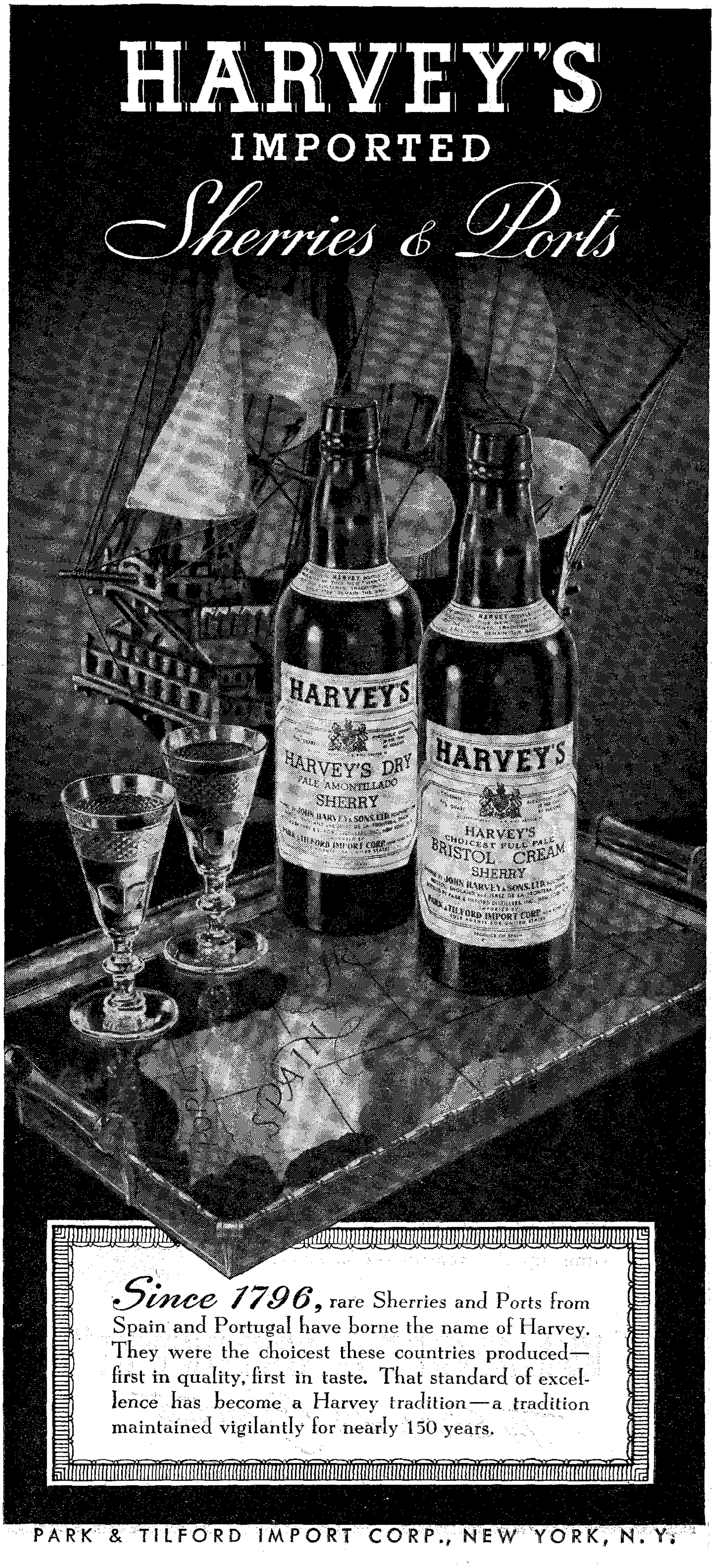

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hour and a half," the Captain said, and the boys nodded and went silently down one of the paths.

"Now, you've got to be quiet so you can hear them bark," the Captain said to me.

"Bark?"

"Squirrels bark," he said, nodding. "That's how you know they're around."

We were moving slowly through a thin growth of trees. He halted and put his fingers to his lips. I stopped and listened.

"Hear them bark?" he whispered.

I listened. "It sounds like a chatter to me, sir," I said.

"Squirrels bark," he said reprovingly. "It may sound like something else to some people, but when you're a hunter, squirrels bark."

We moved on again and stopped when we came to the edge of a swamp. Hulks of dead trees were rotting in soupy swamp water and Spanish moss hung down from the live trees. It was very quiet except for the noise of what sounded like a woodpecker drilling. I heard the faint chattering sound again and saw a pleased smile come over the Captain's face.

"Do you hear them?" he asked. "Do you hear them bark?"

I nodded. He pointed to a large oak tree fifty or sixty yards away. "See that tree?" he said softly, his face lighted up with a look of discovery.

"Yes, sir."

"There are squirrels in that tree, Jackson."

"How do you know, sir?" I whispered.

He motioned to me and I followed him as quietly as I could to within about twenty-five yards of the tree. "Do you see anything?" he whispered.

"No, sir," I whispered back. "Do you?"

"Not yet," he said, "but just keep looking up in that tree and you'll see a squirrel."

He handed me a couple of shells and I fitted one into the chamber of my gun and locked it. I kept looking up into the tree. I couldn't see anything but leaves and branches.

We stayed there for twenty minutes or so. Then the Captain suddenly stiffened and lifted his shotgun slowly to his shoulder. The sound of a shot crashed through the woods and then I heard something fall from the branches of the tree.

Captain Peters turned to me, looking very satisfied with himself. "The little devil poked his head out and I shot him," he said.

I felt envious. I wanted to shoot a squirrel, too. I had been looking at the same tree but hadn't seen a thing. We walked toward it, and after a moment of searching in the brush the Captain stooped down and picked up the squirrel, holding the little, drooping thing by its tail. "He'll make good eating for the folks," he said.

"What folks?"

"Biscuit and Cracker and their dad. They fry them."

I took the limp squirrel in my hand. It was warm and soft and I almost expected it to squirm, but you could see that the shot had gone straight through its head and come out on the other side. Blood was oozing out darkly. I gave the squirrel back to Captain Peters and he stuck it in his pocket.

Far off I heard the sound of another shot. Captain Peters nodded his head. "One of them's got himself a squirrel," he said. "Jackson, the woods are full of squirrels today." He pointed at another tree. "There's a nice tree. Bound to be squirrels in that one. You take it, Jackson."

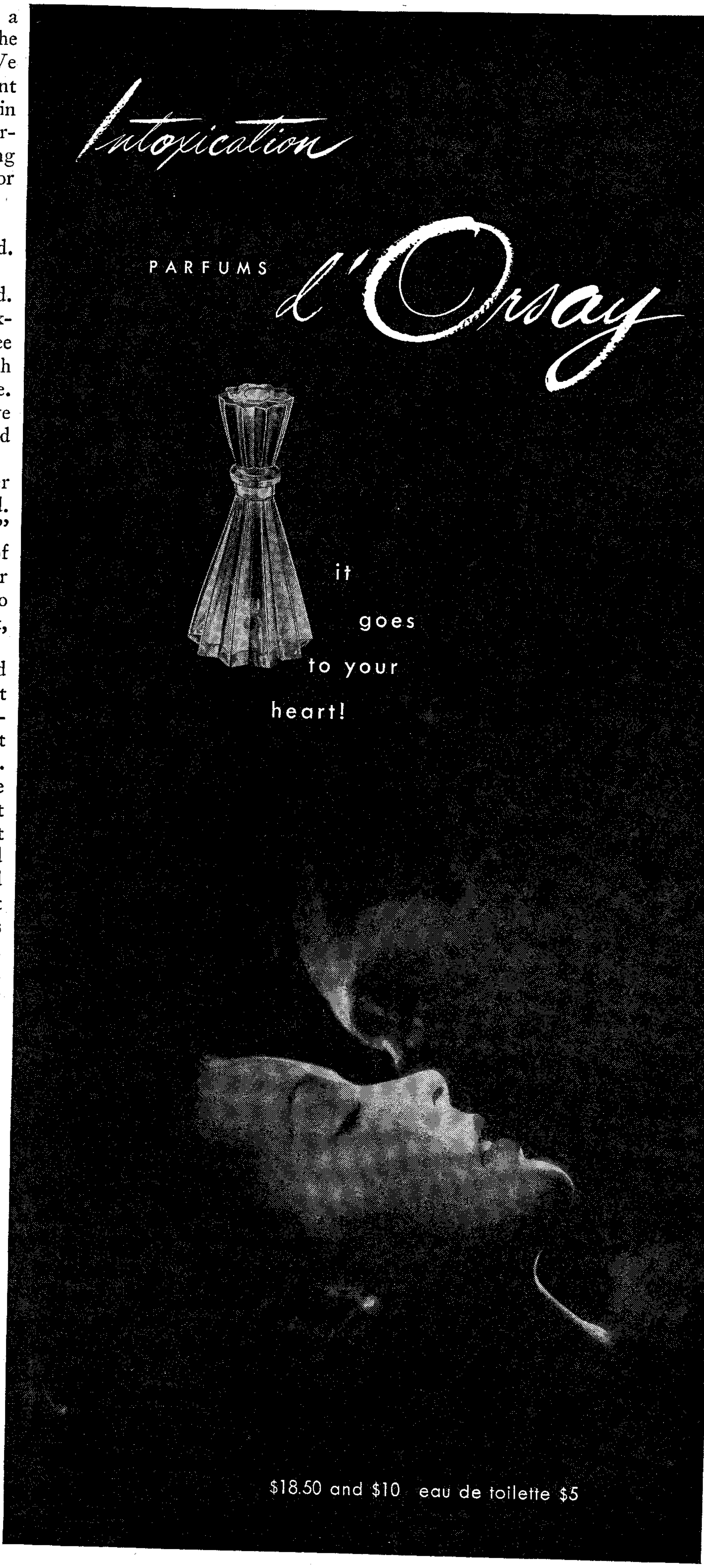
I nodded and moved quietly toward the tree. When I thought I had got close enough, I squatted down and began staring at the branches, but not before I took a look at Captain Peters. He was standing near another large tree fifty yards or so away, looking at it expectantly. I stared and stared at my tree until my eyes got heavy and tired. I looked down at the ground and then up at the tree again. I couldn't see anything but leaves and branches and the sky showing through them. Then I took off my glasses and cleaned them. (I hated the thick lenses; they had kept me from going overseas.) I shifted my feet so they wouldn't get numb, and kept looking at the tree. And all at once, just as Captain Peters had promised, I saw a squirrel. He was motionless, far out on a high limb. I was excited, but I tried to be calm as I raised the gun and sighted at the squirrel. When I pulled the trigger, the stock jolted against my shoulder and my eardrums rang for a moment from the sound of the discharge. I saw the squirrel whisk back along the branch and disappear.

"Did you get him?" Captain Peters called.

"No," I said. "He was in plain sight and I missed him."

"That's too bad," he said. "Just keep looking at a tree and you'll see another."

Far off another shot rang out. Biscuit or Cracker again. I felt bad; it seemed



that the most important thing in the world was to see a squirrel and shoot it.

I picked another tree. I stared patiently at it for what seemed to me a full half hour. I didn't see anything. Then I heard a rustling sound in some bushes nearby. I cocked my gun and stared at the bushes. I motioned to Captain Peters, and he nodded to show he'd heard the sound too, but he quickly looked back at his tree.

The rustling sound came nearer and I began to get excited again. I still couldn't see what was causing it, but I was sure it was a squirrel. The sound got so near that it couldn't have been more than ten feet from me. I held my breath.

Then, almost at my feet, a small, scarlet bird hopped out of the bushes and looked around. It hopped along the ground past me, suddenly took alarm at something, and flew away over the swamp and out of sight.

"It was just a bird!" I called to Captain Peters.

He put his fingers to his lips. I watched him slowly raise his gun and take aim. He fired, and again I heard the crashing sound through the leaves and branches. The Captain went into the brush under the tree and came out with another squirrel.

A KIND of chill mist seemed to settle over the woods. I could smell the brackish swamp. I noticed that the sun was gone and that twilight was coming on. I kept on staring at a tree, feeling cramped and cold. And suddenly, though I wasn't sure, I thought I saw a squirrel high up in the branches.

"I think I see a squirrel," I said to Captain Peters. He was standing near me, the two side pockets of his field jacket bulging with the dead squirrels.

"Shoot at it," he said.

"I'm not sure."

"Shoot at it, anyway."

I fired, and waited for the sound of a falling squirrel, but after the shot everything was quiet. I still could make out the outline of a squirrel. "It's still there," I said.

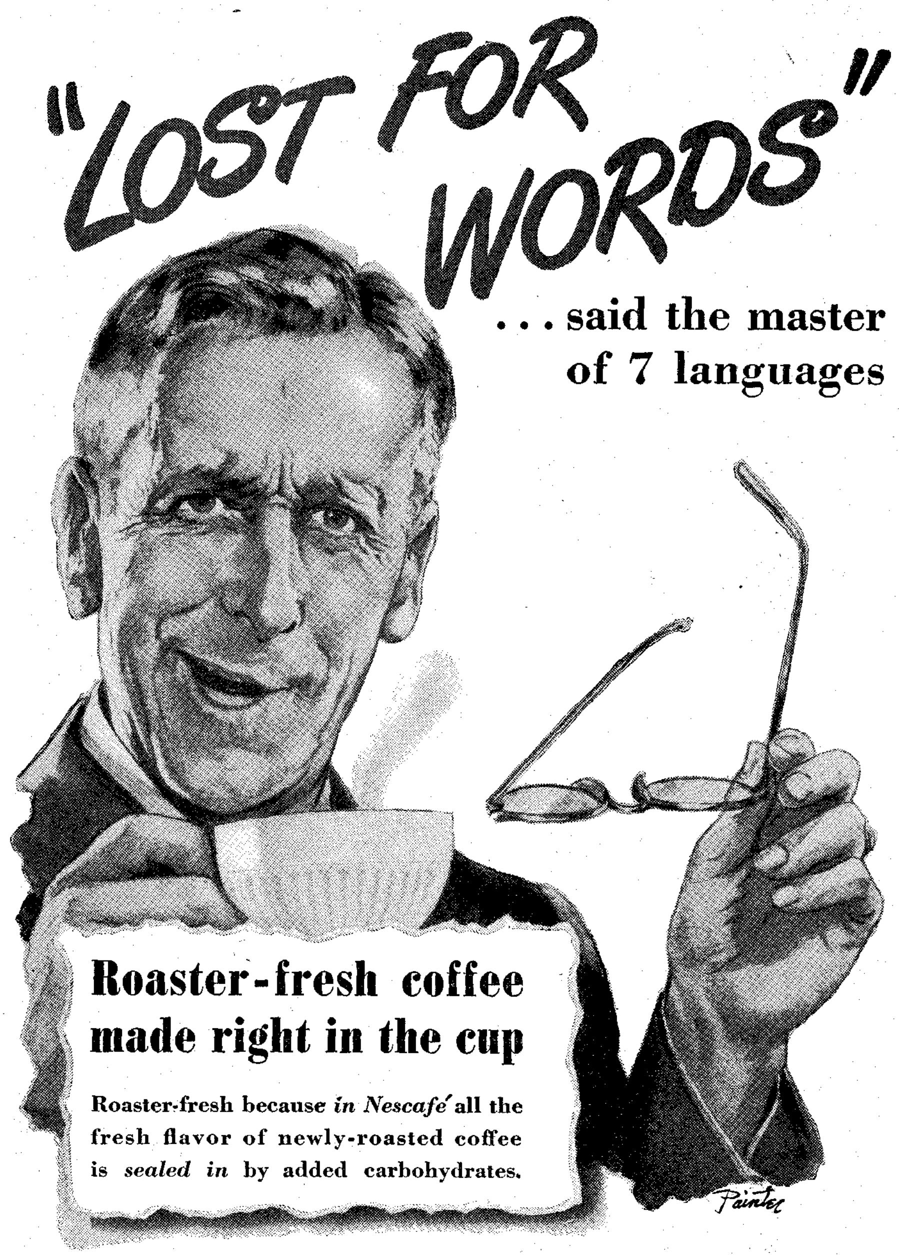
He handed me another shell. "Shoot at it again," he said.

"Do you see it?" I asked.

"No," he said, "but shoot at it if you see it."

I fired again. But I could see now that I had fired at just a patch of leaves. "It wasn't a squirrel," I said.

Captain Peters didn't say anything, but I knew he was disappointed in me.



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Then he unloaded his gun and said, "We'd better start back."

We walked through the woods until we came to the fork in the path. Biscuit and Cracker were there waiting for us. Each of them had a squirrel. Captain Peters gave them the two he had and they crammed them into the pockets of their jeans.

"They'll make nice frying," Captain Peters said, and the boys nodded. Neither of them said anything to me. But Biscuit talked to Captain Peters, telling him where they'd been and where they'd shot their squirrels, and the Captain told him how he'd got his.

When we reached the house, we handed the boys the guns and Captain Peters gave each of them a dollar. "Tell your dad I said hello," he said to them. We said goodbye, got in the car, and drove down the lane.

"I really thought I saw a squirrel that last time," I said to him.

"It's all right," he said. "You'll get yourself a squirrel next time. The trees here are full of them."

I nodded, but I had the feeling he wasn't going to take me squirrel hunting with him any more. I kept on remembering over and over again the time I had actually seen a squirrel and missed it. I had seen it plain as day, and I should have hit it. I would have had a lot more to talk about with the Captain on the way back if I hadn't missed that squirrel. —Hollis Alpert

•

If you are in a hurry to get to the theatre we have a $1.50 six course overture dinner served in ten minutes at the Fox and Hounds Club, 448 Beacon Street, Boston.—*Adv. in the Boston Record.*

Including a minute steak and a dropped egg?

•

Genuine sheepskin lined boy's leather jacket, also boy's overcoat, both 12-14; original unexpurgated edition "Lady Chatterly's Lover;" also small flock pigeons. RI 6-5563M.—*Adv. in the Ridgewood (N.J.) Sunday News.*

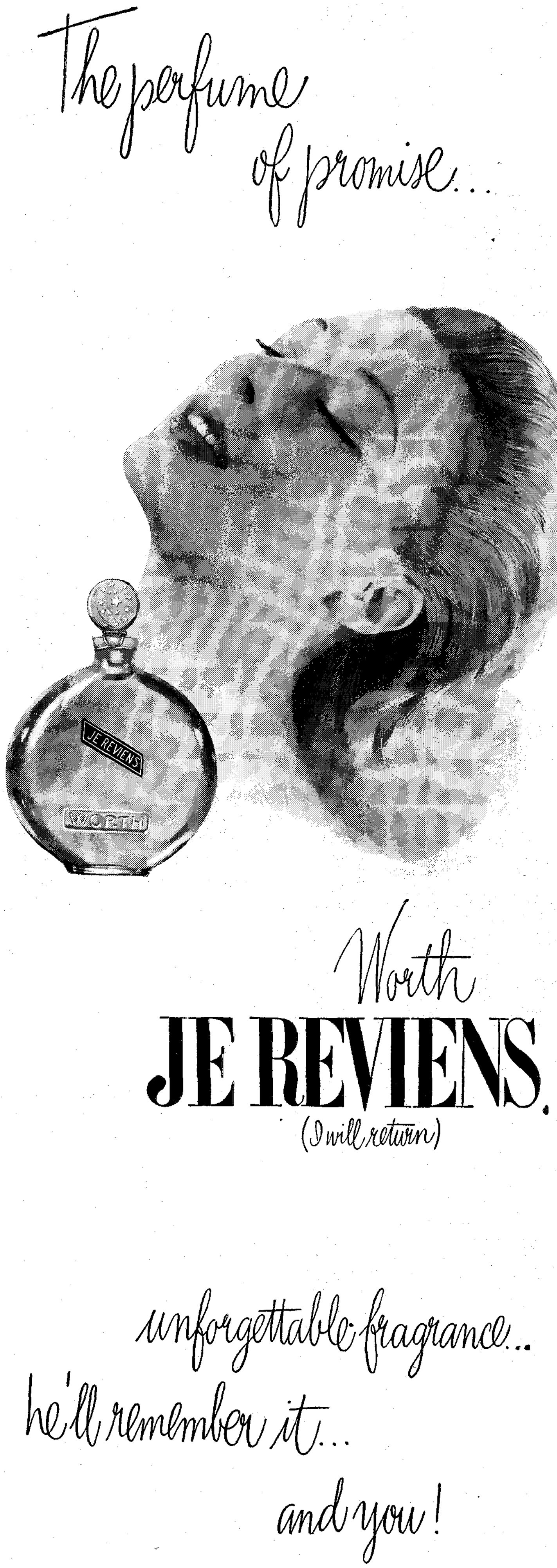
Chance for some youngster who wants to make a fresh start.

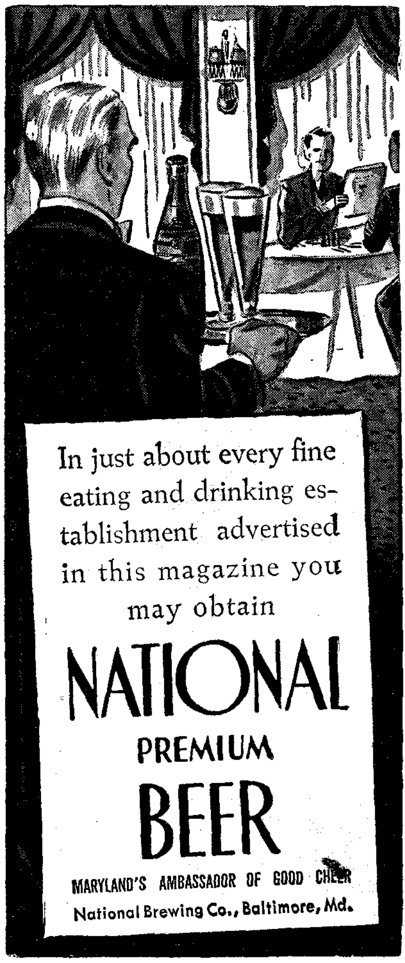
•

LIFE BEGINS AT FOUR

[*From the Brockton (Mass.) Daily Enterprise-Times*]

Young Sara Jane Archibald and Mary Nell Archibald, daughters of Rev. and Mrs. Bryan F. Archibald, 38 Oakdale street, who were ill with both scarlet fever and chicken pox, have recovered. Sara Jane has resumed her studies at kindergarten.





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MUSICAL EVENTS

Revival in English

THE Rimski-Korsakov opera which was formerly produced at the Metropolitan in French as "Le Coq d'Or" returned last week in English as "The Golden Cockerel." The music was about the same, except for the interpolation of a large stretch of the composer's "Scheherazade" for ballet purposes, and the scenery seemed familiar, but the English text by Tatiana Balkoff Drowne was something new, and so, with one exception, was the cast. The conductor, Emil Cooper, was also a newcomer to Metropolitan performances of this opera, but he and the work are old friends, since he directed its Moscow première some thirty years ago.

Mrs. Drowne's adaptation of the Russian original jingled along pleasantly and her libretto didn't seem to make any unusual difficulties for the participants. She produced several blithe, idiomatic passages, among them the already widely quoted couplet "That old fellow's got some push! Doesn't beat about the bush!" and "It would really be a pity if our Czar were on the spot." Maybe there should have been less of this sort of thing, or maybe there should have been more. As it was, there was just enough of it to be distracting. Some of the lines lost their impact because the stress fell on unimportant words like "to" and "for," thus negativing the accentuation. It is, of course, a thankless job to beat Russian verses into English.

Musically, the honors went mostly to Mr. Cooper, who conducted ably and caught the fanciful moods of the orchestral score. There was nothing especially notable about the singing and the production was too gentle and static, both vocally and dramatically. Things were not helped, either, by the stuffing of the short third act with a ballet which turned the singers as well as the audience into spectators of an irrelevant dance exhibit. It was just a nice, quiet evening, livened up a trifle by traces of light comedy. Let's hope the show will have more pace, pep, and punch the next time it comes around.

VISITORS last week at the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the present incumbent of the City Center, found considerable entertainment in "Frankie and Johnny," which was described in the program as "an American dance-melodrama." The choreography was done by Ruth Page and Bentley Stone, and Jerome Moross wrote the music. Miss Page and Mr. Stone were present to perform the title rôles, and Mr. Moross provided the conducting of his own score.

"Frankie and Johnny," which was originally presented in Chicago under W.P.A. auspices, is a mimed edition of the celebrated song about the couple who were lovers. Many of the traditional elements of the song are in the production—the fatal Nelly Bly, the bartender, the large glass of beer (many large glasses of beer, in fact), the root-a-toot-toot shooting of Johnny, the funeral, and other matters that close-harmony parties have sung about for years. It was all done smartly if somewhat in the cartoon style, and the orchestra fulfilled its responsibilities enthusiastically, as did a trio of young ladies who trolled snatches of the original ballad. Mr. Moross, one of our most accomplished young composers, turned in a bright, inventive, and resilient kind of ballet music, but I would have liked to hear the old tune itself exploited a little more in his composition.

Here's a curiosity from the program of the City Center. The members of the cast of "The Swan Lake," which preceded "Frankie and Johnny," were listed as "M." or "Mlle.," but in "Frankie and Johnny" they were all "Mr." or "Miss."

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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And
The Christians' God is Father of the universe.
But
The Hindus anthropomorphize the eternal energy as Mother—the immanence of the universe in the Divine Energy

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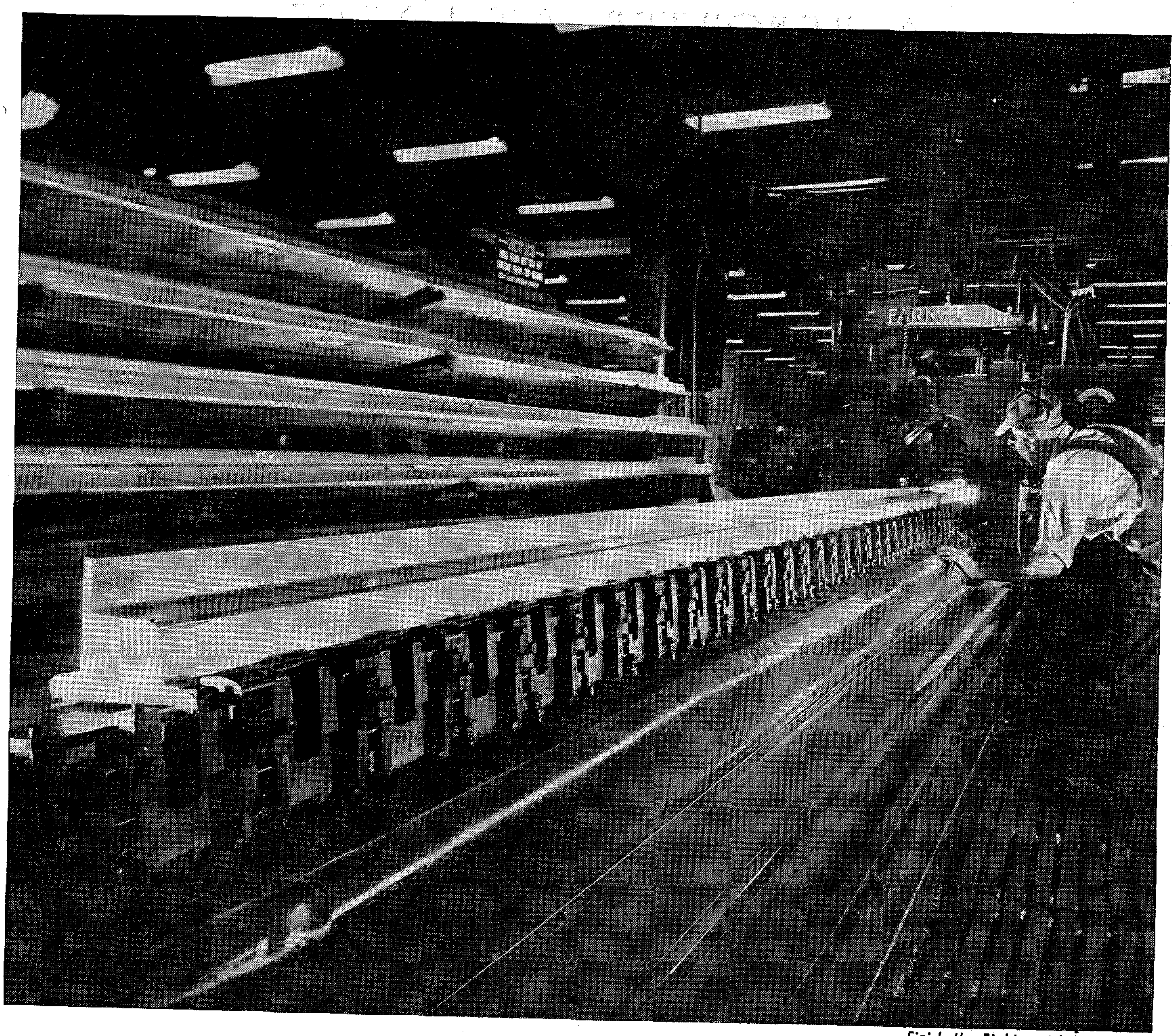

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Engineers of the Boeing Aerodynamics Unit developed the wing and proved the remarkable qualities of its airfoil in wind tunnel tests. Building the necessary tremendous strength into the wing structure was the next step, and heavy chords were designed for the main spars. Weighing 255 pounds when machined, this chord of aluminum alloy, pictured above, is the largest extruded part ever used in a production airplane.

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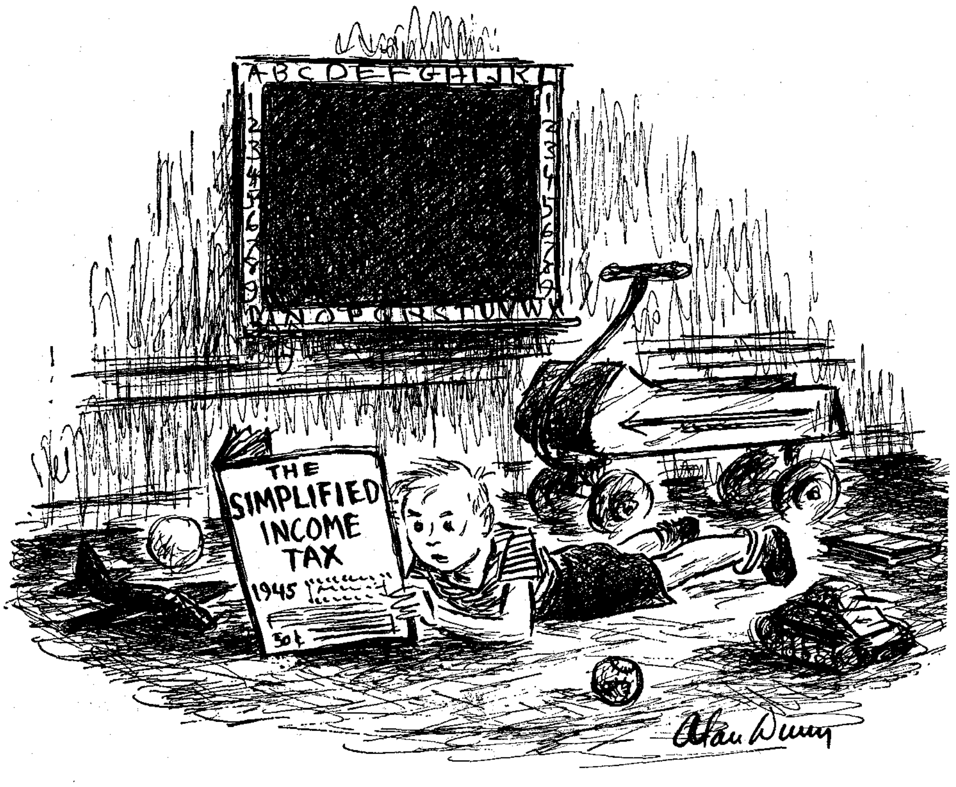
A REPORTER AT LARGE

ALL THE COMFORTS OF A JUNGLE

IT isn't always easy to stay alive in a Pacific jungle, especially if there are Japs around. Nevertheless, two hundred thousand American soldiers, many of them now fighting in the Philippines, have been taught to do precisely that at the Army's Unit Jungle Training Center, which occupies two vegetation-choked valleys on the east coast of the island of Oahu, in Hawaii. During the period of instruction, which lasts one extremely busy week, the students are taught to imitate a tree frog, ride down a swift stream on a bamboo pole, disconcert snipers by patrolling in small groups instead of singly, and shoot a machine gun from the hip. The Center considers this last trick, a flamboyant tactic once used only in Hollywood, just the thing to use against a determined enemy in opaque surroundings. "The Jap is like a snake in the jungle," says Colonel William C. Saffarrans, the Center's commandant, "and we've got to be snake killers." The Colonel's theory has a number of notable supporters, including President Roosevelt and General Marshall, both of whom have inspected the school. The Chief of Staff visited it in December, 1943, shortly after it opened, and then issued an order that every soldier headed for a combat area in the Pacific should take the course. According to Colonel Saffarrans, this was a sound decision. Recently, when he was visiting a forward base hospital, dozens of patients called his name. When he stopped to talk to them, each one of them said something like "Colonel, I may be wounded, but I'm not dead, and that's because of what they taught me at the Jungle Training Center." They mentioned various specific tricks they had learned. For instance, the men are taught how to keep their matches dry by making emergency waterproof folders out of banana leaves which they have made impermeable by the application of heat; dry matches can light smudge fires to guide rescue parties. Again, they are taught that litters can be made buoyant enough to float by putting a lot of coconuts under them, and such litters have made possible the evacuation of many stretcher cases.

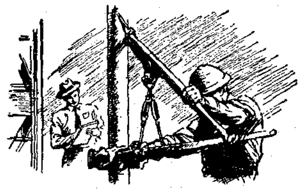
When Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Army Commander of the Central Pacific Area, decided to start the Center, he sent for Colonel Saffarrans, then head of the first school for Rangers, at Camp Forrest, Tennessee. Colonel Saffarrans is a burly, amiable man just past forty, with the powerful, squat build of a professional wrestler and the oratorical powers of a successful life-insurance salesman. He speaks with a slight Southern drawl that contrasts rather oddly with his wide, forceful face, the sort of face many of the Russian generals have. The resemblance is accidental; his name is French and his forebears have been American for five or six generations. He is an expert rough-and-tumble fighter and he once held the intercollegiate rifle championship. Most important of all, he has the ability to impress large bodies of troops with the blunt fact that there is a direct relation between their chances of survival and their ability to absorb his teachings.

NOTHING Saffarrans teaches his students is more valuable than what he calls the buddy system. This is a technique of patrolling the front in small groups, and it was adopted from the British, who used it effectively in Burma early in the war. The men are taught to proceed through the jungle in a triangle, the leader walking ahead, his comrades walking on his right and left at distances of three to ten paces behind him. Almost soundless progress is merely a matter of practice. Each member of the group looks in a different direction as he walks, so all points of the compass are under observation and any untoward motion is instantly detected. Thus the men's weapons can immediately cover any spot the enemy may be lurking in. Colonel Saffarrans advocates having each group carry a submachine gun or a Browning automatic weapon, with which to spray any vegetation that moves. The men are told that wherever the jungle thins out they should keep further apart to lessen their chances of being seen. When they come to a clearing, one soldier at a time dashes across it under the cover of his concealed mates' weapons. Men get a numbing sense of isolation and terror in the jungle if they are alone; grouping them prevents this. Also, a large patrol can quickly be formed from any number of the smaller groups. The large patrol operates on the same principle. Signals between men are given with the hands when possible, and otherwise by noises counterfeiting the calls of birds and animals. At night, the distances between the men in a group are reduced so that the soldiers are almost touching one another, and all signals are given by sound. A platoon of Center-trained troops proceeding through a jungle after dark could easily be mistaken by the enemy for a chorus of tree frogs or a squadron of flying foxes. They don't even wear their helmets, because helmets make a metallic noise when scraped by vines or branches. This elastic and mobile system, Colonel Saffarrans believes, provides a maximum of support and protection to each man. "It's the answer to the demand for a basic for-

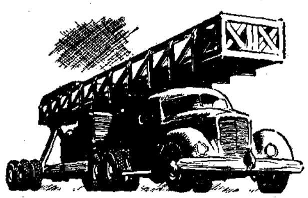


Norm Tessner, 403 E. Center St., Anaheim, Calif.

Norm Tessner has a $35,000 kit of tools

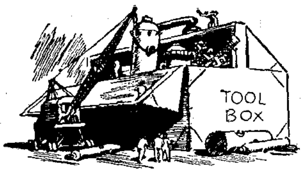


1 Norm Tessner is a Union Oil well puller. Like any other skilled workman, Norm has to have tools. The principal "tool" in his case is a portable rig which pulls the tubing and the pump out of the wells. Without that rig Norm simply couldn't practice his trade.



2 So in order to use his skill, Union first had to provide him with a portable derrick and machine that cost $35,000. At first glance this may seem like a lot of money. But it takes even more than that to provide working equipment *for each employee in the Union Oil Company.*

3 Of course, it only takes a $90 typewriter to provide the working equipment for a stenographer. But on the other hand, it takes a $4,000,000 refining unit to make jobs for just 25 stillmen. And if the company is going to function as a unit, one phase of the work is just as necessary as the other.



4 So the Union Oil stockholders have actually invested $39,504 (in refineries, ships, tools, rigs, oil lands, etc.) for *every one* of the 7,869 employees in the company. This figure shows how drastically the machine age has altered American life.

5 75 years ago almost any man could buy what simple tools he needed himself. Today, in many industries tools cost so much the *individual* simply cannot finance them. The answer is *multiple ownership*—pooling the money of a lot of people. (In Union's case, 31,375 stockholders have helped finance our equipment.)

6 Of course, some countries form these pools by *government ownership.* But in America we form them under legal agreements known as *corporations.* For that way, we can preserve the *freedom* of the individual, the *efficiency* of a free economy and that all-important human incentive—*competition.*

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mation in this jungle war," he says. "By using it, our boys on Guam advanced fifteen hundred yards up a heavily wooded valley one afternoon and killed three hundred and eighty-one Japs at the cost of one dead and two wounded Americans. Now, that is a very remarkable record, I maintain. Furthermore, the system has Japanese snipers buffaloed—for the moment, at any rate. When they see a man alone, they invariably shoot, but when they see a buddy group, they seem to be bewildered and they hold their fire."

The Colonel teaches his pupils his own method of hip firing. This kind of firing is extremely effective in the obscure depths of the jungle. "Hip firing is not intended to replace the sighted shot," he says. "But jungle operations are characterized by limited observation and by decreased range and decreased coördination of aimed fire. The Jap is exceptionally skillful at hiding himself and waiting for hours to use his weapon. Frequently he lets our men approach to within ten yards of his place of concealment before making a move to shoot, and then his motion may be so sudden that raising the rifle to the shoulder and firing a shot in the conventional manner will give the Jap the drop. Therefore, we recommend hip firing to get off a bullet when speed is essential." Each student learns to handle the carbine, the rifle, the Browning automatic rifle, the submachine gun, and light and heavy machine guns in this manner. When a target presents itself, the soldier faces it, drops halfway into a squat with his feet about fifteen inches apart. At the same time, he straightens his left arm, with which he clasps the barrel of his weapon, and puts the butt of the gun against his right thigh, with his right hand at the trigger. So held, the gun rests on a firm base and can be aimed with considerable accuracy. To change targets, the soldier remains in the squatting position and turns left or right by hopping. It has been proved by graduates of this jungle finishing school that a quick hopper can dispose of a number of scattered Japs in a few seconds with single shots or bursts of fire, depending on the sort of weapon he carries. On Munda, a lieutenant and his two flanking Browning-automatic riflemen, on a reconnaissance patrol, were ambushed by thirteen Japs. Six were killed by the hip-firing right rifleman, seven by the left, and the patrol went on about its business.

Colonel Saffarrans has thought up a variant of the machine-gun hip-firing technique to use with tracer ammunition against low-flying aircraft. The gunner takes a position on a beach or in a clearing, holding his weapon as he would for ordinary hip firing except that the left leg is placed slightly in advance of the right. He follows the plane by bending his knees. Students practice by shooting at toy balloons released a couple of hundred yards from their guns. Altogether, hip shooting has already established an amazing record. On one jungle island where hundreds of Japs were killed, seventy-five per cent of them were knocked off by the Saffarrans method, the rudiments of which, incidentally, the Colonel worked out while shooting quail some years ago in the South.

NOT all the Center's ideas were borrowed from our allies or developed by Saffarrans. One Japanese concept has been adopted quite unashamedly. It is that water in the jungle is a highway, not an obstacle. The students are given several tips on how to cross streams silently by using what stuff is at hand. All are quite simple. For example, a man will float on an empty five-gallon water can or if he holds a coconut under each arm, and a nine-foot bamboo pole three inches thick can be ridden, like a hobby horse, down a current if the top part is held out of the water and the bottom is clasped between the knees. Clothing and equipment can be floated dry across a river inside upturned helmets. A small raft for paraphernalia can be made of two helmets and two shelter halves and be towed by a swimming soldier. Raft-making on a larger scale is also taught. The men learn not to use logs, which are tempting but too heavy, but to stuff tarpaulins with cane and fagots; three tarpaulins will buoy up a small artillery piece. In New Guinea, graduates of the Center frequently surprised the enemy by using these elementary stunts.

Students at the Center are taught how to move a casualty through the jungle, over hills, down the face of cliffs, and across streams, and it is im-pressed on them that it may take twelve hours to cut half a mile, say, through thick vegetation and that if that half mile can be saved by a short cut it may save a life. A rope made of *hau*, a common jungle plant which is easily plaited, may be used in combination with a built-on-the-spot log winch to raise or lower a man up or down a precipice. In certain circumstances it may be better to make a half-length, "reclining" litter of *lauhala* strips. This type makes it easier to negotiate turns on narrow jungle trails and the saving in time more than makes up for the discomfort of the semi-upright position in which the casualty rides. All the evacuation tricks have been worked out so that the few men in a buddy group can do them, and all the necessary materials can be found in the jungle. The school also teaches how to prepare an injured man for the trip out of the jungle. "We take care of wounds even as serious as a broken back, where the wrong move would mean permanent paralysis at the very least," the Colonel says. "To handle a broken back, we cut a frond off a palm tree and use the stoutest part of the stem to make a splint somewhat longer than the victim's spine. This is secured to his back by a system of vine bandages and wooden braces so that any twisting of his spinal cord is impossible. He is then ready to load onto a litter. But casualties with broken backs have walked to dressing stations by themselves with no ill effects after application of this splint."

THE Center covers ten square miles in the Kahana and Punaluu valleys, in the steep Koolau mountain range, about thirty miles northeast of Honolulu. It is wild, rugged, rainy country, covered with a thick growth of pandanus, sea hibiscus, and other subtropical vegetation. In addition to the instruction in patrolling, hip firing, stream-crossing, and evacuation, there are classes in hand-to-hand combat, penetration of barbed-wire entanglements, demolitions, bayonet technique, assaulting Japanese fortified positions, and how to live in a jungle. The full curriculum requires only fifty-three hours, seven of them at night, and forty-five hundred men can be handled at a time. This means that a whole infantry division can be given the finishing training in four weeks. During training, the students live in tents, wear green fatigue uniforms, and carry the regular equipment of jungle-fighting infantrymen. All the Pacific men, no matter what their branch of service, are put through the course. This policy was vindicated

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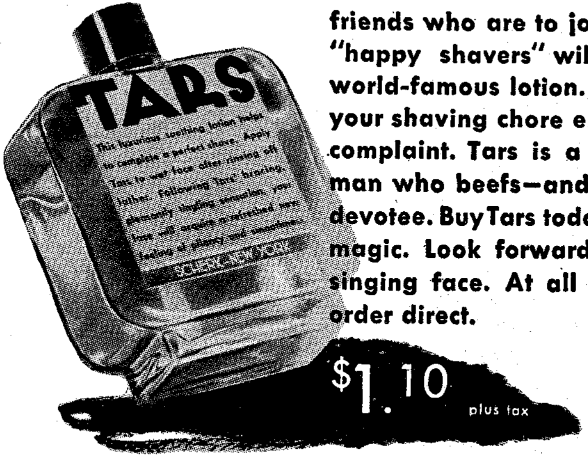

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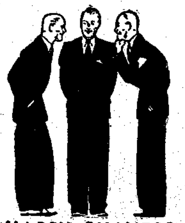

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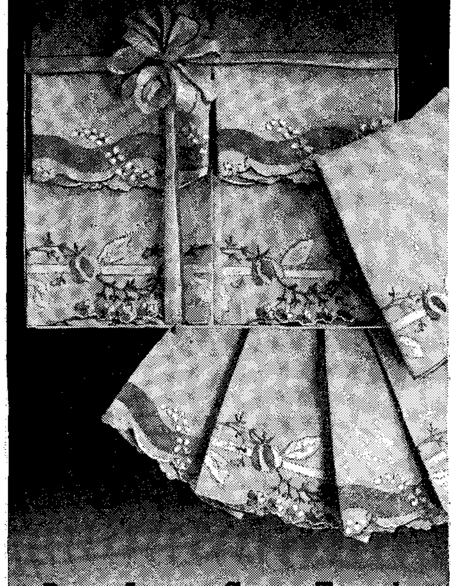

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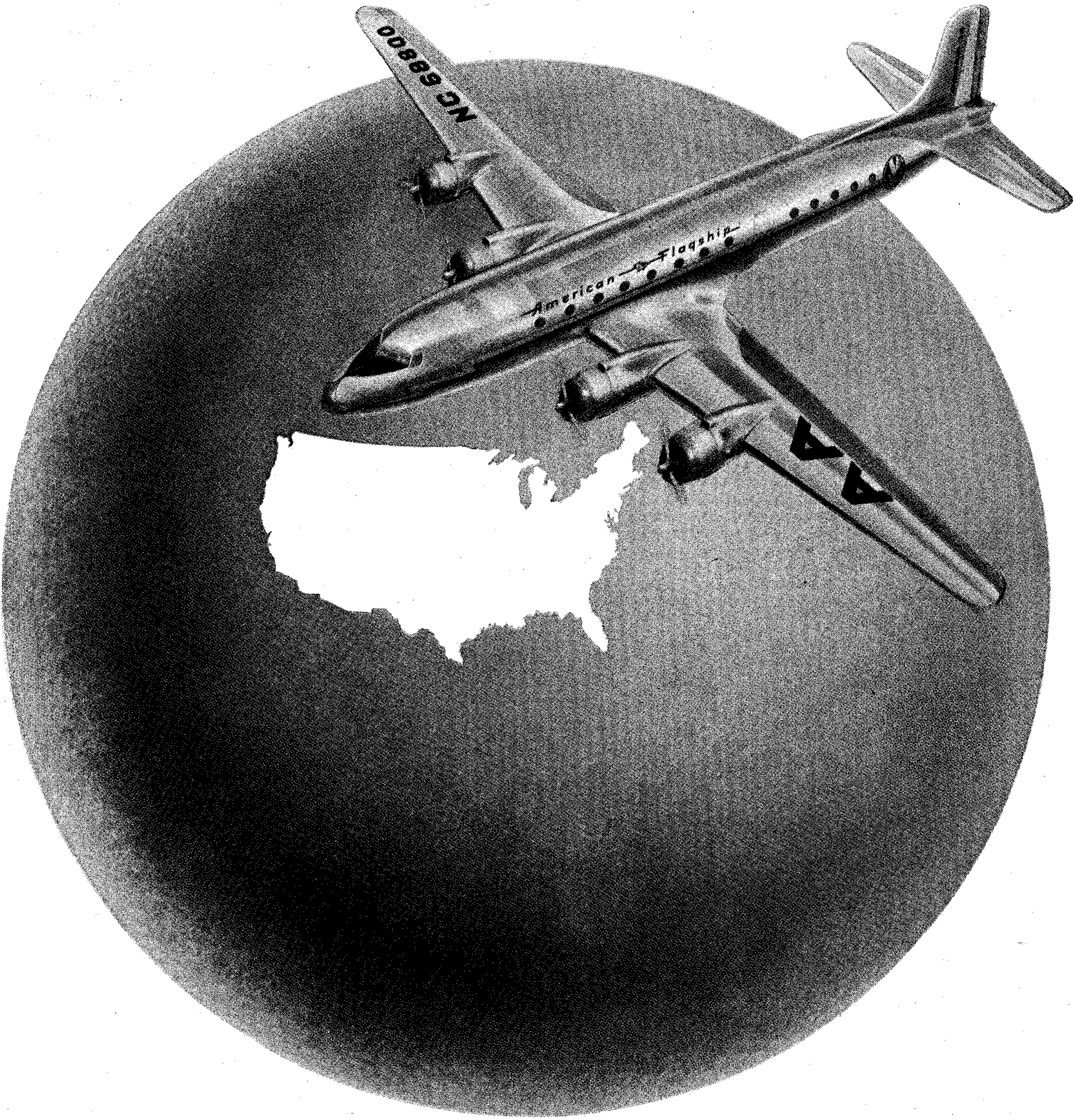
in a convincing way last July during the great banzai charge at Saipan, when between three and five thousand Japs overran the positions of a Twenty-seventh Division regiment and got all the way to regimental headquarters. Technicians and clerks trained at the Center grabbed rifles from the foe in hand-to-hand combat and killed scores of Japs with their own weapons. "In warfare in this theatre, even the cooks may become first-line troops," Colonel Saffarrans says.

Colonel Saffarrans runs the school with a staff of twenty officers and two hundred enlisted men. The curriculum is constantly amended as reports and new ideas come in from the fighting fronts. On Guam, we learned the value of using phosphorus bombs to locate the exits of fortified caves; a bomb is tossed into any visible opening (usually a gun emplacement) and white smoke comes out wherever there is an exit. Within a fortnight the technique was being taught at the Center. When front-line experience proved the advantage of assigning two flame throwers, rather than one, to each pillbox mop-up squad, the innovation was copied by the Center in a matter of days. Since the curriculum involves realistic rehearsals with live ammunition, it is admittedly dangerous. While classes are being held, ambulances stand in readiness at various points in the valleys. Only six fatalities, however, have occurred at the school, and the accident rate is one per three hundred men a week, which is less than the overall percentage in Army training. Colonel Saffarrans attributes this to the students' very serious approach to their tasks. "The sick, lame, and lazy have been weeded out by the time they get here," he says. "The boys have had a boat trip and they know that after their next move they'll be playing with the blue chips. They're careful, and they learn fast."

Some of the courses at the Center contain hints that are useful in fighting a Jap anywhere, jungle or not. As to hand-to-hand fighting, for instance, Colonel Saffarrans' theory is simple. "I teach our men to charge and keep charging," he says. "I prefer this to judo, which is strictly defensive. By and large, we are taller and stronger than the enemy. If we just keep pushing in, fighting in standard back-alley fashion, we can overpower him. I know I'm right. On Eniwetok, in the Marshalls, the 106th Infantry met a charge that developed into a hand-to-hand melee. The 106th killed dozens of Japs hand-to-hand with the loss of only one man. Push, drive, gouge, kick, never let up. That's my idea of hand-to-hand against the Japanese." Following the same principle in bayonet action, the Colonel urges troops to keep up a constant forward motion and to use only two strokes, a jab to the torso with the blade alternating with a blow to chin or groin with the gun butt. "This drive, drive, drive, always pushing ahead, will overcome any tricks the enemy has up his sleeve," he says. "In any combat involving personal contact with smaller opponents, the only sensible principle is to take advantage of superior weight and power, and that's what we teach our men at the Center."

There is a class on demolitions. The soldiers are taught how to attach fuses to, and detonate, dynamite and TNT safely and without fear. This is an important asset in combat, the Colonel is convinced. "We want our boys to make friends with high explosives," he says. "It's absolutely necessary. Does it make sense to suffer casualty-producing fire from an enemy hedgehog while waiting for engineers, who are seldom free at the time you want them anyhow, when any soldier can wreck the pillbox with materials commonly available anywhere at the front?" At Kwajalein our infantry knocked out Japanese concrete fortifications by hurling in bundles of TNT taped around grenades. Students at the Center are shown how to improvise a handy emergency grenade of their own by attaching a fuse to a half-pound container of TNT and then taping around it, for shrapnel, a few dozen nails or, if no nails are available, empty cartridge cases, pieces of rock, or beer-bottle fragments. Another time-and-life saver the Colonel has devised, for the penetration of barbed-wire entanglements, is a bamboo bangalore torpedo. He tells the men it is as effective as the standard iron bangalore and that in a jungle you are more likely to find bamboo than an iron pipe.

One idea taught at the Center is that the Japanese soldier is no more mysterious than any other fighter. He doesn't, as some troops have heard, sneak up to our foxholes, drop a few tantalizing handfuls of dirt and stones on the occupants, and then slip quietly away. He



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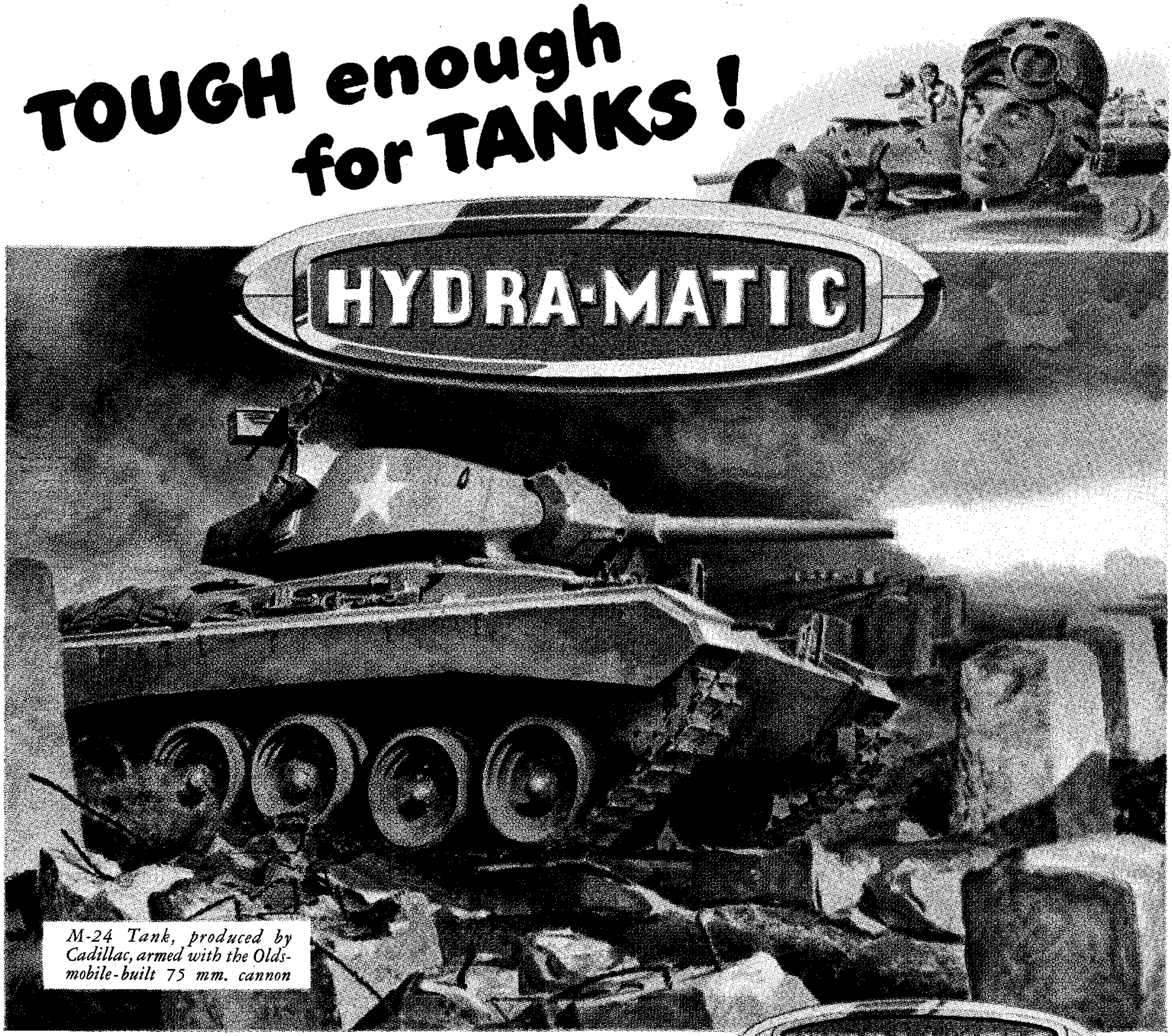

M-24 Tank, produced by Cadillac, armed with the Oldsmobile-built 75 mm. cannon

No wonder HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE is standing up so well in millions of miles of wartime driving on the home front

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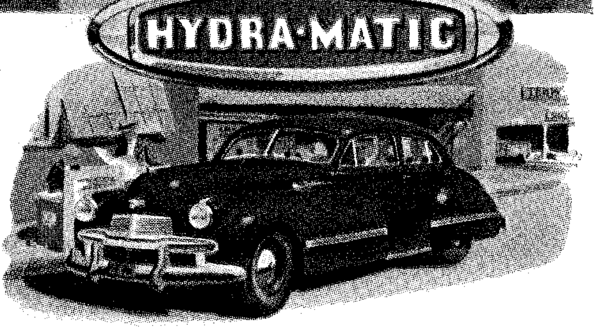
It's no surprise, then, that Hydra-Matic's wartime record on the home front is equally noteworthy. Thousands of Hydra-Matic Oldsmobiles are doing duty on the streets and highways of America today . . . relieving their drivers of all clutch-pushing and gear-shifting . . . saving countless gallons of gasoline . . . providing *dependable* transportation to keep war-busy Americans constantly on the job.



DEVELOPED, PROVED AND INTRODUCED BY OLDSMOBILE

After years of thorough-going experimentation by Oldsmobile engineers, Hydra-Matic Drive was introduced to the public in the fall of 1939. Since then, nearly 200,000 Oldsmobile owners have driven hundreds of *millions* of "no clutch—no shift" miles . . . with "no gears to shift," "no clutch to press."

BUY BONDS . . . TO KEEP 'EM FIRING!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

doesn't, as rumored, fight in woman's clothes—a rumor that seems to have gained currency as the consequence of the capture of Jap sleeping kimonos. Neither has he, so far, employed poison gas against us; certain stories that he has can be traced to the fact that he uses smoke candles for screens and signalling in the jungle, which is already, naturally, full of many odors unidentifiable to the American nose. There is little foundation, either, for the belief that will-o'-the-wisps or ghosts take up positions back of the Japanese lines at night. The wavering lights our troops have seen there are more probably the fitful luminosity of rotting wood or the irregular glow of a peculiar flashlight which the Japanese soldier carries and which, from a distance, seems to flicker like a firefly. The Jap doesn't madden himself with dope before combat; the small metal bowl of his pipe holds merely tobacco. Furthermore, practically no Jap is a good enough linguist to give orders in English, despite all the tales to the contrary. He is, however, addicted to the practice of yelling out American first names, and our patrols are cautioned to call one another only by code designations.

Although the Jap is no more inscrutable than the American, he is perhaps a bit trickier. For this reason, Colonel Saffarrans advocates never trusting a fallen foe—make sure that he is covered with a gun or a bayonet. The Jap is perhaps the world's greatest expert at jungle camouflage. He has been known to crowd as many as ten snipers, all moderately well concealed, into one tree. Any vegetation that moves should therefore be sprayed with automatic weapons. Dummies are frequently dropped from trees by Jap snipers who think that their hiding place has been discovered, and American soldiers are told to expect this. Adequate prudence, however, and adequate fire at moving branches will offset even the cleverest camouflage.

Machine gunners are told that the Jap uses his grenade discharger with great accuracy and that the best thing to do when a grenade falls near is to get to hell out of wherever they're at and set up in a new position, because the next grenade will probably hit the target. Sleeping by day and infiltrating by night is a favorite tactic of the Jap, and he often tosses lighted firecrackers to one side of him to draw American fire. The Center trains men to tell the difference between firecrackers and gunfire. Where enemy troops are known to be in ambush, making a motion as if to throw a grenade will frequently scatter them, and make good targets of the Japs. Native guides should be studied closely, because the foe is not above disguising himself as one and leading Americans into a trap.

THE Center gives a course designed to help a soldier who is cut off from his outfit live like a G.I. Robinson Crusoe for days, or even weeks, anywhere in the Pacific. The various conditions peculiar to Polynesia, Melanesia, and islands off the coast of Asia are all taken into account. A man can exist almost indefinitely on a coral reef where there is nothing but shellfish and pigweed; the plant supplies water and the crustaceans adequate nourishment. If a well is dug on a beach just above the high-tide mark, it will provide drinkable water after the top brackish layer is scooped off. Soldiers trying to navigate from atoll to atoll in native or improvised craft are told that if they see a noddy tern, they are within twenty miles of land, and that following the course of any bird they sight at evening will lead them toward land. Sea fowl, of course, fulfill the body's needs for both liquid and food, and the Center teaches how to catch a low-flying bird by tying a cartridge to the end of a fish line and lassoing the bird by the neck or wings. On the surface of the ocean one can frequently find strands of nutritious plankton, floating masses of animal or vegetable organisms the size of grains of sand, which can be collected by trolling a handkerchief rigged like a parachute.

Much of what the soldiers are taught about Polynesia has to do with the uses of the coconut palm. It grows on most atolls, bears the year round, and is unbelievably adaptable. The meat supplies food, the green nut drink, the woven fronds shelter, the dried meat (or copra) illumination; sandals can be made from its husks, eyeshades from the plaited leaves, fish nets from the cloth that grows at the base of the trunk. The best nut for drinking purposes is one that is large and immature. It is full of a delicious fluid that has a slight carbonation and is, some people claim, second only to beer as a thirst quencher. The best eating nut is probably a sprouted one, which when baked in the shell tastes like buttered squash. A tent woven from the fronds of the palm is rainproof, and when a bit of copra is put on a stick and lighted it burns like a candle. When grated and pressed, the ripe meat yields a thick cream. It's hard to see how anyone could be completely miserable near

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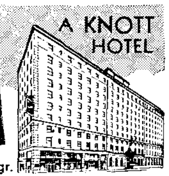


John J. Hyland, Mgr.
They ALL Speak Well Of It

A to Z
For Zest in mixed drinks add a dash of

Abbott's BITTERS
BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

a coconut tree, though some men have probably managed.

The aborigines in Melanesia are fools for etiquette. Our men are instructed to treat the natives politely and to respect their gardens, their pigs, and their women. They are cautioned to practice continence, no matter what the provocation to do otherwise, which is slight. Going out with the local girls frequently results in disease or a knife in the back. Students are taught that the best way of showing gratitude to Melanesians or, if lost, of getting safe conduct to the next village is to entertain them. Various forms of entertainment are suggested—singing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," including the hand claps; a vigorous performance of the Lindy Hop; or simply blowing smoke rings. A Marine officer amused one group of Solomon Islanders by alternately hiding a removable dental plate under his tongue and exhibiting it in place. The crew of a B-26 forced down in New Britain became social successes by teaching their hosts hopscotch. Melanesians, the Center tells the men, are really just great big boys and are apt to challenge white men to friendly feats of strength. The natives are tough physical specimens and usually hard to beat. In the circumstances, a swimming race is recommended. The natives have great endurance, but they use an elementary breast stroke and can easily be outswum for short distances with the crawl, and being outswum impresses them tremendously. After the race, the thing to do is ask to be excused.

THESE days, Colonel Saffarrans and his instructors are naturally concentrating on teaching the troops about the Philippines. The Philippine forests, it happens, are what a real woodsman dreams about. For one thing, they are rich in emergency rations by comparison with any other Pacific area in which our troops have campaigned. There is an abundance of delicious raw fruits, such as the durian, the ground cherry, and the Manila tamarind. The bill of fare is almost Cantonese in its comprehensiveness; it includes snake, which is tasty when baked in clay (the meat becomes as tender as turkey and the skin adheres to the clay). It is unlikely that many of our soldiers will have to eat snake, or, for that matter, termites, which, raw or cooked, taste like chestnuts, but the Center believes in preparing the soldiers for every foreseeable emergency. Before they leave for the Philippines, the troops are given some special tips. If a man gets a sore throat, he will find that the astringent sap of the candlenut tree is an excellent gargle. The juice from the leaves of this tree quickly heals cuts. A handy material for tying things together is the rattan found all over the islands. The plant is, in effect, a ready-made rope, growing in strands up to several hundred feet long and an inch in diameter. It is reasonably simple to throw a bridge over a stream by using several lengths of rattan. The soldiers are taught how, in high country, where springs may be scarce, to quench their thirst from the bamboo, which is just as common as rattan. You find a bamboo tree with a trunk about six inches thick and hack open one of its hollow compartments with a machete; a quart of pure, sweet water will be found at the bottom of the compartment. You sip it right out of the tree, using a hollow bamboo twig for a straw, as if it were a soda. "We try to show the boys," Colonel Saffarrans says, "that with a little savvy life in the jungle isn't too different from life in the States."

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

When I run into the older people who remember me as a kid and still think of me as a youngster, I almost skip down the street, rolling my whoop in front of me. Then I run into six-foot men, whose parents' weddings I'd flower-girled at—long, long ago. Then I tuck my whoop under my arm and use it as an aid to getting on down the street.—*Mrs. McLemore in the Twin Falls (Idaho) Telegram.*

Whoops, dearie, you'll get down the street all right.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL
(CABINETMAKER DIVISION)

Jesse Jones is due to quit the Department of Commerce post even though Wallace, who is opposed by the right wing labor leaders, won't get it.—*Danton Walker in the News, January 8, 1945.*

Supreme Court Justice William Douglas is now mentioned for the Secretary of Commerce post, since Henry Wallace's rejection seems certain.—*Danton Walker in the News, January 29, 1945.*

Henry Kaiser will inherit the RFC spot and John Winant the Secretary of Commerce post, with Averell Harriman becoming our new Ambassador to Great Britain.—*Danton Walker in the News, January 31, 1945.*

Wallace will "lock the stable" by bolting the Democratic Party.—*Danton Walker in the News, February 6, 1945.*

Look for a big assignment for Henry Wallace from the Big Three, which will make him forget his Secretary of Commerce aspirations.—*Danton Walker in the News, February 7, 1945.*

OF ALL THINGS

THE Germans, after a lot of preliminary experimentation, have at last succeeded in getting themselves into the largest military trap in all their glorious history. It lies between the Rhine and the Oder, and there are no exits.

•

Goebbels calls upon his people to fight to the last man. There is a sneaking suspicion, of course, that he is a candidate for that position.

•

The present European situation is not unlike that of 1918, but there is one marked difference. This time Germany is being *invaded* at fourteen points.

•

Admiral Halsey says that when he gets to Tokio he intends to ride on Hirohito's white horse. For a Navy man, this will be quite a change from the old Park rowboat.

•

Commendable plans are afoot for raising congressmen's pay and building an apartment house for them. It is high time that something was done for this ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-tempered minority.

•

Congress carefully removed the R. F. C. from the Department of Commerce before the Senate confirmed Wallace as Secretary. Evidently our statesmen feel that a man who wants to provide sixty million jobs shouldn't be allowed to hold two himself.

•

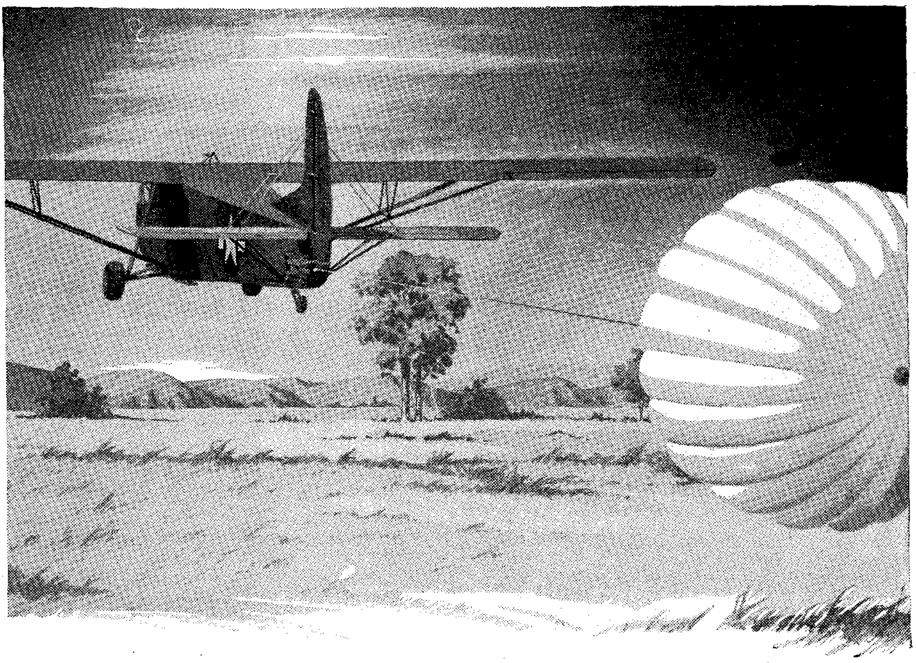
Since the curfew arrived, some of our citizens haven't known what to do with their evenings. Of course, they can always go home and work on their income tax.

•

Our troops have reached the Rhine and the boys should be on guard against the lures of the Lorelei. Or perhaps the Army's rule against fraternization will automatically take care of that problem.

•

Commander Stassen believes that he is taking his political life in his hands by becoming a delegate to the San Francisco conference. You might almost think he had been offered a job on a ration board. —HOWARD BRUBAKER



Change from a dime

WACO-designed gliders—meaning *all* gliders used by our Army Air Forces—can land on the proverbial dime. This ability to land troops, ordnance or supplies on almost any stray patch of ground has been demonstrated in four invasions . . . is one of the glider's chief advantages in combat operations.

Now, however, a new wrinkle has been added to these WACO gliders which allows them to sit down on that same dime with the price of a cup of coffee to spare.

This "something new" is a small parachute placed in the glider tail assembly. When released by the pilot, it acts as a brake or "sky anchor" . . . cutting air speed and permitting faster, tighter landings.

Although this application of the "spin chute" principle for more rapid deceleration may have no appreciable commercial value, it does typify the alertness of WACO engineers to every innovation in plane design or equipment . . . their ability to do new things in a better way. When these talents can again be devoted to peacetime pursuits, you can count on WACO for the plane you'll want to own and fly. THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, 62 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U.S.A.

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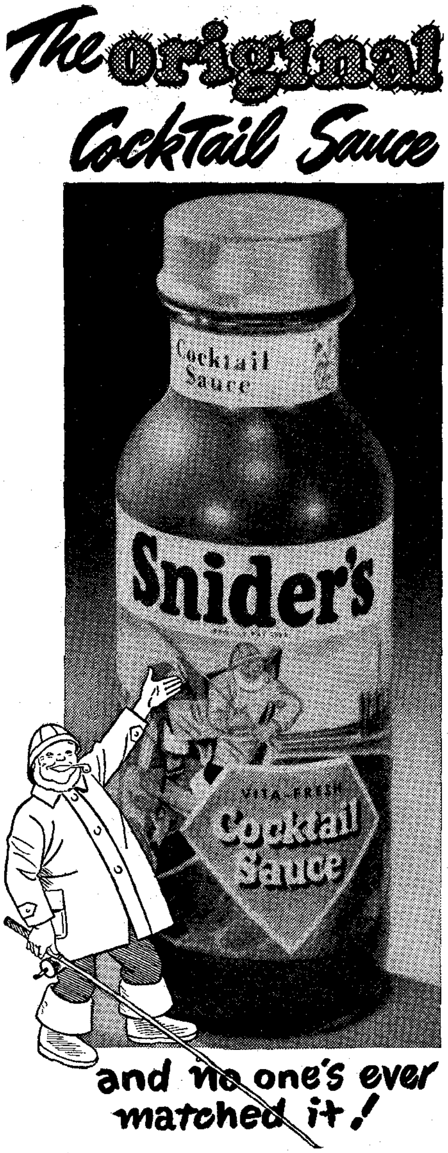

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●

Of course, the recipe's a Snider secret—but we're proud to tell the world what goes in it!

●

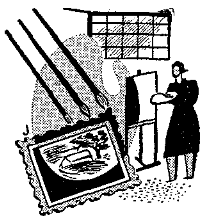
Snider's is a mouth-watering blend of ripe red tomatoes . . . crisp celery . . . young onions . . . tender cabbage . . . tasty spices and flavorings . . . zippy horseradish! ●

Why, there's as much difference between fish that's served with Snider's—and plain ordinary fish—as there is between filet mignon and bully beef. Maybe more! Try it, folks—and see.

Snider's cocktail sauce

THE ART GALLERIES

Women and Children First



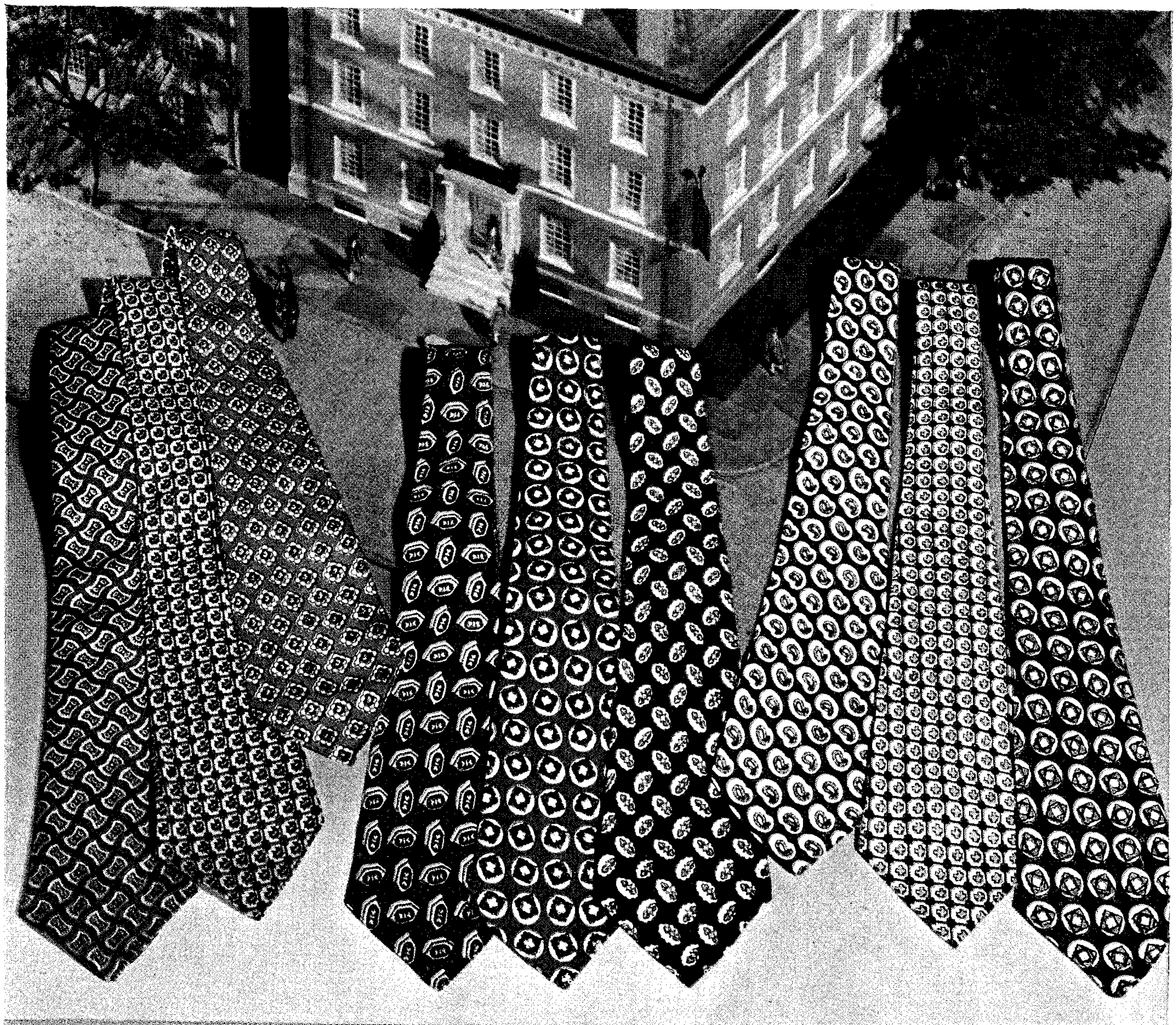
BY a coincidence whose importance I suppose should not be overemphasized, we have this week two group exhibitions in which the touch of sentiment is strong. One, at the Valentine, is called "Twenty Women by Twenty Painters;" the other, a benefit for the Public Education Association, at Wildenstein, roundly calls itself "The Child through Four Centuries." I don't think that either one particularly proves anything. Children, after all, are much the same in the twentieth century as they were in the seventeenth, and the paintings at the Valentine are too modern in style to afford much chance for a study of what might be called woman's surface characteristics. Both, however, contain some extremely nice paintings, which may be enough justification for them. The Valentine collection, too, though its focus is on the Paris moderns, is given considerable interest by the fact that five or six of the pieces have never been exhibited in this country before (including an odd early Lurçat, dated 1925 and very Cubist in style), and the affair has a good deal of freshness about it. For some reason, the titles have not been catalogued, which makes listing awkward. I'll mention, though, a small head by Matisse, seen fullface and curiously suggestive of Cézanne; a strong, unusually realistic Soutine, of a girl reclining on the grass; an extremely compact abstraction by Masson; and a very boldly painted full-length figure by the Mexican Tamayo. The only woman painter in the show, incidentally, is Marie Laurencin—certainly not the strongest possible peg to hang the hopes of her sex upon. The show closes, by the way, this Saturday.

To be honest, I found the Wildenstein show much better than I had expected. Somehow, the prospect of seeing seventy-odd child portraits strung around the walls didn't seem especially enticing, and if less taste and wisdom had been exercised in the selection, the exhibit might have been unbearably "cute" and tiresome. As a matter of fact, it *is* quite cute in one section, the one covering the English portraitists of the eighteenth century—Romney, Gainsborough, Raeburn, and so on—but such inclusions as these are justified on historical grounds, and the show has enough really excellent paintings to make up for them. There are a number of secondary interests the show suggests. I was struck, for instance, as I went through it, by the thought that it was only relatively recently that artists began to portray children as children instead of as little grownups.

I know that styles in children's clothing have changed, so that they no longer are got up to look like tiny imitations of their elders. I grant, too, that everyone matured much earlier a few centuries ago. I still think, though, that no child of eight or ten could have worn with composure such complicated finery as one sees in the Claudio Coello "Portrait of the Infanta Isabella" and the "Portrait of a Young Princess," by Cornelis de Vos, both done in the seventeenth century. It was simply the convention to picture such young people that way.

Both these children were royal, one must remember, and to the contemporary mind it was probably unthinkable that even in childhood a member of the nobility could be anything but august and regal. Hence the sometimes quite touching (but, I'm convinced, entirely unreal) grownup airs and dignified manner of the early portraits. It was not till after Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the French Revolution—indeed, not till well into the nineteenth century—that the artists really saw and portrayed the child as it is, innocent and uncomplicated and completely removed from the adult preoccupations, political and otherwise, of the world around it. So it is that although in the earlier sections you will see some excellent painting (particularly the Goya "Don Vicente Osorio," the Hals "Fisher Girl," and the unusually restrained portrait of the artist's daughter, Clara Serena, by Rubens), it is in the later sections that you find the most charming ones. There are a dark, brooding Géricault "Portrait of a Youth" and a lovely, detailed little "Mademoiselle Hortense Valpinçon" by Degas; two fine Renoirs, "La Petite Margot Bérard" and "Portrait of Mademoiselle Legrand;" and, among the contemporaries, a nice Karfiol "Portrait of Mary Hayes MacArthur" and a curiously touching "Lily and the Sparrows" by Philip Evergood.

AT the Buchholz, there is a loan show of thirty-one paintings, drawings, and other works by Picasso, in what is



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*In what colors would you use fluorescent lamps and in what rooms of your home?

	DAYLIGHT	WHITE	GOLDEN	PINK	BLUE	RED	GREEN
Living Room							
Dining Room							
Bedroom							
Bath							

In what kind of fixtures would you like to use fluorescent lamps?

☐ *Table Lamps* ☐ *Ceiling Fixtures*
☐ *Recessed Fixtures*
☐ *Floor Lamps* ☐ *Wall Brackets*

What type of radio set would you be interested in buying first after the war?

☐ *Portable* ☐ *Table Model*
☐ *Console*
☐ *Table Radio-Phonograph*
☐ *Console Radio-Phonograph*
☐ *Chairside Radio*
☐ *Combination Radio-Television*

If you have seen a television set in operation, what was your opinion of:

Clearness of Picture
☐ *Good* ☐ *Fair* ☐ *Poor*

Steadiness of Picture
☐ *Good* ☐ *Fair* ☐ *Poor*

Size of Picture
☐ *Too Large* ☐ *Too Small*
☐ *Just Right*

Would you be interested in having printed news bulletins reproduced in your home by radio facsimile equipment?

☐ *Yes* ☐ *No* ☐ *Don't Know*

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SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC., 500 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 18, N.Y. MAKERS OF FLUORESCENT LAMPS, FIXTURES, ACCESSORIES; INCANDESCENT LAMPS; RADIO TUBES; CATHODE RAY TUBES; ELECTRONIC DEVICES certainly his most representative exhibition here in some years. Nearly every one of his styles is included, from the facet Cubist "Standing Figure" of 1910 through the "classic" study of three women called "Fontainebleau," dated 1921, and the big "bone period" "Girls with a Toy Boat," to such fairly recent examples as his "Head of a Woman," "Seated Woman in a Garden," and "Woman from Arles." These last three are all of his so-called two-headed period, in which the features are dispersed arbitrarily all over the face and which has caused so much trouble to admirers of his earlier styles, and it is worth while to devote a little study to the examples just mentioned. Basically, I think, Picasso's main attempt was to show the face in the round, as if seen (or as sometimes remembered) in fullface and profile together, and it is because of this that both eyes will frequently be pictured on the same side of the face, while the nose is curiously distorted, being shown half in outline and half head-on. Since, however, Picasso is an artist, with a deep background in abstract techniques, he could not resist patterning his compositions, and I think it is this introduction of an abstract pattern that causes the trouble. If one looks first at his "Woman from Arles," for example, which represents a pretty complicated synthesis of basic design and abstract treatment, there's no question but that it is confusing. Yet if one takes the "Head of a Woman" (in which the design is most important) and the "Seated Woman" (in which the abstraction is carried to its farthest limits) first, the theory behind the "Woman from Arles" becomes much more apparent. If you don't like any of them, there are such examples of his graver, flat-patterned Cubist periods as the "Green Still Life" and "Still Life with Red Rug" to relax with.—ROBERT M. COATES

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF A MOST DISAGREEABLE WORD DEPT.

[*From "The Key," by Patricia Wentworth*]

Aunt Sophy said in her fooffly voice, "You have your old room." —*Page 22.*

She said "Mr. Everton!" in a fooffly whisper, and returned the bow with a hint of discreet reproof. —*Page 37.*

The Coroner heard her answers . . . but as far as the rest of the hall was concerned there was merely a fooffle. —*Page 49.*

"And where does that get us?" she said in her soft fooffly voice. —*Page 106.*

She turned and fooffled into his ear. —*Page 108.*

. . . She leaned toward Miss Silver and fooffled. —*Page 167.*

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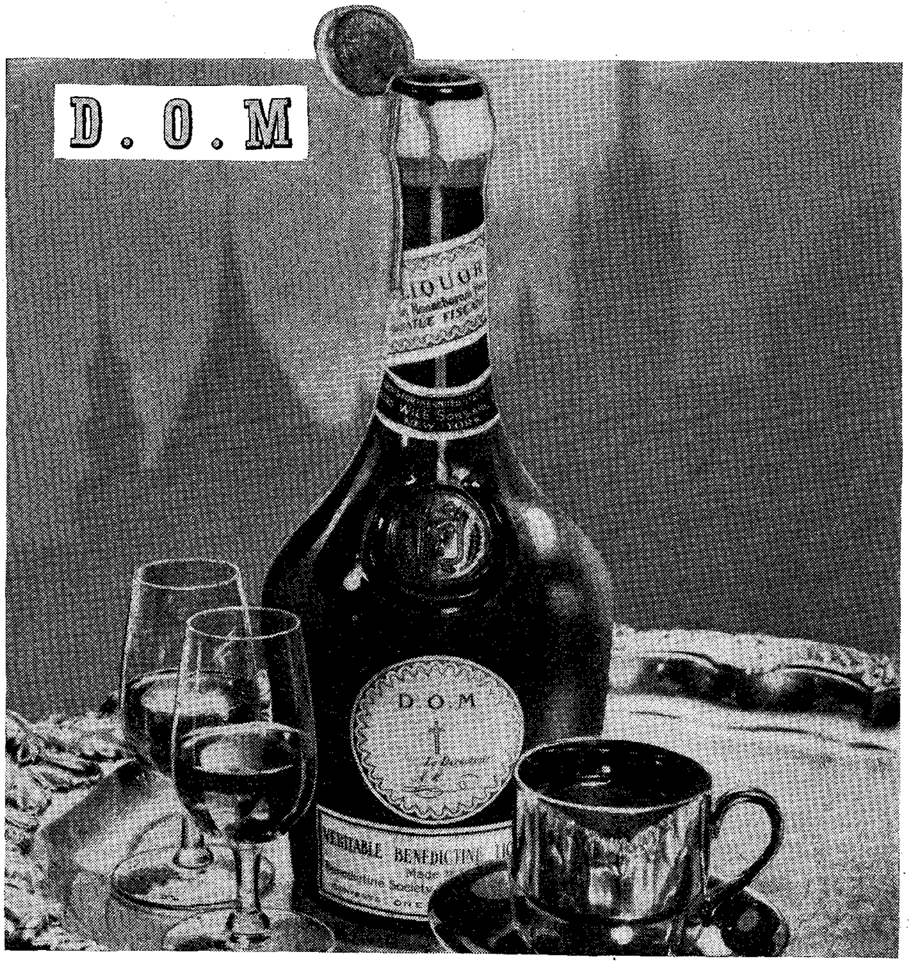

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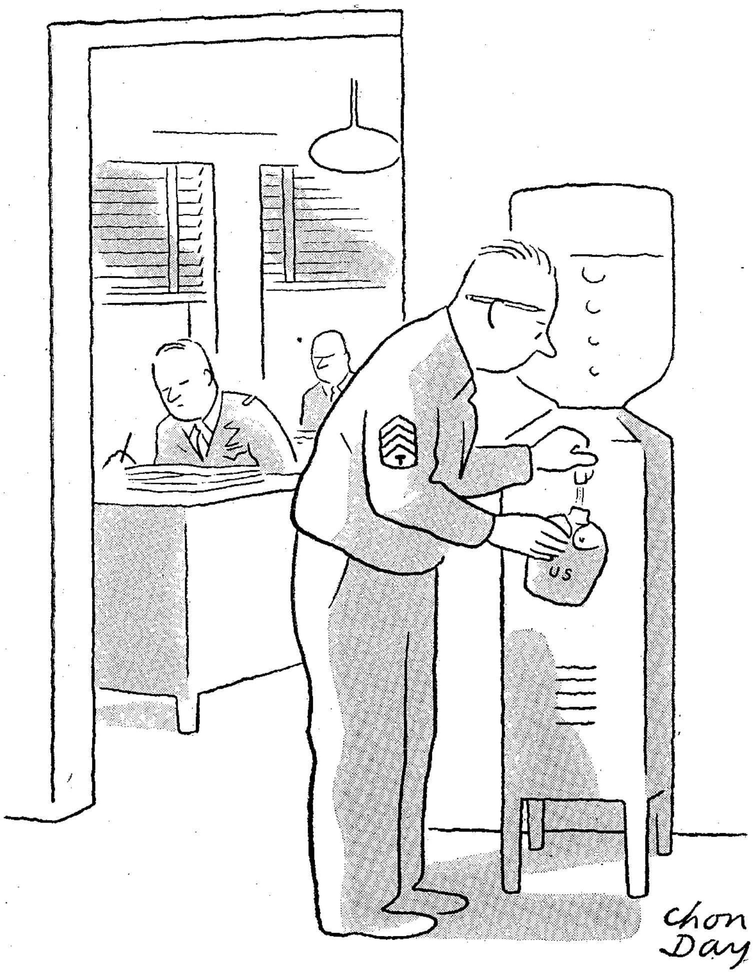
BOOKS

Thomas Jefferson and the Black Boy

FEW great Americans have been more written about than Thomas Jefferson, who has appealed to the imaginations of a long line of writers, from the Marquis de Chastellux to John dos Passos, and no great American, unless it is George Washington, has stood in more need of a good biography. That need, with the publication of Claude G. Bowers' "The Young Jefferson" (Houghton Mifflin), the final panel of Mr. Bowers' historical triptych, which also includes "Jefferson and Hamilton" and "Jefferson in Power," has now been met. It has been met competently rather than brilliantly, for Mr. Bowers is better at gathering and arranging facts than at interpreting them, but this competence, considering the many-sidedness of Jefferson and his long and crowded career, is in itself no mean achievement. Some other good books have been written about Jefferson—Gilbert Chinard's "Thomas Jefferson, the Apostle of Americanism," for example—and some other worth-while ones, such as Bernard Mayo's "Jefferson Himself," have been assembled out of Jefferson's own writings. What has been lacking is the thing generally called a "definitive" life, of a stature to match the stature of the man. Mr. Bowers' three volumes fall considerably short of that, but they do bring together in one place all the essential information about Jefferson that has hitherto been scattered all over the lot.

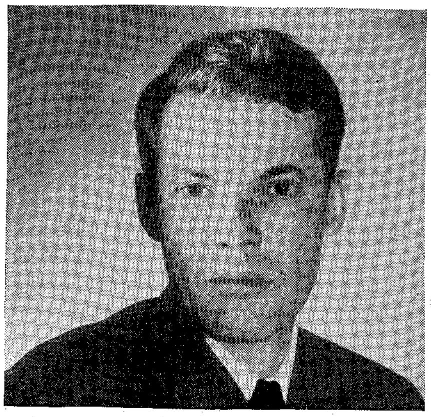
"The Young Jefferson," which traces Jefferson's life from his birth in frontier Virginia, in 1743, through his residence in Paris as American Minister during the French Revolution, is in many ways the most interesting and informative of the three books Mr. Bowers has written about him. The cockfight over the Constitution, described in "Jefferson and Hamilton," was both dramatic and important, and the years of Jefferson's term as President, examined in "Jefferson in Power," were deeply to influence the design and establishment of certain American institutions, but in these books the author was turning over a patch of American history that had already been rather deeply plowed. Then, too, the Jefferson we got in Mr. Bowers' earlier volumes (or at least the Jefferson I got) was a Jefferson who had already been crystallized by time and adulation into one of the American immortals. Mr. Bowers didn't exactly tiptoe his way through these earlier books or otherwise behave as if he were in church, but there were times when the air got fairly blue with the incense of reverence, and there were other times when Mr. Bowers gave the impression that he was writing while down on his knees, a position likely to cramp the style of any author.

The chief defect of those books, however, if the inevitable result of Mr. Bowers' decision to tell his story backward can be called a defect, was that we were shown Jefferson in possession of certain ideals, theories, principles, and attitudes without ever really being told how he happened to acquire them. All this is more or less taken care of in "The Young Jefferson." Mr. Bowers, in his early chapters, deals with the most formative period of Jefferson's life, his youth and early manhood, and he shows that everything that went into his political philosophy had been thought out long before he wrote the Declaration of Independence. This, of course, is no new discovery on the part of Mr. Bowers, whose book is singularly lacking in discoveries, and the value of his volume lies more in its comprehensiveness than in anything else. It is so comprehensive and so crammed with information that I won't try to summarize everything that is in it. It ought to be said, though, that Mr. Bowers' young Jefferson is a much more likable and engaging person than his older one. The author hasn't lost his reverential attitude, which is perhaps as it should be, but he does come right out and say that Jefferson had a talent for flirtation, along with his more substantial accomplishments, and tells about the love affair he appears to have had with Maria Cosway, the wife of the English miniature painter, whom he met when he was in Paris. A little love affair covers a multitude of virtues, and I suspect that Jefferson, because of Maria, is going to seem a much more human person to many of his countrymen than he has ever seemed before.

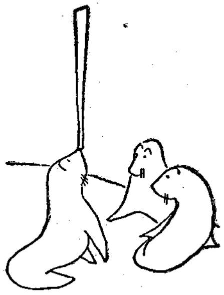


THERE is a flaw in Mr. Bowers' book, however, that is especially noticeable when one reads "Black Boy" (Harper), Richard Wright's record of his childhood and youth. Mr. Bowers uses the word "democracy" very frequently and, correctly, dwells on the largeness of Jefferson's contribution to the democratic idea, but not once does he subject the idea of democracy to critical examination. It's a

SPEAKING OF AUTHORS ...THESE ARE IN THE NEWS!



JAMES THURBER is no longer a modern cult—he has emerged as a modern classic. That is the substance of a review by Clifton Fadiman in the Book-of-the-Month Club News. *The Thurber Carnival*, a big anthology of the best Thurber stories and pictures, is the Club's choice for February. According to Thurber himself, the book "contains a selection of the stories and drawings the old boy did in his prime; a period which extended roughly from the year Lindbergh flew the Atlantic to the day coffee was rationed." Mr. Thurber was born fifty years ago in Columbus, Ohio. When he was six his brother shot an arrow into his left eye and destroyed it, and in recent years he almost lost his other eye, but he has never lost any part of his ability to laugh and make people laugh with him. Mr. Fadiman avers he is "that quite serious and often weighty thing—a true humorist."



"The seal who became famous"
Copyright, 1939-1940, by James Thurber

RICHARD WRIGHT is one of the most powerful of modern American writers. His *Native Son*, published in 1940, has been called the best novel ever written by an American Negro. Now he has written an autobiographical book called *Black Boy*, which Dorothy Canfield calls "the honest, dreadful, heart-breaking story of a Negro childhood and youth." It is a dual Book-of-the-Month Club selection for March, along with *Apartment in Athens* (see below). Richard Wright was the son of poor Southern Negroes who lived in the slums of Memphis. He earned his own living even while he was in grammar school and got books to read by borrowing a library card from a white friend. The Federal Writers Project gave him his start as an author and the Book-of-the-Month Club's selection of *Native Son* in 1940 gave him his first great success. He now lives and writes in Brooklyn.

GLENWAY WESCOTT has written a new book, about Athens and the Greeks and all the tangled threads of human bravery, suffering and brutality that go to make up this and other wars. The book, *Apartment in Athens*, is a dual choice of the Book-of-the Month Club for March, with Richard Wright's book (Club members get both books for $3.00). *Apartment in Athens* is the fruit of a remarkable re-awakening in the author's creative career. When he had his first great success he was still in his early twenties. After writing three novels about his native Wisconsin he suddenly felt a drying-up of inspiration and did nothing more of major importance for nine years. Then, in New York, he met a member of the Greek underground and began an article for the Friends of Greece. The idea grew into his new novel, which has all the dramatic impact and beautifully cadenced writing of his earlier works.

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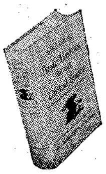

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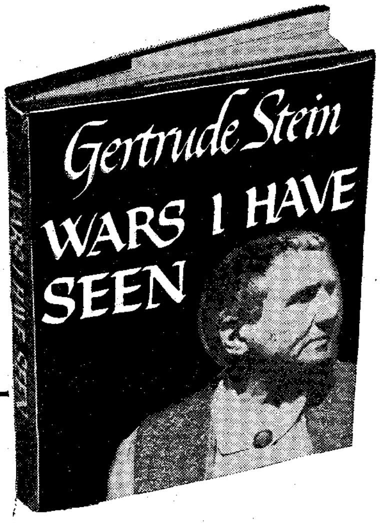
fine thing to know what ideas were rubbing against each other in Jefferson's head in 1776 and to comprehend his theory of government, but it is equally important to see how his concept of democracy, and the hope he placed in it, jibe with the reality of today—the sort of reality that crowds the pages of Mr. Wright's book and makes it one of the most revealing human documents I have read in a long time. Mr. Wright, so far as I know, has done what nobody has done before. He has told the truth about the Negro, and, along with this, what the Negro thinks about the white man's world. This quality of truth, absolute and uncompromising, runs through his book like a charge of electricity; reading it is not unlike taking hold of a high-tension wire. It is going to horrify many people, and will outrage many more, but I don't see how anyone can read it without coming to a new, and perhaps terrifying, understanding of an area of American life as dark and submerged as Dostoevski's underworld.

The shapes and shadows of this underworld have been written about before, not only by Mr. Wright in his "Native Son" but also by several other writers, who, by the accident of pigmentation, do not happen to be Negroes. None of these latter authors, however, no matter how sensitive and perceptive, could draw upon the same well of experience as Mr. Wright, and in this book he goes much deeper than he has ever gone before. "Black Boy," in which Mr. Wright tells the detailed story of his life from the time he was a small boy on a Mississippi plantation to the time he left the South for Chicago, just before his twentieth birthday, is a book that had to be written by a Negro, and we are fortunate that we had so gifted a writer as Mr. Wright to write it. It comes out of life, it is a part of life, and it lets a light into places that have not seen this kind of light before.

One of the virtues of Mr. Wright's book (to my mind an enormous one) is that it does not once mention "the Negro problem" or use any of those worn and lifeless sociological phrases that have been bandied about for years. At the same time, it is suffused by the awareness of that problem and, in its intensely personal terms, is a forthright discussion of it. Anyone who would like to know "what the Negro wants" can now find out. And what he wants, if I have read Mr. Wright correctly, is at bottom no more than to have his worth and dignity as a human being understood and acted upon. "To feel that there were feelings



INTIMATE friends of Gertrude Stein, aware of her indomitable courage and resourcefulness, were not at all surprised when she emerged unscathed from the Nazi occupation of France, with even her Picasso collection absolutely intact, and her poodle Basket wagging his tail contentedly at her heels. But Miss Stein had had her full share of troubles and excitement in the past four years, and it is this unbelievable period that she describes in full in this most graphic and revealing of all her books.

Gertrude Stein proved in her *Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* that, when she wants to, she can write straightforward English that any average high-school student can understand. *Wars I Have Seen,* with a few very minor aberrations, is another such book. The first half, in fact, which conveys an impression that the author was more concerned with foraging food for her dogs than with the fate of democracy, struck this publisher as all too comprehensible. Before long, however, Miss Stein very obviously was caught up in the heroic exploits of the Maquis; her sense of Olympian detachment vanished in the excitement of a battle for liberation; the coming of the Americans gave her the thrill and supreme delight of her whole crowded life.

Bear in mind that this entire book was written in longhand under the very noses of the Nazis. After they were driven out of France, Alice Toklas typed the manuscript and Frank Gervasi, who moved in with General Patch's Seventh U. S. Army, brought it back with him to America. *Wars I Have Seen* is the on-the-spot story of what the common people of France endured from 1940 to September, 1944.

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denied me," Mr. Wright writes, "that the very breath of life itself was beyond my reach, that more than anything else hurt, wounded me." It is a deep wound he is talking about, one that has hurt the lives of millions of people and one that may well hurt the future of this country as a democracy, even though, in the end, "nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." It is not Richard Wright who said that about the Negro. It was Thomas Jefferson.

—HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TAKE THREE TENSES: A FUGUE IN TIME, by Rumer Godden (Little, Brown). Those who read "Breakfast with the Nikolides" will remember Miss Godden as a writer possessed of an extraordinarily subtle talent. This novel, rather less subtle, plays a most effective game with time, not exactly in the manner of J. W. Dunne, but, as the subtitle indicates, following the pattern of the fugue. In this case the past, present, and future of a family and a house are delicately interwoven. Without any irritatingly fey touches, an upper-class Victorian household is brought richly to life and made to foresee its fate. The interest of the novel, however, lies less in Miss Godden's theories on the nature of time than in the lucid portrayal of bitter frustration concealed in the history of an apparently happy family, and in the author's nervous power to make us sense more than she tells—a rare gift in our talky times.

A WOMAN IN SUNSHINE, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, Doran). A long, long while ago—about the time of the Boer War, maybe—this might have been called an interesting novel. It is hard to guess who will be interested today in the wordy story of a middle-class Englishwoman who is good and (says the author) charming and wise. She sets her husband's shaky fortunes to rights, steers a son and his sister-in-law gently away from the affair they have under half-hearted consideration, and discreetly calms an admirer's passion for herself. Bang in the middle of all this sweet reasonableness a murder and a trial are abruptly introduced, and they give rather the effect of a discussion of steak-and-kidney pudding that has got into a tract of the Rosicrucian Society by a printer's error.

JENNIFER'S HOUSE, by Christine Noble

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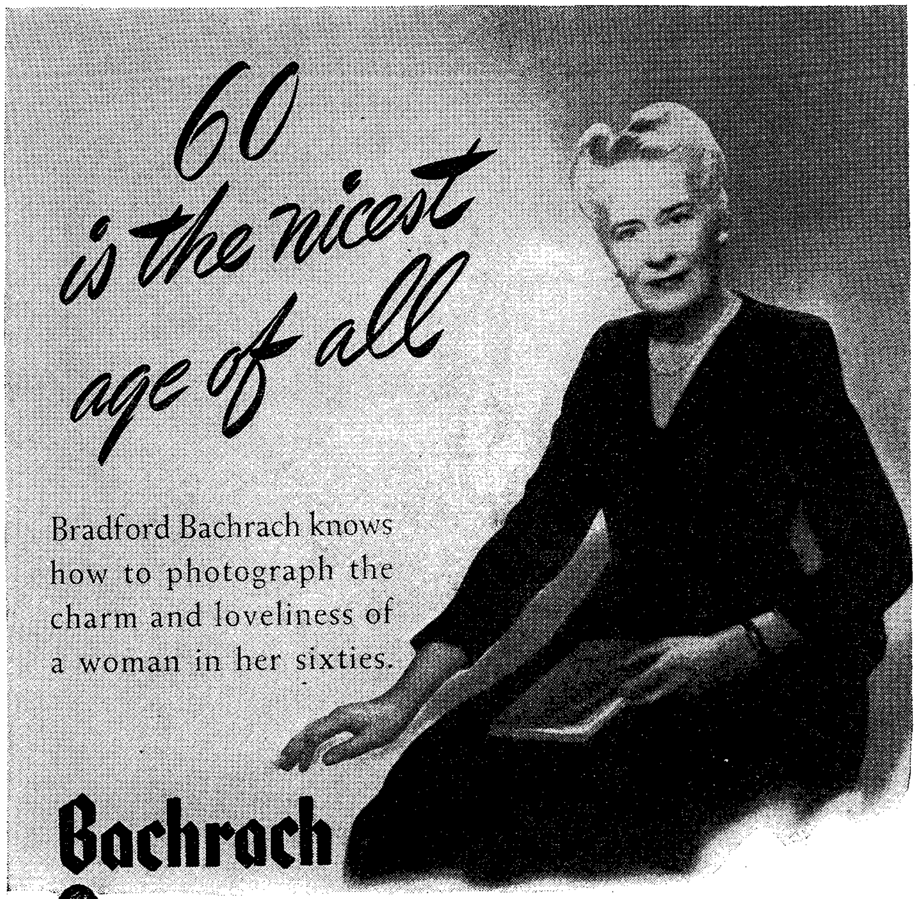
Govan (Houghton Mifflin). Standard lending-library romance about a proud, but this time wealthy, family in the deep South at the beginning of the century. Into the elegant life of the Tremonts, full of faithful old black retainers, handsome, hard-drinking young men, spoon bread, and all that, an unscrupulous beauty insinuates herself. She marries first the master of the house and then his heir, to the chagrin, needless to say, of the more deserving members of the family. Clever as she is at looking out for herself, the minx isn't a patch on that O'Hara girl.

GENERAL

Green Armor, by Osmar White (Norton). A robust chronicle by a young Australian newspaperman of his adventures during the first eighteen months of war in the South Pacific—the year and a half we were being kicked around by the Japanese in New Guinea and the Solomons. Possibly because the author spent some time in those islands before the war and knew with tragic certainty what our unprepared men would be up against when they tackled the Japs, or possibly just because he is a good, thoughtful writer, the book has a reality that outweighs its lack of timeliness. Mr. White achieves a W. H. Hudson quality in his descriptions of the jungle's beauty and its sinister night noises, made all the more unpleasant by the insensate gibbering of Jap soldiers and their cries of "Aid, aid, Doc! I am wounded." On the debit side, it might be mentioned that the author's attitude toward the white man's burden would not have even slightly raised one of the late Mr. Kipling's eyebrows.

Full Employment in a Free Society, by William H. Beveridge (Norton). An expansion of Sir William's famous report, in which he sets forth his proposals for mass employment in a free (i.e., capitalist) society. Heavy going for anyone who isn't comfortable around graphs, charts, and the abstract prose that seems unavoidable when men write about big subjects. Sir William, however, makes good sense, and though the entire book is concerned with British political economy, any American can read it with profit, if not with excess profit.

Report from Red China, by Harrison Forman (Holt). Just what it says, and a good one. The author, an American war correspondent, man-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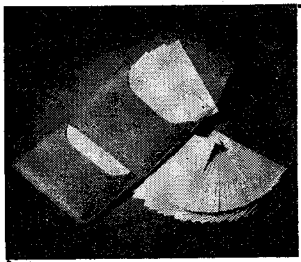

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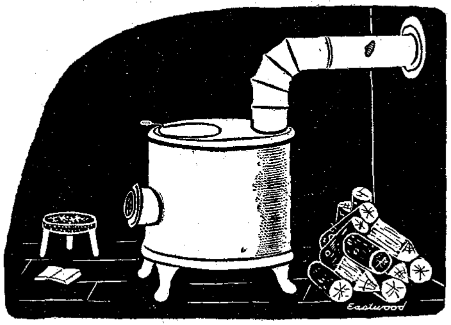
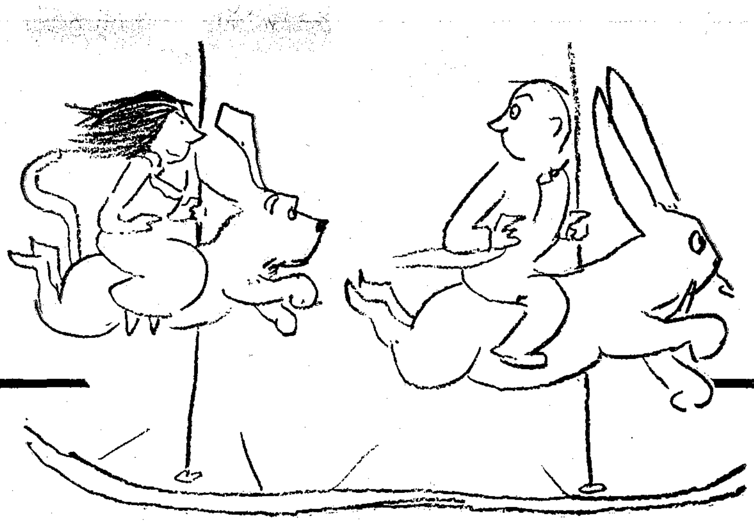
aged to extract a safe-conduct from Chiang Kai-shek to go into the Communist Shensi Province of northern China. Mr. Forman wanted to find out, among other things, whether certain Chungking authorities were right when they said that the territory was not really blockaded by the Central Government and that the Red armies were not fighting the Japanese. He reports that the Communists (who aren't really very orthodox ones) are capturing and killing Japs in satisfying numbers but are cut off from all outside help, including vital supplies sent by the United Nations. He tries to keep his reporting objective, but it isn't hard to see that he thinks there are some awful liars in the Central Government. Illustrated with photographs taken on the spot by the author.

AMERICAN CHRONICLE, by Ray Stannard Baker (Scribner). This veteran journalist, who was Woodrow Wilson's good friend, disciple, and most important biographer, sets out to write his own life story but, as any good journalist must, ends by writing mainly about other people. The ones he discusses are rather illustrious Americans (practically any leading figure you can name in the years between 1890 and 1920 is here), so the book is of considerable interest. Mr. Baker, who, you may remember, used to write contented essays under the name of David Grayson, writes without stuffiness and his chapters on Wilson and the Peace Conference have a special topicality.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

CROWS ARE BLACK EVERYWHERE, by Herbert O. Yardley and Carl Grabo (Putnam). A smug young woman correspondent, reporting on conditions in Chungking in 1940, finds that her fairly nebulous political convictions change rapidly when she gets involved in counter-espionage. An American air adviser lends a hand in discovering who is sending the code messages which direct the Japanese bombers over the city. Good mate-





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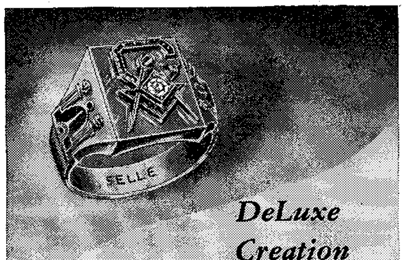

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rial, but it needs more orderly assembling.

Obsequies at Oxford, by Edmund Crispin (Lippincott). Mild academic confusion in Oxford, caused by the death of the least popular actress in a repertory company which is rehearsing a modern version of an obscure French trifle. Gervase Fen, professor of English language and literature, discovers how the young lady got her comeuppance. He is, in fact, just the man for that difficult job, since he is never at a loss for an apt and classical allusion. A well-plotted first mystery in the Sayers-Marsh tradition.

•

Though her breasts were no longer youthful—after all she was a woman of thirty-five—her skin had a pearly texture enchanting to Pierre because it was so different from Paulette's dead whiteness. Blanche was propped up on the pillow and he rested against her, his beard nestling in her silky armpit and his head on her uplifted arm. She was stroking his arm gently, as if he were a pet dog; she leaned upon him as one floats in the sea, trusting in the law of Archimedes. Her loosened hair flowed like a river of old amber over his face, so that he could not see her green eyes fixed on the ceiling. —*From "The Century Was Young," by Louis Aragon.*

Archimedes never figured on anything like *that.*

•

ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Yellow Springs* (*Ohio*) *News*]

To Whom it May Concern:

A certain lady of this town has been making very nasty remarks about me and the men who board at my house, saying they have been going out with married women, and I assure you I know nothing about their doings. They pay me 8 dollars a week for their board and are perfect gentlemen around my house, and I assure you that none of their lady friends come around my house at any time. I won't allow any such thing, and it's very sweet of the lady to take such an interest in the poor little married women, but if they are looking for a man, they are going to find him if they have to go to Timbuctoo to get him. And it don't make any difference where they come from—they could not be taken out unless they are willing. So if I was you, I would clean the cobwebs from my own self before I condemned some innocent person. I assure you that my character is as clean as any lady, wherever she may be, so what the men do away from my house is none of my business; and if you will take it up with the married women, maybe they can give you some advice. So, would you please be very careful about the language you use about me in the future, as I am as clean as you or anyone else in this town—so keep that in your mind. —Yellow Springs Landlady

For Distinguished Service

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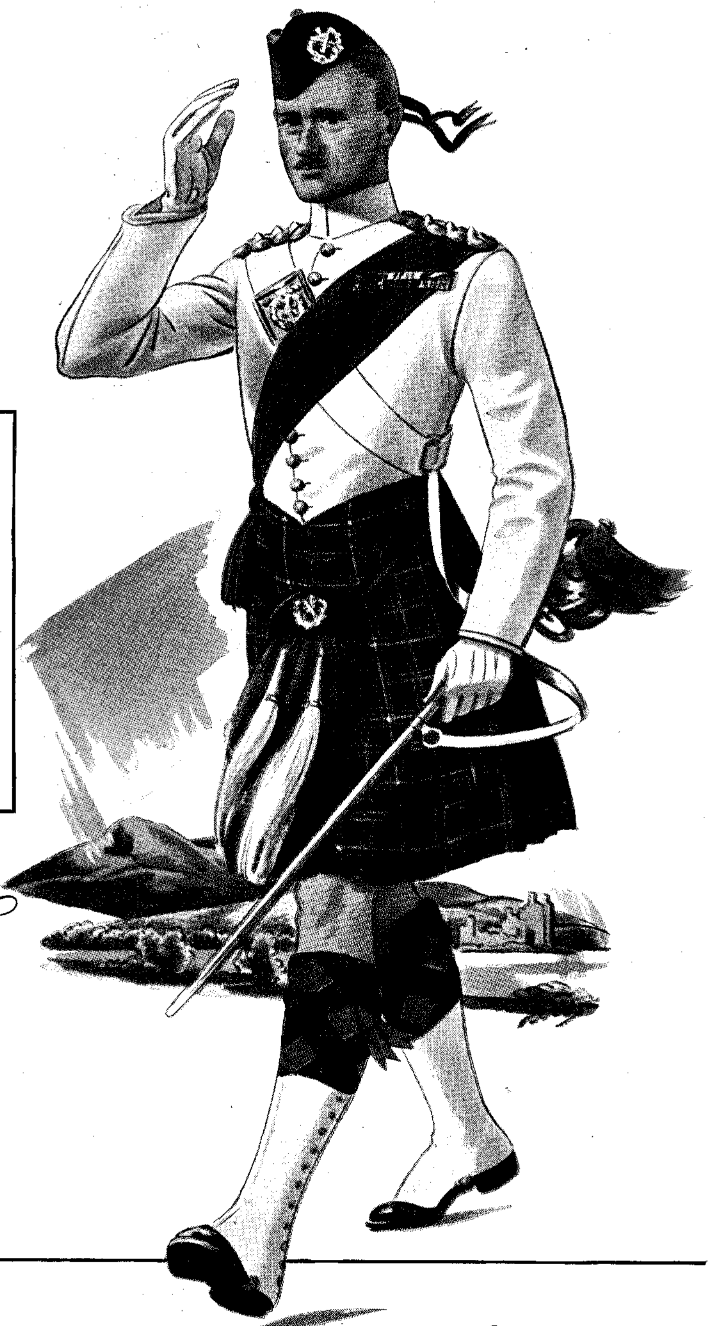

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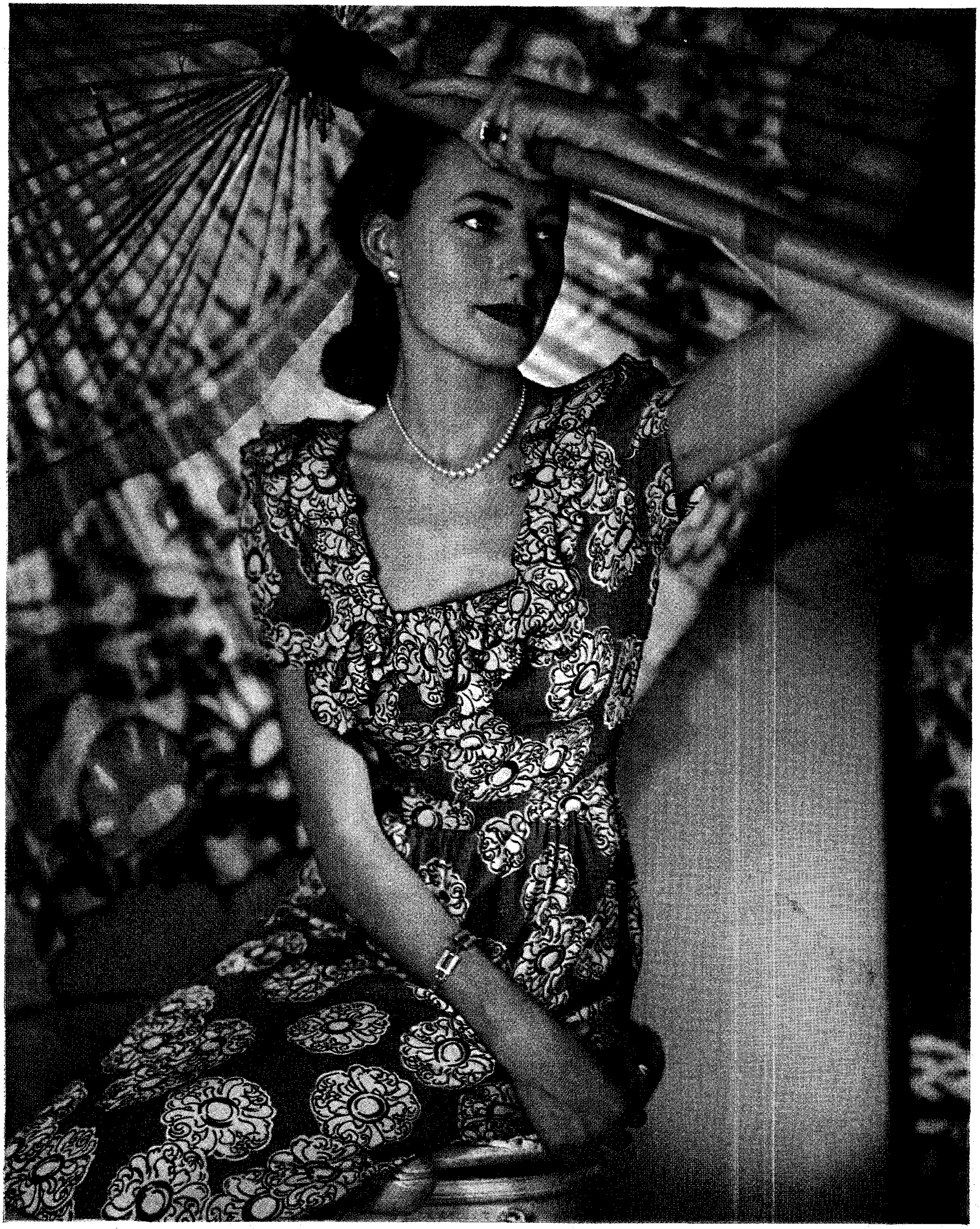

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